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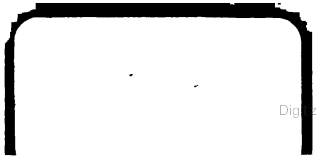
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THE

WORKS

OF

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,
IN THE STRAND.

M DCC LXXXVI.

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THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC L'BRARY
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OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL, No. 1, to No. 52.

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THE

GRAY'S-INN

JOURNAL.

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago libelli.

JUVENAL.

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THE

GRAY's-INN JOURNAL

NUMBER I.

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1752.

Non fuit conſilium ſocordiâ atque deſidiâ
Bonum otium conterere.

SALLUST.

IT has been remarked by writers, whom a deſire of adding to the entertainment of the public has incited to portion out their endeavours into periodical eſſays, that the firſt addreſs has occaſioned more vehement corroſions of the nails, and more frequent rubbings of the forehead, than any other ſucceſſive compoſition. In the common occurrences of life we meet with ſomething of a ſimilar nature every day. Men not yet hackneyed in the ways of the world, upon their firſt admiſſion into company, are apt to betray uncouth and aukward movements in their deport-

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ment, ariſing from the different ideas of baſhfulneſs and diffidence, which agitate their minds, until the initial ceremonies are adjuſted. As I propoſe to hold a literary intercourſe with the public, and flatter myſelf with the hopes of converſing with many hundreds of my countrymen every *Saturday*, I cannot iſſue out my firſt performance, without feeling an extraordinary ſolicitude for the event. To ſay the truth, I find myſelf diſconcerted by thoſe alarms and perturbations of ſpirit, which are apt to ſeize people of ſenſibility in their tempers, when irreſiſtible principles of action have prevailed over their modeſty, and called them forth into a conſpicuous point of view. The firſt impreſſion has always great influence upon mens judgments. The mind will often haſtily form aſſociations of ideas, which it cannot afterwards eaſily ſeparate. On this account I have been not a little anxious about my firſt appearance. After much contemplation and deep ſtudy, I ſhould have been entirely at a loſs how to conduct my firſt addreſs, had not the example of our parliamentary candidates pointed out a mode of eloquence, to which I think proper to adhere on the preſent occaſion, as the moſt perſuaſive rhetoric I can ſuggeſt to myſelf.

To

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To the GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, *and* FREEHOLDERS *of* GREAT-BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,

AS I have had the honour, at a meeting of my friends, to be put in nomination to repreſent you, and all your vices, follies, and foibles, in a new paper, to be publiſhed every Saturday, *and entitled* The Gray's-Inn Journal, *I deſire the favour of your votes and intereſt, aſſuring you that I ſhall at all times exert my moſt vigorous endeavours to ſerve you, being a ſincere friend to the cauſe of true wit and humour, and a ſteady aſſertor of decency, virtue, and good-manners. With theſe ſentiments I have the honour to be,*

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt obedient and devoted ſervant,

CHARLES RANGER.

N. B. *I am of no party whatever.*

Having thus declared my ambition for literary fame, I do not expect that all thoſe rival wits, who for ſome time paſt have been making their court to the public, ſhould inſtantly decline the poll: on the contrary, I am apprehenſive, as generally happens at elections, that much ſcurrility will be diſcharged upon the preſent writer; and I am no way doubtful but they will proceed to the ex-

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tremity of diſputing my property in *Parnaſſus*, and obliging me to make out my qualification. Of this, however, I hope to give ſufficient proof in the ſequel. In regard to the petty animoſities, which are apt to embitter the minds of thoſe, who to a ſmall ſhare of wit have added the imbecillities of a mean and little ſpirit, it is my intention to purſue my courſe, without going out of the way, like the countryman in the fable, to cruſh the graſshoppers that made a noiſe around him. I ſhall conſole myſelf in that caſe with a reflection that thoſe nuiſances are ever found in the ſunſhine.

Sole ſub ardenti reſonant arbuſta cicadis.

VIRGIL.

In the proſecution of this deſign the reader is not to expect any ſcandal, any detraction, or ill-nature. The *mala mentis gaudia*, as Virgil calls the gratifications of a malevolent ſpirit, are not in my character or diſpoſition. The paper, which I have undertaken to write, is intended for other purpoſes, namely, to promote uſeful mirth and good humour. To ſecure theſe in my own temper, and to ſow their ſeeds in others, I ſhall here beg leave to ſay a few words to my friends, the CRITICS.

It

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It is obſerved by Mr. Pope, in the very ſenſible Preface to his Works, that both writers and their readers are generally unreaſonable in the mutual expectations they have of each other; the former fancying the world muſt approve whatever they produce, and the latter imagining that authors are obliged at any rate to pleaſe them. For my part, I ſhould be glad to compound matters with all the critics of the age: if they will abate ſomething of their uſual ſeverity, my demands upon them for fame and reputation ſhall not be very exorbitant: ſhould they withhold that ſmall tribute, I hope, at leaſt, they will allow me to make as much waſte paper as the reſt of our periodical writers and daily hiſtorians.

From the latter of theſe, the gleaners of paragraphs for our common newſpapers, I do not perceive what kind of advantage can redound to a rational creature, who can neither receive inſtruction or entertainment, by reading that Mr. Such a one, an eminent cheeſemonger, died at his country-houſe, when perhaps he is in perfect health in Thames-ſtreet. If 'Squire Rent-Roll is arrived in town with a grand retinue, I apprehend it no way intereſting to any man breathing, except his taylor, his pimp, or his gaming-club. A true delineation of men and manners,

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though drawn in crayons, is worth whole reams of that trifling intelligence, which ſerves only to gratify curioſity, without giving one good quality either to the head or the heart. Upon all occaſions I ſhall think it incumbent on me to have ſome regard to what is commonly called ſtile. Notwithſtanding the preſent practice, it appears to me that ſuch words ſhould always be choſen as are moſt ſtrongly and elegantly expreſſive of the intended idea; and they ſhould, if I am not miſtaken, be combined in ſuch an arrangement, as not to offend againſt the rules of grammar, or violate that harmony, which a true ear requires. To this if ſome knowledge of the world can be added, I conceive it will be an additional embelliſhment, as from thence may be derived exhibitions of human life, and proper animadverſions upon the follies, that are every day ſpringing up in this metropolis.

Henceforth then be it known unto all men, whom it may concern, that we CHARLES RANGER, Eſq; have undertaken, and by theſe preſents do undertake, the conduct of a paper entitled THE GRAY's-INN JOURNAL. We intend that the ſame ſhall be a general critique on the times, and all falſe appearances in men and books; and as we have obſerved, that, what Dr. Young calls laugh-

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ing ſatire, has always been moſt conducive to the end we propoſe, we are determined to exert ſome certain powers, called Wit, Humour, and Raillery, hereby adviſing our dearly beloved readers to get their riſible faculties in order, but reſerving to ourſelves, *more majorum*, the privilege of being dull by deſign. It is therefore ordered by theſe preſents, that on or before Saturday next all offences ſhall ceaſe. *Amanda* muſt not coquette it with every coxcomb ſhe meets; nor ſhall *Lothario* continue, with impunity, to make the ruin of female virtue the buſineſs of his life. The man of modeſty ſtealing down the by-walk of life ſhall bluſh to find his virtue called forth into open day-light; and the concealed hypocrite ſhall ſtand in the pillory of detection. In ſhort, as the ſatiriſt expreſſes it, the actions of men, their hopes, their fears, their pleaſures, and reſentments, ſhall be the miſcellaneous ſubject of theſe lucubrations.

Given under our hand this 21ſt of October, 1752.

CHARLES RANGER.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe.

Wit and humour have been at a low ebb in this place for ſome time paſt, but as it is expected that his

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his Majeſty will ſhortly return from his German dominions, the town begins to fill, and it is thought theſe regions will ſhortly be as brilliant as ever. In conſequence of this opinion, a caravan will ſet out from the Royal Exchange at half an hour paſt five every Sunday evening during the winter ſeaſon, for the convenience of the holiday geniuſes of the city. It will ſtop at George's, Temple-bar, to ſet down thoſe probationers in criticiſm, who have not yet a ſufficient power of face to appear in this academy. As we expect a great deal of company to-morrow evening, the gentlemen from the Lord Mayor's ſide of Temple Bar are deſired to ſend their ſhop-boys at four o'clock to keep places.

N. B. The INSPECTOR will make his appearance at eight, attended by Mr. TOWN and QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

Covent-Garden.

The Manager of this theatre having heard that a FINE POET has been compared to a ROPE-DANCER, and, in the confuſion of his ideas, thinking a rope-dancer and a poet to be convertible terms, has at length determined to exhibit Mr. *Maddox* upon the ſlack rope, in ſome future *pantomime*; which calls to mind the following lines in Mr. Johnſon's admirable Prologue.

Perhaps,

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Perhaps, where Lear *has rav'd and* Hamlet *dy'd,*
On flying cars new Sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, (for who can tell th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt *may box, or* Mahomet *may dance.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Board of Criticiſm will meet at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe this and every evening during the winter ſeaſon. All perſons, who are willing to furniſh the Malevoli with apples, oranges, cat-calls, and other implements of criticiſm, are deſired to ſend in their propoſals, on or before the 29th of this preſent October.

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NUMBER II.

Saturday, Oct. 8, 1752.

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

HOR.

HAVING endeavoured, in my laſt Saturday's paper, to recommend myſelf to the patronage of the male part of my readers, I ſhall dedicate the preſent eſſay to the Britiſh fair. I muſt therefore beg to be admitted this morning to their toilets; to call off their eyes for a little time from the dearly-beloved mirrour; to diſcard *Betty* from her attendance; and, in ſhort, to exclude, for one half hour, the whole train of Mantua-makers, ſtay-makers, French barbers, and venders of waſhes.

I am aware that the ladies will be alarmed at the thought of being alone with RANGER: but the reaſon of my deſiring the diſmiſſion of ſo many favourites is, becauſe I profeſs the very ſame art, to which that claſs of people have always aſpired, that of heightening the charms of female beauty. Two of a trade, it is ſaid, can never agree. I think it abſolutely neceſſary, to meet with no interruption

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terruption in this important point, from the pertneſs of a chambermaid, the ſervility of tradeſmen, and the ſhrugs and briſk interjections of French proficients, who will, no doubt, be greatly aſtoniſhed to hear, that their artificial embelliſhments, though they may ſerve, when they do not luxuriantly wanton into fantaſtic extravagancies, to adorn the female form, are yet in no way eſſential. Beauty, without ſuch auxilliaries, may be rendered ſtill more attractive in the eyes of all men of ſenſe.

Horace, whom it is unneceſſary to introduce to the acquaintance of the ladies, as *Creech* and *Francis* have taken that agreeable office upon themſelves, was a man of the moſt finiſhed taſte in all circumſtances of life: he tells us, in the words of my motto, that he ſhall always love his *Lalage* ſweetly ſmiling, and ſweetly talking; which two accompliſhments would not have been touched upon by ſo fine a poet, if they did not carry with them ſome peculiar charm.

Expreſſion has been mentioned by every elegant writer on this ſubject, as the firſt ingredient in the compoſition of beauty. The more pleaſing the expreſſion, the more energy will be derived from thence upon every charm. For this reaſon, the pleaſing ſmile is the beſt hand-maid to an elegant

ſet

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ſet of features. It gives numberleſs graces to every delicacy, and diffuſes over the whole countenance an emanation of that ſweetneſs of temper, which is the native ornament of the fair. To this ſentiment the witty Dr. *Young* has ſubſcribed in his *Univerſal Paſſion.*

What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms, becauſe the* ſoul *is ſeen.*

This doctrine has not been eſtabliſhed without the utmoſt propriety. Inanimate matter, however ſymmetry, colour, and other adjuncts, may recommend it, cannot any way gain upon our affections. I have ſeen many a picture where the face was well turned, and the features juſtly diſpoſed, and yet all men of judgment have invariably concurred to pronounce the piece extremely bad, becauſe there were no perceptible graces of a thinking power within. And if this property is required in the mere imitation of the human face, what ſhall be ſaid when it is deficient in the original? when the appearance of a mind, which alone can diſtinguiſh us from other ſublunary exiſtences, and which alone can impart real ſatisfaction, and excite the ſocial feelings in an intelligent being, ſeems to be totally abſent? Miſs *Millefont* is without

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without the niceſt proportion of features, and without a gloſſy bloom of complexion: and yet I believe no one ever ſaw her ſitting in a ſide-box at a play, or dancing at an aſſembly, without feeling love and joy in ſprightly tumult about his heart. On the other hand, *Formoſa* has a delicacy of ſhape, and regularity of countenance, and yet no man of taſte will heſitate to pronounce her unamiable. I will venture to aſſert, that ſhe is never toaſted but by thoſe, whoſe intellectuals are ſo poorly ſtocked with ideas, that they never perceive the vacuity in others.

The ſecret quality, from which this difference ariſes, has been called by the *French*, a *Je-ne-ſcay-quoi*, and the phraſe has been adopted in this country; but it is ſerving the purpoſes of good ſenſe to explode ſo unmeaning a term. For my own part, I declare myſelf of that ſect of ſpeculatiſts who really believe that women have ſouls, and I am apt to imagine that the operation of this inward agent has no ſmall influence upon the outward frame. A poet of eminence has ſung, "the paſſions in the features are." Thoſe ladies, therefore, who are ambitious to appear lovely in the eyes of men, ſhould ſometimes ſit to an intellectual mirrour, in order to ſee their affections reflected to them; by which means they will be en-

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enabled to adjuſt them, to harmonize them, to keep them in regular order; and, if I may ſo ſay, make them ſit right. In my opinion, they ſhould be as aſſiduous to faſhion themſelves in this point, as to apply the patch, to re-eſtabliſh a diſorder'd lock, to recall a ſtraggling hair, to ſettle the tucker, or compoſe the mant, ſince taking care of the movements of the mind, is alſo regulating the features.

From this will naturally reſult the next eſſential to beauty, the manner of talking agreeably, than which accompliſhment nothing can ſo much enliven the amiable ſex. We are pleaſed to ſee a beautiful pair of lips in motion, when every thing that comes from them adminiſters to the pleaſures of converſation. The ſpirits of the fair are awakened by the exerciſe of their thinking faculties, and the eye beams with double luſtre; the tongue confirms, what the countenance had before indicated, that all within is chearful, gay, ſpirited, and ſenſible. The ſcene is frequently ſhifted to our imagination; we are delighted to obſerve the celerity, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf in the operations of the female underſtanding. That quick ſucceſſion of ideas, which they call up, amuſes with pleaſing variety, while the beauties of the mind and face mu-

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tually exalt each other, and we ſtand convinced of the *Platonic* tenet, that *good* and *beautiful* are the ſame.

There are three things highly pernicious to the endearments of beauty, from which I muſt abſolutely interdict thoſe, who are willing to become my pupils. The enemies to lovelineſs, which I here intend, are GAMING, SCANDAL, and POLITICS, ſurer deſtroyers of every elegance and bloom, than a ſpotted fever or the ſmall-pox; as chronical diſeaſes are more fatal to the conſtitution, than a tranſitory fit of an acute illneſs.

With regard to the firſt of theſe corroſives, I leave it to the fair votaries of fortune to conſider how the winning graces and the attractive ſmile can irradiate the countenance, when the internal frame is diſturbed. Anxiety and ſolicitude ſoon tranſpire into the face, and prey upon all it's charms. When the temper is diſconcerted, politeneſs and good-manners are in danger of being neglected. While every one is intent upon the after-game, which is the faſhionable term for that claſh of tongues, frequently heard in one loud din, as ſoon as the deal at *Whiſt* is out, is it probable that the fair can converſe in a manner ſuitable to the ſoftneſs and elegance of their ſex?

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Scandal always carries with it a dreadful efficacy to ruin a delicate face. It ſprings from envy or malice, two paſſions wholly repugnant to my rules for acquiring and preſerving beauty. They are inveterate habits, the traces of which are apt to wear themſelves into the complexion, inducing frowns, wrinkles, roughneſs, and a ſettled appearance of ill-nature, of all things the moſt unamiable.

Politics are alſo of pernicious influence, tending to inflame the ladies with party-rage; to cauſe heats in the face, and to occaſion thoſe vibrations of the fan, thoſe bitings of the lips, and fidgets on the chair, which greatly diſcompoſe the whole form. On this account I would have my fair readers abſtain from parliamentary debates. And, though the intended *Naturalization-Act* has engroſſed the thoughts of the whole nation, I think it enough for the ladies to have ſecretly reſolved not to marry a *Jew*. Without engaging too deeply in the controverſy, the ſparkling croſſes, which they wear upon their lovely boſoms, will be a ſufficient indication of their principles, and will at once reflect a luſtre upon the whiteneſs of their ſkin, and the delicacy of their ſentiments.

In what has been premiſed, I would have it remembered, that I do not mean to recommend a ſtudied

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ſtudied ſimper, or a reſtleſs exertion of chit-chat. I would have both to be a natural effuſion, from the ſources of good-nature and good-ſenſe, which, I am convinced, will be found a more beautifying cream, than any coſmetic advertiſed in our newſ-papers. Inſtead, therefore, of lying-in for a new face, or uſing any other artifice, my precept to the ladies, is, BE GOOD-HUMOURED FOR A COMPLEXION. I now give notice, that I ſhall carefully obſerve, in all public places, what ladies repair a decayed viſage, or add new graces to a blooming one, by this receipt, and that I ſhall inſert an exact liſt of the ſame in the articles of news, which I ſhall ſerve up occaſionally for the entertainment of my readers.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, Oct. 26.

On *Saturday* evening laſt the *Board of Criticiſm* met here, when Mr. *Town* opened the CRITICAL Seſſions with the following ſpeech.

My Friends and Critics,

I am always pleaſed, in a particular manner, to embrace every opportunity of aſſembling you together. To infuſe a true ſpirit of criticiſm into the minds of my people, has been the invariable rule of my conduct. As I have no doubt of your chearful concurrence in ſupport of thoſe principles, it is with pleaſure I now meet you, to

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open the preſent ſeſſions. Your debates, I perſuade myſelf, will be carried on with ſuch unanimity of *ſpleen, cavil,* and *malice,* as cannot fail to render us the wonder of our countrymen. I have the pleaſure to inform you, that the friendſhip, which has always ſubſiſted between my good friends and allies, the commentators of the States-General, is now ſettled upon the moſt ſolid baſis; ſo that the ambitious views of the *French Academy,* who have always been aiming at univerſal criticiſm, will in all human probability be fruſtrated.

Gentlemen of the City,

I have ordered the proper eſtimates to be laid before you, by which you will ſee that *Orgeat, Capillaire,* and *Red Tea,* are three-pence each glaſs, and I make no doubt of your compliance therewith for the ſervice of the current year.

My Friends and Critics,

As affairs of the higheſt moment will oblige me to viſit my friends in the country early in the ſpring, I muſt exhort you to a quick diſpatch of the buſineſs that may come before you, and to deviſe proper amendments to the laws now in force, againſt Poets, Players, and Managers. In theſe important objects, you will always find from me a chearful concurrence.

NUMBER

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NUMBER III.

Saturday, Nov. 4, 1752.

Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes?
Quem ſeſe ore ferens? — — —

VIRG.

THE papers which I have hitherto publiſhed, were chiefly intended to open my way to the public; as pioneers are diſpatched to clear the country for the main body of an army. The preſent lucubration is to be conſidered in the ſame light. I find, ſince the commencement of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, that I have been the ſubject of much converſation in this metropolis: the critics, it ſeems, are buſy in their enquiries after the author. Does any body know him? Has he been long upon town? Has he any thing in him? What ſort of a man is he? Theſe and many other queſtions of the ſame nature are the topics in circular meetings at coffee-houſes. At firſt ſetting out I thought to evade an account of myſelf, having had always a ſtrong antipathy to any thing that borders upon the ridiculous character of an egotiſt; yet ſuch is the prevalence of cuſtom, that it is now become a tribute due from

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every adventurer in this way. I ſhall therefore wave the reſolutions I had taken, and will at preſent gratify the reader's curioſity.

I am of the ſprightly family of the *Rangers*, who have made a diſtinguiſhed figure, in this country, ever ſince the reign of *Charles* II. My nameſake in the play, whom many of my readers have often admired when perſonated by Mr. *Garrick*, ſeems no bad repreſentative of the humour and diſpoſition, which have marked the predominant character of the family of the RANGERS. Though I do not at preſent aſcend by ladders of ropes into honeſt men's houſes, yet, under a few reſtrictions, I ſtill bear ſome ſimilar habits of his roving temper. My education was at *Eton*, where I imbibed my firſt tincture of letters; though, to tell the truth, I was chiefly remarkable, at that place, for running out of bounds. I ſcarce paſſed over a week without paying a viſit to *Windſor*. I was delighted in the caſtle with the bold imagery which the touch of *Verrio*'s pencil has poured forth to the eye. To ſee the canvas every where glowing with mimic life, was pleaſing to my young imagination.

At length, with the character of a wild lad that had *Latin* and *Greek* enough, I was removed to the univer-

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univerſity, where I maintained the ſame reputation for five years. Whatever was the reaſon of it, I never could adopt any party-principles. Thoſe, whom I perceived attached to prejudices on either ſide, have always appeared to me in very ludicrous colours. I have known a *Jacobite* drink himſelf out of his health and fortune for the good of his country, and I have ſeen a very worthy gentleman reduced to neceſſity by ſquandering his ſubſtance in elections, to keep out the Pope, the Devil, and the French King. I believe there cannot be a more ridiculous character than that of a *State Quixote*, who having affairs of moment to himſelf and his family, generouſly neglects his own concerns, to take care of his country, which would in every particular thrive and flouriſh full as well without ſuch a patriot.

In ſhort, I have no manner of taſte for politicks. The election of the King of the *Romans* does not concern me, nor do I trouble myſelf about the window-tax, provided the prices at the play-houſe are not raiſed upon us. As to a ſtanding army, twenty thouſand red-coats ſhall give me no kind of trouble, while they plant no bruiſers in the Pit to over-rule our deciſions. Should any ſuch attempts be made upon the birth-right privileges of an *Engliſhman*, I ſhall then be as warm a patriot as

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the beſt of them. Not even the freedom of both houſes ſhall buy me off. I have now lying by me ſeveral eſſays on hiſtory, and the *Britiſh* form of government, which in that caſe ſhall ſee the light.

Theſe are the principles I have contracted with regard to matters of ſtate. As to my perſon, I beg leave to be ſilent on that head, as I do not chuſe to receive any propoſals for marriage, which I am told have been publickly ſolicited by a certain daily writer. Thus much I will hint: I am now in the two and thirtieth year of my age, and, after having taken the tour of *Europe*, *Gray's-Inn* is become, in *Shakeſpear*'s language, *the ſea mark of my utmoſt ſail.* I have been regiſtered according to the police in *Paris*, and like Sir *Harry Wildair* in the play, have played at hot-cockles with an whole convent of Nuns in *Italy*. In ſhort, I have gone through all the variety of manners and diverſions in each different country, and now behold your beau up to the ears in ink. I look upon the gardens belonging to this ſociety to be the ſeat of the Muſes: here the great *Bacon* paſſed his contemplative hours; and here, at an humble diſtance, the preſent writer purpoſes to follow his ſteps.

—— *Longe ſequere, & veſtigia ſemper adora.*

STATIUS.

The

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The day I do not take a turn in the poetic ground juſt mention'd, I feel the moſt aukward ſenſations, and fancy to myſelf that I breathe with difficulty. This I muſt own is an oddity in my temper, but habit has now confirmed it. However, I ſhall make it ſubſervient to the deſign of this paper. It will afford me an opportunity of collecting materials for future lucubrations, and, among the number that frequent this place, I ſhall be able ſometimes to glean a few characters for the amuſement of my readers. Beſides this, I belong to a club of *originals*, who meet once in each month, at the *Devil-Tavern*, near *Temple-Bar*. Every member of it is remarkable for ſome peculiarity in his manners and way of thinking, not contracted by an affected imitation of others, but abſolutely inherent and native to each reſpective perſon. I ſhall take a proper opportunity to make the town acquainted with this ſociety. It is probable that I may occaſionally be able to derive from them materials, which, I truſt, will not be diſagreeable to the reader.

I muſt add to what has been ſaid, that I have from nature a very extraordinary talent, which as it will be of uſe hereafter, I will here explain. I have been remarkable from my infancy for a moſt ſurprizing ſkill in phyſiognomy, and have had, from

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from my greener years, the ſharpeſt diſcernment into the paſſions of men from the ſurvey of their countenances. This faculty has grown up with me, and is now arrived to that degree of penetration, that I can, by infallible rules, read the thoughts of people. When a critic talks of *Longinus*, I can often perceive, by the caſt of his eye, that he has never looked into him. In all deciſions upon ſtile, language, and authors, I can diſcover, with a glance, the ſecret ſprings of action and the latent prejudices lurking in the mind. But of this more hereafter.

Having thus far explained myſelf, I ſhall conclude this paper with a few reſolutions which I have taken for the better conducting this our *Gray's-Inn Journal*.

Reſolved, That this author ſhall not be the tool of any party whatever.

Reſolved, That he ſhall not, like the gay *Inſpector*, trifle with his readers *over his tea*, or *waſhing his hands*, but that he ſhall exert his beſt endeavours for their entertainment.

Reſolved, That he ſhall always have ſome viſible ſubject, and ſome little regard to the order and propriety of his words.

Reſolved, That the mottos to be prefixed to theſe eſſays

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eſſays ſhall not be taken at random out of the *Gradus ad Parnaſſum*, but that they be ſelected from ſome good author, without bad *Latin*, falſe quantity, and bearing ſome reference to the point in hand.

Reſolved, That no indecent liberties be taken with the character of any perſon whatever.

Reſolved laſtly, That this author will not indulge himſelf in any impertinent vanity about himſelf, his intrigues, or ſuch like impertinences; but that he will, to the beſt of his power, make good ſenſe the rule of his writings, according to the maxim in *Horace*.

Scribendi rectè ſapere eſt & principium, & fons.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane, Nov. 1.

The *Silent Woman*, a comedy of *Ben Johnſon*'s, has been revived here this week. As a great deal of the humour in many ſcenes of the play is, by the diſtance of time, rendered quite obſolete, this piece, if continued, will be preſented to the delight of the judicious, and aſtoniſhment of the ignorant; and therefore, according to what is obſerved in the *Tale of the Tub*, it will be *of general advantage; for thoſe, who have taſte enough to underſtand it, will receive inſtruction from the matter; and thoſe*

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thoſe who have not, will ſtare prodigiouſly: the beſt thing in the world for the eyes.

Covent-Garden, Nov. 1.

A certain eminent actor has not been able to perform ſince he had the misfortune of running a pin into his hand, while he was tearing up the carpet, in the dying ſcene of ROMEO. In conſequence of this accident, the Manager has agreed, for future contingencies, to allow him *pin-money*.

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NUMBER IV.

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1752.

——An me ludit amabalis
Inſania? audire & videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quęs & aquæ ſubeunt & auræ.

HOR.

THE operations of the human mind are at all times extremely ſubtile. While we compound, vary, and aſſociate our ideas into different combinations, the workings of the ſoul are not attended to, and the traces they leave are ſo delicate, that they are afterwards ſcarcely to be perceived. I do not think this phænomenon in the ideal world is at any time ſo ſurprizing, as in thoſe moments, when the faculties of bodily ſenſation are lulled in ſleep. The imagination calls forth her abſtracted train, and, free from the incumbrance of fleſh, diſports herſelf in the moſt whimſical manner, forming with the wildeſt liberty what appearances, what ſcenery, what imagery, and what reaſoning ſhe thinks proper. The effect of this ſudden creation I experienced in a lively degree the other night. As I am inclined to think

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think that moſt of my readers would be glad to enjoy the ſame viſionary ſcene, I ſhall, inſtead of a formal eſſay, make my dream the ſubject of this day's paper,

I retired home to my chambers in a very poetical mood. To gratify the preſent courſe of my ideas, I took into my hand *Virgil's Georgic*, which has always been conſidered by the critics, as the moſt perfect poem, of the moſt accompliſhed poet. The delicacy of expreſſion, and every refined beauty in the turn of the ſtile, have been finely treated by the elegant Mr. *Addiſon*. For my part, I never look into it, but I perceive ſome concealed ſtroke which had before eſcaped me. But the enthuſiaſm which animates the following paſſage, ſtruck me the other night in a manner which never happened to me before.

Me quoque Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

The fire and rapidity in the firſt line; and the rapture and air of inſpiration in the ſucceeding one, muſt warm any imagination, that has but the leaſt ſpark of fire. I could not help dwelling on it with admiration; it opened to my mind a train of images which gave me the moſt exquiſite pleaſure, and

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and made ſuch an impreſſion on my ſpirits, that even in ſleep they continued to flow in the ſame traces. In this manner my waking thoughts were recalled to me with double delight.

I thought of a ſudden that I was hurried away to the realms of *Parnaſſus*. I towered with rapture over the ſeveral cliffs, which are frequent in thoſe regions. The air, methought, ſeemed to be clearer than I had ever met with; the ſkies were brightened into the pureſt azure; the ſun darted his genial rays all around, and different ſtreaks of light blending themſelves in ſundry parts of the hemiſphere ſerved to diverſify the ſcene. The country ſmiled in vernal delight, covered with the moſt chearful variety I had ever beheld. In one part was diſplayed to view an ample lawn, ſtretched to ſuch a length, that the eye loſt itſelf; on the other ſide preſented themſelves meadows, gardens, and laurel groves. Hills there were, whoſe blue tops grew fine by degrees, and leſſened to the ſight amid the clouds. From one of theſe iſſued the *Pierian* fountain, which, divided into ſeveral rills, came tinkling down a ſoft declivity, and at the bottom, aſſembling into one general reſervoir, expanded themſelves into a pleaſing ſurface, and formed a river which watered all the country round.

Here

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Here I fell into that ſtate of mind, which is ſo excellently deſcribed in the *Pleaſures of Imagination*.

> ——*Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain*
> *Diffuſes its enchantment; fancy dreams*
> *Of ſacred fountains, and* Elyſian *groves,*
> *And vales of bliſs; the intellectual pow'r*
> *Bends from his awful throne a liſt'ning ear,*
> *And ſmiles; the paſſions gently ſooth'd away*
> *Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy*
> *Alone are waking; love and joy ſerene*
> *As airs that fan the ſummer.*

I felt the moſt ardent ambition to gain the ſummit of the hill. It was in ſeveral places ſo ſteep, that I believe I ſhould never have reached it, if *Apollo* had not been favourable to the humble prayer which I preferred. I did not build my ſupplication upon any merit in the literary world, but humbly preſumed upon the delight which I always took in works of genius. In *Apollo's* eye, the next thing to a good author, is a juſt taſte and reliſh for the beauties of fine writing. I was ſtruck with reverential awe at the ſight of the god of wit. A ſtrain of melody filled my ears. I fell on my knees, and worſhipped the nine harmonious maids who cauſed ſuch divine enchantment. They beheld each other with an air of mutual affection and

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and complaeence; their eyes were bright with meaning, and I thought that, in delicacy of ſhape and feature, they had a near reſemblance to two ladies known to the world by the name of the HIBERNIAN BEAUTIES.

After paying the offerings of adoration, I withdrew from the preſence of the deities, and went round the place, in order to view the country more particularly. The greateſt part of theſe regions is portioned out by *Apollo* into different tenures, ſome of them conveyed to the perſon for ever, others for life, and many for a ſhorter duration. There are manſion-houſes built on many of theſe eſtates, and the great genius's, who have made a figure in the world, have here fixed their reſidence.

The ancients ſeemed to have the largeſt poſſeſſions. Their grounds were laid out, not, indeed, with the trim neatneſs of modern art, but a bold and maſterly imitation of that wild variety, which we perceive in the landſkips of Nature. Every eſtate belonging to the firſt and ancient poſſeſſors preſented a ſcene of true rural beauty, ſuch as is deſcribed in the Georgicks of VIRGIL, without any of that ſtudied nicety, which looks ſo minute in the gardens of RAPIN. HOMER was

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the firſt, who caught the ſecret art, with which Nature forms her plans in ſeeming diſorder, with all thoſe intricacies, that puzzle and perplex the proſpect, while they are preparing unexpected openings, to heighten pleaſure by ſurprize, and convince us that what at firſt appeared to be confuſion is the moſt artfull regularity. GAME-LAWS are not known in Parnaſſus. You may go upon what lands you pleaſe, and what you ſtart, you may hunt down, without being deemed a treſpaſſer; but it is expected of every ſportſman that he ſhall fairly acknowledge the perſon, to whom he is under an obligation. He, who attempts to conceal where he firſt *found*, is conſidered as a mere *poacher*, who wants to vend what he has gained ſurreptitiouſly from his neighbours. There are neither *ſteel-traps* nor *ſpring-guns* to deter you from entering the fineſt nurſeries, or the moſt beautifull gardens. You may take in an open manner, what ſlips you pleaſe to graft upon your own ſtock, and you may tranſplant at pleaſure, without any injury to the firſt poſſeſſor, provided it be ſeen that you remove to a proper ſoil, and have ſkill to encourage the growth with new luxuriance. The ancient PATRIARCHS of POETRY are generous, as they are rich: a great part of their poſ-

ſeſſions

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ſeſſions is let on leaſe to the moderns. *Dryden*, beſides his own hereditary eſtate, had taken a large ſcope of ground from *Virgil*. Mr. *Pope* held *by copy* near half of *Homer's* rent-roll. Mr. *Dryden* ſpent moſt of his time in writing Prefaces and Dedications to the great men of *Parnaſſus:* Mr. *Pope* was retired to his own houſe, on the banks of the river already mentioned. His grounds were laid out in the moſt exquiſite taſte. Where the ſoil did not yield ſpontaneouſly, he aſſiſted with hot-beds. The culture of his lands and gardens had been for a long time his chief delight: but he was now of a more ſerious and moral caſt. Of late his principal care was to embelliſh a Temple of Virtue and Happineſs, which he had raiſed in the middle of his garden.

There his retreat the beſt companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and ſtateſmen out of place.

In company with theſe celebrated perſonages he maintained his own eaſe and dignity. His ſoul glowed within him, when ſitting with *Bolingbroke* and *Wyndham*, but he ſeemed to receive a more near delight from *Gay*, *Parnell*, and *Arbuthnot*.

The great *Shakeſpeare* ſat upon a cliff, looking abroad through all creation. His poſſeſſions were very near as extenſive as *Homer's*, but, in ſome places, had not received ſufficient culture.

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But even there ſpontaneous flowers ſhot up, and in the *unweeded garden, which grows to ſeed*, you might cull lavender, myrtle, and wild thyme. Craggy rocks, hills, and dales, the woodland and open country, ſtruck the eye with wild variety. Over our heads rolled thunder, deep and awful. The lightning's flaſh darted athwart the ſolemn ſcene, while on the blaſted heath, witches, elves, and fairies, with their own *Queen Mab*, played in frolick gambol. Mean time the immortal bard ſat with his *eves in a fine phrenzy rolling*, and writers both in the tragic and comic ſtile were gathered round him. *Ariſtotle* ſeemed to lament that *Shakeſpear* had not ſtudied his Art of Poetry, but *Longinus* admired him to a degree of enthuſiaſm. *Otway*, *Rowe*, and *Congreve* had him conſtantly in their eye. Even *Milton* was looking for flowers to tranſplant into his own Paradiſe.

I was called off from ſurveying the poſſeſſions of this father of the Britiſh drama, by repeated peals of laughter, which reſounded from an adjacent grove. This, I ſoon perceived, was occaſioned by the irreſiſtible humour of *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, and *Swift*. At ſome diſtance from them, *Rabelais* threw himſelf into a thouſand antick attitudes, and brought together the moſt ludicrous aſſemblage of ideas, with all the ſprightly frolick of his wild imagination.

Sir

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Sir *Richard Steele* fixed his reſidence under Mr. *Addiſon*'s roof. *Addiſon* read to him ſeveral beautifull viſions, and a number of eſſays, that tended at once to harmonize the imagination, and transfer to the heart a correſponding order, grace, and regularity. *Addiſon*, however, was obſerved frequently to retire to his ſtudy, not without ſome viſible appearances of diſcontent. In thoſe moments he employed himſelf in tranſlating the firſt book of HOMER's ILIAD. *Willing, however, as he was to wound*, he was afraid of *ſtriking* the blow. He engaged his friend TICKELL to take upon himſelf the invidious taſk; but both had the mortification of ſeeing ſo much well-prepared malice entirely miſs its aim. PHILIPS begged to be aſſiſted in his tranſlation of the DISTRESSED MOTHER. ADDISON complied, and writ an Epilogue, of which (for reaſons beſt known to himſelf) he deſired BUDGELL to avow himſelf the author. I ſaw a perſon deliver to Mr. ADDISON ſeveral of the periodical eſſays, which have lately been ſent abroad into the world, among which, methought, I ſaw a paper entitled the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, when *

The effect this had upon me was ſuch, that my Viſion was immediately diſſipated, and I waked in the moſt pleaſing ſerenity of mind.

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NUMBER V.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1752.

------ *Spargere voces*
In vulgum ambiguas, & quærere conſcius arma.

VIRG.

I FIND myſelf obliged to poſtpone the eſſay I intended for this day, by an occurrence, of which I think it incumbent upon me to take ſome notice. I did not imagine, before this incident, that a cold, trifling, frothy writer could have drawn ſo much from me; but in the defence of truth, juſtice, and good ſenſe, I cannot controul myſelf from taking his late arguments into conſideration. As he has thought proper to record a fact, I will in my turn begin with one, which, I have no doubt, will appear not a little extraordinary to thoſe, who have acquired a reliſh for the beauties of the drama, and wiſh (for the credit of a civilized people) to ſee a juſt and due decorum in all our public exhibitions.

By theſe preſents then be it known unto poſterity, that in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-two, there really did exiſt a daily writer, who arrogated to himſelf the title of *Inſpector General*

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neral of *Great Britain*; that under this pompous appellation he took upon him to preſcribe faſhions to the ladies, and wire-wigs to the gentlemen; intrigues to rakes, and taſte to pretty fellows; that he peſtered the town with diſſertations on foſſils, minerals, and inſects, that never exiſted but in his own imagination; from thence (emboldened by a kind of negative applauſe, that of being endured) he roſe a degree higher, and, at a time when our threatrical entertainments were under the juſteſt regulation, did his endeavours to ſow the ſeeds of diſcontent in the minds of the audience, to foment diviſions among them, and, contrary to all law, to raiſe a riot at the Theatre Royal in *Drury Lane*, in a public paper abſurdly encouraging the *bucks* and *bloods* of the *Temple* and other places to throw the ſconces and benches on the ſtage.

It is hard to imagine to one's ſelf the ideas that will occur to poſterity upon peruſal of this moſt extraordinary paſſage: they will, I am afraid, believe their anceſtors at this period relapſing into the antient barbarity of the firſt inhabitants of this iſland. I have examined the Index to the *Spectator*, to the *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, for the words *riot*, *benches*, *and ſconces*, but I cannot find any thing of the kind recommended under any of thoſe heads,

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nor do I believe ſuch an outrage to common ſenſe was ever offered in any civilized nation. The authors of the immortal performances juſt mentioned endeavoured to cheriſh good-humour, good-nature, ſocial harmony, and good-manners. Theatrical merit in their time was promoted to the greateſt elegance. Every thing that carried with it the leaſt tincture of a vitiated taſte, was by them attacked with the moſt maſterly ſtrokes. But this eſſayiſt would turn the tables upon theſe approved geniuſes, and, by extinguiſhing all ſparks of emulation, deſtroy the only means of heightening our public entertainments, and eſtabliſhing ſenſe and refinement among us.

As I generally like to trace things to their ſource, I have been conſidering what could be the motives that induced his *Inſpectorſhip* to this proceeding. Having canvaſſed the matter, I fancy I may take upon me to ſay that I have diſcovered the latent cauſe. This prodigy of genius, this florid, witty, elegant, ſenſible, unexhauſted *Inſpector*, owed the firſt dawnings of his immoderate fame (I bluſh to tell it) to a pantomime entertainment. And ſhall he, whoſe monſter-breeding brain ſpawn'd *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, in whoſe head

Hell riſes, heav'n deſcends, and dance on earth
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire,

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A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.

POPE.

Shall he look tamely on, and ſee his favourite monſters expoſed to ridicule? May he not have ſome wild production ſtill in ſtore? Such a genius can never have done. Hence all that laboured impotence of animadverſion, which he has thrown out in two different papers.

But to be a little more ſerious. It is certain, that two contending theatres have always indulged themſelves in ſtrokes of pleaſantry upon each other. The *Impromptu* of *Moliere* was a banter upon a rival houſe in ſo polite a place as *Paris*, and a recent inſtance will evince, that Mr. *Rich* has no averſion to the practice. It is notorious that a few winters ſince he engaged a perſon, whoſe abilities conſiſt ſolely in mimickry, publicly to burleſque, as far as in him lay, Mr. *Garrick*, as a man, an actor, and a manager. He has always given oblique alluſions whenever they came in his way, and nothing has eſcaped him from the coronation in *Harry* the Fourth, down to the ballad in *Harlequin Ranger*.

And ſhall not the manager of the other houſe have leave to amuſe the town in his turn? It is acknow-

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knowledged by the writer who has occaſioned my taking the pen in hand, that *the objects are well diſpoſed; there is humour in the management of them; and there is merit in the ſong that explains the deſign of their introduction; what is more, there is juſtice, for the ſubject is worthy ridicule.* In ſaying this he advances nothing but the truth, but when he adds, *where is the modeſty of arraigning the taſte of an audience, to an audience?* And again, *It is unjuſtifiable, it is cruel, it is not to be ſupported*: In the name of common ſenſe, what would he be at? Firſt, there is merit in it, then it is not to be juſtified; there is humour in it, then it is not to be ſupported; there is juſtice in it, and the next moment it is cruel. For Heaven's ſake, Mr. *Inſpector*, learn to be a little conſiſtent, and don't thus trifle with our underſtandings.

When a man will write in this ſhuffling manner, blowing hot and cold, ſaying and unſaying; when an author, who pretends to inſtruct, will run off from the point, in a ſnip-ſnap ſtile, with pert queſtion and anſwer, down a whole column of his paper, it is not eligible to follow him further. Let his meandring briſkneſs run what riots it will for the future, I ſhall draw the whole argument to a point, and then have done with controverſy.

Nothing, in my apprehenſion, ſhews the temper

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per of this nation, more than the ferment their minds are thrown into by little diviſions of this nature. A real, or a mock monarch, a miniſter of ſtate, or a manager of a theatre, muſt eternally embarraſs their thoughts. Every thing muſt be a party-buſineſs. But ſurely, while our liberties remain inviolate, men of ſenſe ſhould know no party, but a party of pleaſure. All differences betwixt *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee* ſhould be ſubſervient to their merriment. The field of humour is open to both play houſes, and if, without animoſity, they will cull from thence, the reſult muſt be, that the public will receive more entertainment from a ſpirited emulation than from an inactive ſtate. This is the caſe among the *French* to this day. They who weep one night at a tragedy of genius, are ſure to laugh at the ſame piece, the evening following, at the *Italian* comedy. If this liberty be taken with the nobleſt productions of the human mind, why ſo much tenderneſs for what is really ridiculous and unfit for the ſtage? The *Dramatis Perſonæ* expoſed to deriſion, on a late occaſion, are, if I am not miſtaken, a *lyon*, a *bear*, a *cat*, a *dog*, a *monkey*, a *ſerpent*, and an *oſtrich*; an admirable company of comedians truly! but are they ſuch reſpectable perſonages, as to claim an exemption from the laſh of ridicule? Ay, but *poor Rich! poor Rich!* if by that pathetic exclamation

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tion is meant that he is an object of compaſſion, I own I have always thought him ſuch, and do from my heart moſt ſincerely pity him. If, however, through a depravity of taſte, or debility of mind, he has no reliſh for the ſublimer compoſitions of a theatre, let us not, like *Egyptians*, worſhip ſerpents, dogs, and monkeys; on the contrary, let us by the aſſiſtance of the politer arts efface all traces of barbariſm, taking care to preſerve in all our public exhibitions, a manly affection for the cauſe of dramatic poetry, of genius, and of *Shakeſpear*.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, Nov. 15.

The Board of Criticiſm met here laſt night, when the preſent party-diviſions concerning the theatres became the topic of debate. It was by ſome aſſerted that Mr. *Garrick* has made an unwarrantable attack upon *Rich*'s animal comedians. One of theſe choice ſpirits aſſured the company that he really believed, if this tranſaction had not deterred the *Covent-Garden* Manager, he would ſhortly have exhibited the *Ornuto Savage*, and the *Panther Mare*. The loſs of this ingenious and elegant entertainment he entirely imputed to the Managers of *Drury-Lane*. In anſwer to this a gentleman

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tleman of taſte laid before the board the following copy of verſes, which have occaſioned much criticiſm.

The TREATY BROKE:

A TALE.

WHEN *Lun* (who long had quarrell'd with dame Nature,)
Had fill'd the ſtage with every monſtrous creature,
And held poor reaſon at defiance,
At laſt (ſo whim or fate ordain'd,
As ſenſe and folly often make alliance,)
He by ſome means a peace obtain'd.
It was with *Drury*'s patent-chief agreed,
Each other to ſupport in caſe of need.
But *Harlequin*, train'd up to tricks,
Well knew, in modern politics,
Treaties are made for int'reſt ſake,
As times ſhall ſerve to hold or break.
So, ſpite of the convention made,
He carried on clandeſtine trade;
And this day one, and next another,
Still gain'd ſome ſubject from his brother.
When little *David* ſtreight appear'd.
Like him who did the giant ſlay,
His batt'ry 'gainſt the monſters rear'd,
And led them all in chains away.

At

At this the keeper ſtamp'd and cry'd,
And louder than his lion roar'd,
To have his creatures all reſtor'd,
When thus a ſtander-by reply'd:
" Retaliation is fair play,
" By right and reaſon's rules;
" Your monſters he has got, you ſay.
" But then you've got his fools."

Covent-Garden, Nov. 18.

The tragedy of *Jane Shore* has been preſented here this week. Mrs. *Cibber* exerted thoſe powers, which have juſtly procured her the reputation of a great actreſs. In the mad ſcene, the expreſſion in her countenance, and the irreſiſtible magic of her voice, thrilled to the very ſoul of the whole audience. The entertainments of the evening concluded with the ſurprizing phænomenon of rope-dancing.

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NUMBER VI.

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1752.

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læſus,
Rem magnam præſtas, Zoile, ſi bonus es.
MARTIAL.

IN a former paper, in which I gave ſome account of myſelf, I was not in jeſt when I told my readers, that from a natural ſagacity of ſight, improved by experience and ſtudy, I had made a ſurprizing proficiency in the art of phyſiognomy. Among my private acquaintance I have acquired ſuch a reputation in this way, that I have known many ladies, who would no more dare to come into my company, than the young romp, in *Swift*'s Viſion, would venture to ſtroke the pariſh lion, after ſhe had play'd at hide and hoop with *Jackey* in the garret. Notwithſtanding this, I am ſenſible, the majority of mankind at this day treat this art as a mere exploded impoſture, like aſtrology and palmiſtry, impoſed upon the credulous in dark and ignorant ages. With them a phyſiognomiſt and a conjurer meet with the ſame degree of reſpect and credit. But this objection, I believe, will quickly vaniſh, when we come to conſider the principles and foundation on which the art is eſtabliſhed. I might

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might here aptly bring in the ſtory of *Socrates* and the Phyſiognomiſt, but it is known to every body; beſides, reaſon alone, and not authority, is what I proceed upon.

The great and almoſt incredible wonder of this talent, conſiſts in being able to diſcover the paſſions, virtues and affections, even at the very time that they are dormant in the breaſt; ſo as to point out a knaviſh citizen at his prayers; to know a cut-throat, tho' he ſmiles; or a fellow that has a deſign upon your fob, though he turns his head another way with an affected vacancy of face; to mark the man whoſe mouth is open only to have it ſtop'd with a bribe, while he is declaiming againſt corruption; or to detect the niggard hand of a miſer in the very act of ſeeming generoſity and munificence. Yet all this and more may be done; and how it may be done, I will here in part explain. I muſt however, beg to be excuſed, if I do not reveal ſome ſecrets of this *Arcanum*.

Every paſſion, every virtue, and their ſeveral modes, mixtures and combinations, which ſubſiſt in the human breaſt, have a correſpondent ſet of muſcles in the face, or (if the Anatomiſts will not allow this) they at leaſt operate differently upon the ſame ſet of muſcles. When any affection is maſter

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maſter of the temper, the ſpirits are thrown into motion, and this regularly produces a certain configuration of features, which is commonly known to us by the name of *expreſſion*. The painters and ſtatuaries can atteſt the fact. To this ſecret they owe the very ſoul of their art. By obſerving the exact ſhape, that each different paſſion of the mind gives the ſeveral muſcles of the face, and by copying the ſame upon a lifeleſs ſubject, it produces that agreeable deception, which makes us imagine that this diſpoſition of features is an effect of motion, communicated from a thinking mind within, when it is only the reſult of their ſkill in the art of imitation. The good player goes another way to work: he excites in himſelf the inward motions, which we call feeling, and then the outward effect upon the countenance naturally follows.

The anatomiſts will further inform us, that every muſcle of the human body collects ſtrength, and expands itſelf into larger dimenſions, by continual exerciſe and uſe; as the legs of chairmen and others who are uſed to carry burthens, from the ſame cauſe, ſwell to an uncommon thickneſs. It follows, that the correſpondent muſcles of the face, which expreſs any ruling paſſion of the mind, being more frequently exerted, grow out of

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proportion, and become conſpicuous above the reſt. Hence the face contracts an habitual air, marking the features with ſome peculiar caſt of character, which is legible at one glance of the eye. Any body can diſtinguiſh a miſer, a coxcomb, a leacher, or a glutton, in every circumſtance of life.

I know ſome well-meaning people may be ſhocked at the thoughts of indulging ourſelves in the practice of forming opinions of mankind by their looks. This proceeds from a charitable conſideration, that as we make not our own faces, we ſhould not be accountable for them; but they who think in this way take no care to diſtinguiſh the *good face*, the *ingenuus vultus* of the antients, that which Cicero ſays is the beſt letter of recommendation a man can carry about him, from the *handſome*, the mere formation of inactive features, and gloſs of complexion. The latter is the gift of nature alone, and is that which the philoſophers of all ages have perſuaded us is of no intrinſic value; but the former, which we underſtand when we ſay, ſuch a face is not handſome, but is extremely *agreeable*, is in every man's power to acquire; not by ſtudying to put on a formal ſimper, or ſmiling complacency before the glaſs, but by rectifying the mind, and furniſhing it with noble, generous, and virtuous ſentiments. A juſt way of thinking

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thinking transfuſes itſelf into the features, commanding, by a ſecret kind of faſcination, the eſteem of every judicious beholder. I never knew a ſtronger inſtance of this than in the face of a certain nobleman, who, to a vulgar eye, might appear to have an unpleaſing aſſemblage of diſproportion and irregularity.

I have obſerved a certain attorney in *Weſtminſter Hall*, who, I think, has one of the *handſomeſt* faces I ever ſaw; and yet, through the luſtre of his eye, the regularity of his features, and bloom of his complexion, I could read ſuch a ſettled habit of the moſt contracted cunning, ſo many determined purpoſes of fraud, that I proteſt I could not be eaſy while the fellow ſtood within arms-length of my pockets. Yet, to my aſtoniſhment, upon inquiry, I learned that ſeveral great families had intruſted this man with their moſt important affairs.

Eugenio is neither happy in his face nor perſon. At the time when he ſhould have learned to dance, he was unfortunately employed in forming his mind upon the model of the antients. Hence he contracted an uncouth air, a college look, and an aukward deportment; yet, through all theſe diſadvantages, and a cloud of uneaſy circumſtances,

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the judicious eye can diſcover a ſoul within, capable of diſplaying the *divine attributes of his God*, with a ſublimity inferior to nothing but the ſubject.

On the other hand, caſt your eye upon *Florio*. *Florio* is a man of gaiety and plauſible addreſs. There are ſome whom he hath perſuaded to think him one of the prettieſt writers of the preſent age: By his dexterity in the art of plagiariſm, he paſſes upon the crowd for a man of ſome learning: And I have heard him ſay, that the ladies think him a man of gallantry, and a wit. No body is more perfectly ſatisfied with himſelf than *Florio*: he writes with the utmoſt facility, without any manner of ſubject, and this he thinks is ſtile, ſimplicity, and eaſe. Upon the whole, one might be ſo far deceived at firſt ſight, as to think *Florio* a pretty fellow. Yet look at his countenance, can any thing be more viſible than the furniture within? A confuſed aſſemblage of vanity, arrogance, cowardice, dulneſs, ignorance, and conceit. *Florio* generally wears a gleam of chearfulneſs on his face; yet it is viſible that this is all forced. Through the falſe appearance, *Florio* has an uneaſy diſconcerted temper.

The mortification in *Sordido*'s leg had like to have

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have gone too far, before he could prevail upon himſelf to be at the expence of cutting it off. I attended him at the time of the operation. To the ſurprize of every one, he bore it with wonderful patience; but while others were admiring his amazing reſolution, I could plainly perceive by his looks, that *Sordido*'s compoſure proceeded from the conſoling thought, that he ſhould hereafter ſave juſt half his expence in the article of ſhoes.

I could point out a certain reverend gentleman, who wears the moſt plauſible appearance of humility, ſanctity, and grace. Aſk him familarly how he does? With a ſolemn, thankſgiving voice, and the white of his eyes turned up with pious gratitude to Heaven, he bleſſes his God he is very well. Yet view his ſhining, jolly countenance with the ſmalleſt degree of attention, and through this gauze of hypocriſy, you plainly diſcover a horrid groupe behind, compoſed of pride, gluttony, cruelty, and luſt. Yet, notwithſtanding this, he will riſe in his profeſſion, for he can cringe and flatter with the beſt.

Prudiſſa is regular at her devotions; ſhe goes twice a day to church; ſhe conſtantly has her footman to carry her prayer-book; yet I could obſerve at a viſit the other day, that in ſome of her

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walks, there had been more familiarity between her and this ſame footman, who then handed the tea-equipage, than was altogether conſonant to the character ſhe chuſes to aſſume.

The unhappy *Caliſta*, through the perfidy of the man upon whom ſhe once placed her affections, and ſome family misfortunes that followed after, is now obliged to *endure* the embraces of a certain libertine, who has nothing to recommend him but his riches: yet in *Caliſta*'s ſoul, I can read the latent traces of chaſtity, humility, and love, blended with a tenderneſs of diſtreſs, that ſometimes flows into her eyes, and adds ſuch a melting ſoftneſs to her native beauty, as nothing that is human can avoid being affected with. Yet to a vulgar eye, the unfortunate *Caliſta* appears no better than the common tribe of proſtitutes.

Not to produce further inſtances, I can ſee ſo clearly into the characters and diſpoſitions of mankind, that if ſome folks, whoſe names I could mention, do not ſhortly mend their manners, I will take a general tour through the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and unmaſk every ſmooth-faced villain that I meet. In the mean time, if a certain gentleman, who generally wears a laced frock,

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frock, a bag-wig, and a long ſword, does not lay aſide his project of ſacrificing to a ſet of ſharpers, with whom he is to go ſhares, the good-natured young nobleman, who took a liking to him for his honeſty, I will certainly let his lordſhip know the whole affair. And if a certain lady of diſtinction, who, by a ſide glance laſt *Monday* in the *Mall*, diſcovered what intimate familiarities had paſſed the evening before between her and a certain coxcomb in a red coat, does not inſtantly break off all further commerce with him, I muſt immediately inform her huſband; for I cannot any longer bear to ſee a man of ſenſe and merit hurt in his honour. I muſt further inform the unfortunate lady, that from a ſymptom in her paramour's face, I can plainly foreſee, he intends to make himſelf much happier this night, than ever he was in her embraces, among half a dozen of his companions, at the expence of her reputation and honour.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, Nov. 21.

The following lines are to be placed under a folio copper-plate of the *Inſpector*, to be prefixed to his Natural Hiſtory.

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Three great wiſe men, in the ſame Æra born,
Britannia's happy iſland did adorn:
Henley in cure of ſouls diſplay'd his ſkill,
Rock ſhone in phyſic, and in both *John Hill*.
The force of *Nature* could no further go,
To make a third ſhe join'd the former two.

NUMBER

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NUMBER VII.

Saturday, Dec. 2, 1752.

——— *Alea quando*
Hos animos? ———

JUV.

I WAS ſitting the other morning in my ſtudy, intent upon the plan of ſome future eſſay, when a ſervant from a lady, whom I have had the honour of knowing for a conſiderable time, broke in upon all my fine concerted ſchemes. After making two or three ſcrapes, he informed me, that he had directions to wait upon me with a card, which I think proper to tranſcribe, as I look upon it to be a modern way of writing, of which the ancients had not the leaſt idea.

" Lady *Tenace*'s compliments to Mr. *Ranger*; hopes he took no cold at the play the other night, begs the favour of his company to a ROUT on *Wedneſday* next. Lady *Tenace* propoſes to keep her day, for the remainder of the winter ſeaſon, on *Wedneſday*; ſhall be glad of Mr. *Ranger*'s company as often as poſſible."

Groſvenor Square, Tueſday Morn.

This way of deſiring a man's *company*, where he is

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he is not to ſpeak five words, has in it ſomething extraordinary. Though I am not fond of faſhionable vices, yet I could never prevail upon myſelf to renounce a thing ſo eſſential in the polite world, as *card-playing* is at preſent. I returned for anſwer, that I ſhould do myſelf the pleaſure of waiting upon her ladyſhip. It is not enough at preſent for a man to know the world, to ſee into the humours of different people, or to diſcover a lively vein of thinking upon all topics that offer in converſation: unleſs you have learned to loſe your money gracefully, theſe accomplishments paſs for nothing: wherever you viſit, you are *nothing but lumber*. Mr. *Mellefont* never wants wit; he has many amiable qualities, but not being a card-player, whenever he enters a room, the lady of the houſe is ſure to receive him, without ſtirring out of the languid poſture in which indolence had compoſed her. "Mr. *Mellefont*," ſays ſhe, with her eyes ſwimming between ſleep and wake round the room, "pray ſit down, Sir; one is ſo "—I don't know how to deſcribe it in this hot wea-"ther."—Let Mr. *Hazard* with his midnight face make his appearance; her heart dances at the ſight of him; the bell rings for the card-table, and the houſe is in an uproar in an inſtant.

That I may not paſs for *lumber* among the ladies,

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dies, I have perused with some attention Mr. *Hoyle*'s very judicious and elegant book on the game of *Whist*. I can now return my partner's suit, lead through the honour, *finesse*, and sometimes contrive to bring about an agreeable *see-saw*. With this profound knowledge I was punctual to my engagement, and, that I might see the whole ceremony of the proceeding, took care to be pretty early in my visit.

My lady *Tenace* is a woman of perfect good-breeding, with a very happy flow of spirits. Her capacity is, perhaps, as extensive as that of any of her sex; but from a constant habit of attending to nothing but the odd trick, she has not laid up so large a store of ideas, as she might have done by a proper improvement of her understanding. Those ideas which she is possessed of, are in a constant rotation. She never dwells long upon any subject, but is always sure to say something lively upon every thing that offers. Her ladyship began to rally me with a deal of pleasantry upon the character of a public writer, when, as *Apollo* would have it, a loud rap at the door shook the whole house. I have often wondered at this strange din, with which, even though the entry stands wide open, our ears are always stunned upon these occasions. As the company comes to a *rout*, it is possible

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poſſible this may make part of the ceremony. There may be an additional pleaſure in alarming a whole neighbourhood. I ſuppoſe the ladies may think, that, what with the thunder below ſtairs, and the lightning in their eyes, they fail into a room with a greater eclat.

This was the caſe with Mrs. *Fidget*; after ſhe had ſeated herſelf in her chair, twiſted her body two or three times to compoſe herſelf, adjuſted the ſparkling croſs upon her neck, and given a diſcharge to her fan—"Lard, my lady *Tenace*, ſays "ſhe, I was apprehenſive that I ſhould not be "able to wait upon your ladyſhip—my poor little "dog *Pompey*—the ſweeteſt little thing in the "world—I went, Me'm, the other morning to "fetch a walk in the park—a fine froſty morning "it was—I love froſty weather of all things—and "ſo, little *Pompey* was with me—and if your lady-"ſhip was but to ſee the dear creature pinched with "the froſt, and mincing its ſteps along the Mall "—with its pretty little innocent face—and ſo, "Me'm, while I was talking to captain *Flimſy*— "your ladyſhip knows captain *Flimſy*—five odious "frights of dogs beſet my poor *Pompey* all at once, "M'em—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, "—but who can reſiſt ſix at once—and ſo *Pompey* "barked for aſſiſtance, and the hideous creatures

"made

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" made their eſcape—the hurt my little dog met
" with was on his cheſt—and, Me'm, there is
" really danger that an *empyema* is now forming in
" his ſide. And ſo, Me'm—Lard, is not *Barry*
" a fine man?—You have ſeen the *Rehearſal* to be
" ſure, Mr. *Ranger*—well, to be ſure, *Garrick*'s a
" ſurpriſing creature! his eyes have ſo much life,
" and ſuch meaning, and ſuch fire, and he has
" ſuch variety!—they ſay ſhort aprons are coming
" into faſhion again."

By this time the room began to fill. It was time to diſpoſe the company at their ſeveral ſtations for the night. The card tables were accordingly ſituated in different parts of the room. In an inward apartment, a brag-table was prepared for thoſe who are fond of that game. The thoughts of the whole company began immediately to flow into another chanel: they who were before happy in a mutual intercourſe of ſocial pleaſure, became of a ſudden ſecret enemies to each other, every one privately forming a deſign on his neighbour's pocket. I ſhould think this ſtrange ſcene would afford many nice touches to the pencil of an *Hogarth*. To ſee the different effects of the ſame paſſion operating upon a number of people, according to their reſpective tempers, and various ideas of winning and loſing, could not fail to ren-

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der the groupe highly intereſting. To mark this with delicacy, and to blend with it the private habits of each different character, would, in my opinion, ſhow a nice diſcernment worthy of the hand of a maſter.

After a rubber or two at whiſt, I detached myſelf from the party I was joined to, in order to take a ſurvey of the room. I could not help wondering how men, amid ſuch a profuſion of charms as the ladies diſplayed, could ſit ſo cool and attentive to their game. The queen of trumps (groteſque and unnatural as the figure is) was the *Venus* of every gentleman preſent. It is the intereſt of the ladies not to encourage a gameſter. Should the love of play become the ruling paſſion of the men, the labours of the toilet are all in vain; in vain may the fair dreſs themſelves in ſmiles; in vain heave the tender breaſt; cards have baniſhed love, and ſo adieu to the female reign.

This is not all: ſhould this taſte continue, not only love, but beauty is at ſtake, and the *odds* are greatly againſt it. While the amiable, but delicate ſex, ſit in painful durance at a card table, the liquid luſtre of the eye is extinguiſhed; the roſes fade upon the cheek, and uneaſy paſſions deface the

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the countenance. *Amanda* is, at preſent, in all the pride of beauty; her ſtature is tall and genteel; ſhe boaſts a regular and elegant ſet of features; her bloom glowing as the poet's fancy; a mild radiance beams from her eyes; there is ſuch an inexpreſſible delicacy about her mouth, that it is intirely the *bouche gracieuſe* of the *French*. Her whole countenance diſplays the moſt winning ſweetneſs; and ſtill cards render *Amanda* unamiable. The moment ſhe ſat down to Brag, I could ſee the young loves and graces, that were ambuſhed in every feature, ſpread their little wings, and fly off immediately. A diſagreeable expreſſion immediately ſucceeded. I could not bear to hear ſo exquiſite a beauty with a confirmed voice tell a forward young fellow, that "truly ſhe "would not be bullied by him." To ſee thoſe lips, which were framed for the tendereſt purpoſes, gnawed with vexation, was matter of great uneaſineſs to me. But the ſenſations, which Mrs. *Pregnant* gave me, are not to be expreſſed. The emotions, which ſhe ſhewed upon ſix aces being diſcovered in one pack, will, I am afraid, bring her child into the world with a convulſed ſet of nerves. I would venture to *lay an even bet* that the child will be marked with a pair-royal of aces.

When

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When a passion for play becomes predominant in the married state, I believe it requires no very lively imagination t conceive the scene that must ensue. Not to mention the ruin of a family, their own immediate happiness is destroyed; as the poet finely says,

Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
The night shall be all lonely and unquiet,
And every day shall be a day of cares.

I shall conclude, by congratulating the Public, that we are shortly to have a new tragedy called *The Gamester*, exhibited at *Drury-Lane*, in which, as I am informed, the effects of this unhappy turn will be set in their proper light.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-House, Dec. 1.

Last night Mr. *Town* went to the board of criticism, in malice assembled, and gave his assent to the two following bills; a bill for encouraging broad benches at *Drury-Lane* play-house; and another for the naturalization of all foreign monsters on *Covent-Garden* stage; after which several new members were returned and were declared duly elected, being all gentlemen of unquestionable ill-nature, and zealous attachment to the cause of *Zoilism*.

Richard Falsetaste,
Matthew Shortcout, } For the *Temple.*

Sa-

Samuel Venom, *Thomas Spitfire*,	For *George*'s Coffee-houſe.
William Cavil, *Robert Shallow*,	For the *Union*, *Temple-bar*.
Nathaniel Guzzledown, *Thomas Wrangle*,	For the *Robin Hood* Society.
Benjamin Luteſtring, *Arthur Soberſides*,	For the Ward of *Farringdon* without.
Dick Phaeton, and *Bob Kevenhuller*,	For the *Rainbow Coffee-houſe*, *Cornhill*.

The conteſt for *John*'s near the Exchange, it is thought, will be very obſtinate, the upper and lower room contending for the nomination. Should the matter be compriſed, one of each room will be returned, in which caſe *William Purblind* will repreſent the lower room, and *Robert Nimblefoot* the upper apartment.

Covent-Garden, Dec. 2.

Maddox, the wire-dancer, continues to give great ſatisfaction to the *Goths* and *Vandals* who frequent this place. Laſt night a very eminent politician declared, he never had ſo juſt an idea of the *ballance of power*, as this performer gives him.

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NUMBER VIII.

Saturday, Dec. 9, 1752.

Ardeat ipſa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.

Juv.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq.*

SIR,

AS I perceive that you frequently detach yourſelf from the more ſerious buſineſs of a Public Writer, in order to mix with the *beau monde*, and that you ſtill retain great attention to the amiable ſex, as you politely call the ladies, I muſt beg you will permit one of them to break in upon your ſtudies.

You muſt know, Sir, that I have hitherto been of that ſpecies of women called COQUETTES. I was initiated into this ſcience in my greener years. The courſe of my education conſpired with other circumſtances againſt me. My mother took early pains to train me up in this way. The attendents, whom I had about me, all joined to infuſe the ſame ſentiments, as if they had made a point of it, to render me egregiouſly ridiculous. From a child I promiſed to make a fine woman, as the phraſe is; my features were regular, and I muſt add,

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add, did not want delicacy: I had a bloom that greatly enlivened my whole countenance. The leſſon conſtantly rung in my ears was, that "Miſs "ſhould hold up her head—and put forth her cheſt "—and one day or other, ſhe would become a ce- "lebrated toaſt, and then the men would all be "expiring for her." This you may believe was flattering to my fancy. To give the laſt finiſhing to my accompliſhments for this ſtate of felicity, I was put into the hands of a *French* dancing-maſter.

From this gentleman I acquired a thouſand nameleſs arts of affectation. He not only under-took the direction of my carriage in the graceful movement of a minuet, and the more ſprightly gambols of a country-dance, but the management of my features became alſo part of his concern. He let me into the whole ſecret of the elevated brow, the languiſhing glance, and the ſleepy eye: he inſtructed me when to diſplay the ſnowy breaſt; to move with the eaſy indolent carriage; to throw my whole perſon into a graceful attitude, and, after obſerving that it is a thing very rare in theſe kingdoms, taught me the whole uſe of the hands in every circumſtance at cards or converſation. It was not without ſome pains, that I attained the method of taking ſnuff, with a proper air and artful diſplay of the fingers.

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There are a thouſand artifices to make up for the deficiency of chat in company: in all theſe I became as regular as a piece of clock-work. Add to this, I was furniſhed with a great variety of *French* romances, novels, and memoirs of ladies of quality. To complete the whole, my dancing-maſter told me one day with a ſerious air, that I really had an immenſe ſhare of wit. In this notion I was further confirmed by Monſieur *Lajeuneſſe*, my hair cutter; "I aſſure it you, madam," *ſays he*, as my hair was receiving the proper adjuſtment from his finger, "you have indeed ver "much *eſprit*.—Wherever I go to dreſs de gentle-"man, it is all dying for you.—You have dem in "chains, madam,——pon my vord,——juſt as I "have dis lock here in my hand—pray hold your "head a leetle more aſide—and all de ladies envy "your eclat, I aſſure it you, madam."

Charmed with theſe ideas of my perſon, my breaſt was fired with the love of conqueſt. The thought of being a wit quite intoxicated me; it was enough to turn my little head; for let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, wit is the moſt dangerous thing a woman can think of, becauſe it generally ruins the ſhare of underſtanding Heaven has been pleaſed to beſtow upon her. I was not content to ſay or do any thing in the common way: I read *Rochefou-*

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foucalt's Various Thoughts, in order to retail his brilliant ſayings in company. I am ſure you would laugh at me, were you to ſee the pains I took to diſtinguiſh myſelf in all places of public diverſion. I think I remember ſomething in a poet, that may help you to an idea of my behaviour.

She rolls her pretty eyes in ſpite,
And looks delightfully with all her might.

My heart danced within me to hear *Clarinda* in the *Suſpicious Huſband*, utter with an air, *Any woman can give eaſe*: I diſdained ſo poor an accompliſhment; and to cauſe pain and uneaſineſs was the buſineſs of my life. To ſee that the men could not be eaſy with me, nor without me, was the joy of my ſoul: I read all our modern comedies to glean up the airs of the fine women, and I was delighted, like lady *Betty Modiſh*, to hear a tortured lover bring out;

Yet for the curſe of human race
This devil has an angel's face.

Whenever I could meet with a man of parts and ſenſe, my higheſt ambition was to enſnare him. To lead in captivity a perſon renowned for his ſenſe and talents, and in ſpite of all his boaſted reaſon, to play upon his paſſions, gave me the moſt exquiſite pleaſure. *Favonius* is one of this claſs; he

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has underſtanding, without affecting it; his wit is always tempered with good nature and politeneſs; he is as handſome as moſt of his ſex, and there is no requiſite in the character of a gentleman, but what he is poſſeſſed of. With theſe accompliſhments he became my profeſſed humble ſervant. Though he made love to me in a manner hardly reſiſtible, I delighted in tormenting him. Were we at a play together? I took pleaſure in pointing out to him ſeveral young fellows, whom I pretended to be charmed with: one I obſerved had the fineſt ſet of teeth, and the prettieſt ſmile in the world; another the handſomeſt forehead, and the moſt delightful eyes; a third had a becoming head of hair, and abundance of wit; and though an under-actor perhaps was on the ſtage, I vowed he was a charming man. In a country-dance, when I perceived his ſpirits elevated, I have ſat down on a ſudden, told him I was tired, and immediately after begged of him to let me take one turn with a frighful horrid creature whom I deteſted.

Notwithſtanding all this, I really was in love with *Favonius*, but by my own miſconduct he has ſlipt thro' my hands. The amiable *Elfrida* has won him by her artleſs attractive beauty. *Elfrida* has always formed herſelf upon a plan very different from

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from mine: affability, chearfulneſs and good humour were the only ſtratagems ſhe had recourſe to; and theſe, joined to a fine figure and a lovely face, have made her happy in the arms of a man, with whom, I believe, life will be one ſcene of endearment.

This incident, Mr. *Ranger*, has opened my eyes. I now perceive, that I have been all this time vainly aiming at imaginary triumphs, and that all my artifices were like the wars of the *French* king in *Flanders*; ſerving merely to extend conqueſts, which are afterwards not to be aſcertained. On this account, I am now determined to diveſt myſelf, as faſt as poſſible, of all my follies, and to attach myſelf for the future to thoſe rules of behaviour, which, I am ſenſible, add new graces to the beauty of our ſex. To convince you that I am in earneſt on this occaſion, I beg you will annex to this letter the incloſed paper, by which you will ſee that I am entering upon a new plan of life without delay. Your compliance will greatly oblige, Sir,

Your conſtant Reader,

And moſt obedient Servant.

CALYPSO.

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To be ſold by Auction the whole Stock of a COQUETTE *leaving off Trade, conſiſting of ſeveral valuable Curioſities, among which are the following Particulars.*

Ovid's Art of Love, tranſlated by Mr. *Dryden.*

A coſmetic, which gives the pureſt tincture to the ſkin, and the moſt lively bloom to the complexion.

The art of managing the eyes, with directions to roll them in a melting manner, with a conſcious ſimper, and pretty indolent turn of the hand; very proper to be made uſe of in a ſide-box.

The ſecret of putting on patches in an artful manner, ſhewing the effects of their different arrangement, with inſtructions how to place them about the eye in ſuch a manner as to give diſdain, an amorous languiſh, or a cunning glance; tranſlated from the *French.*

A tranſparent capuchin.

Directions how to lay on paint with ſuch a delicate touch, that the quickeſt eye cannot diſtinguiſh it; very proper to be made uſe of by all female gameſters.

A collection of choice billets-doux.

An eſſay upon beauty; by the *Abbé Millamour.*

Rules

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Rules for biting the lips, in order to give them an inviting redneſs.

Mrs. *Behn*'s Novels.

The whole exerciſe of the fan, with one mounted in a curious manner, and repreſenting two lovers in a jeſſamine bower.

An elegant ſnuff box, with a looking-glaſs within it, being a very good pocket companion for a beauty.

Lord *Gray*'s *Love Letters.*

The art of working a young man's paſſions into a ferment, with a hint when it may be proper to ſet up a pleaſing tehe or titter; by a gentleman who reſided twenty years abroad.

The whole to be viewed at Mr. *Puff*'s, the Auctionner, till the day of ſale, where catalogues are given *gratis.*

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

White's Chocolate-Houſe.

This place is famous for transferring eſtates. Larger conveyances of property are made here than in *Change-Alley.* It is frequented by a detached body from the reſt of the nation, who have formed themſelves into a ſociety, governed by different rules from any part of the known world. *Boyle* is their *Solon,* or principal legiſlator. The

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ſevereſt diſcipline is eſtabliſhed. The ſeveral *profeſſors* undergo a ſeries of the moſt excruciating penalties, ſuch as nocturnal vigils, vexation of ſpirit, &c. It is confidently aſſerted that ſome of them have been ſo exemplary in their morals as to reduce not only themſelves, but alſo their families, to the ſharpeſt auſterities. Upon the whole, what the Reverend Mr. *Warburton* obſerves of ſome certain ſaints, may be applied to this fraternity, "he is held in higheſt eſtimation, who is "the moſt expeditious ſuicide."

Tom's in Raſſel-Street, Covent-Garden.

This houſe is frequented by two different orders of ſelf-tormentors. One ſect ſeems to be formed according to the inſtitutions of *La Trap* in *France*: they obſerve a ſtrict ſilence, and are often ſeen to ſit together at a table, interchanging with each other oblong pieces of paper, differently variegated with black and red ſpots, without ſo much as uttering one ſyllable for the ſpace of four or five hours. The other order ſeems to breathe a ſpirit of enthuſiaſm. They frequently give vent to the moſt fervid ejaculations, ſuch as "damna-"tion." &c. It is imagined theſe different ſectaries cannot long ſubſiſt under one roof: at preſent however, they ſeem reſolved to be heartily tired of each other before they part.

Bed-

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Bedford Coffee-houſe.

Mr. *Town* (as has been already mentioned) preſides here at the board of criticiſm, which generally ſits at the lower end of the room, and the ſeveral members are called the *Malevoli*. The fireplace in the middle of the room is occupied by the *Loungers*, and theſe two orders receive conſtant reinforcements from the *Caravan paſſengers* according to their ſeveral vocations to criticiſm, or the indolent repoſe of gentle dulneſs.

George's, Temple-bar.

This coffee-houſe is a ſeminary of young proficients for all the different orders in this metropolis.

Rainbow Coffee-houſe, Cornhill.

The ſectaries who are in poſſeſſion of this place, are entitled PRIGS: *Harry Lapelle*, *Jack Oakſtick*, *Bob Nankeen*, *Peter Little-Hat*, *Jack Phaeton*, *Jemmy Scratch*, *Nat. Pigtail*, and *Billy Low-Heels* are the principal members.

We ſhall in ſome future paper give a further account of the ſeveral little communities, which are eſtabliſhed in this metropolis.

NUMBER

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NUMBER. IX.

Saturday, Dec. 16, 1752.

Namque aliqui exercent vim duram, et rebus iniqui
Nativam Eripiunt, indignantibus ipſis,
Invitaſque jubent aliencs ſumere vultus.

VIDA.

THERE is not in the whole province of an author, a point of greater difficulty than what is called a good ſtile. The expreſſion is in every body's mouth, but, as I take it, very little underſtood by the preſent critics. I ſhall endeavour, in this paper, to reduce into ſome ſort of order the ſeveral ſcattered thoughts which occurred to my mind upon this ſubject, in a vague manner, a few days ſince.

The term *ſtile*, if I miſtake not, is derived from the *ſtylus* of the *Romans*, an inſtrument uſed by them in writing upon wax, one end of it faſhioned to cut the letters, and the other formed to efface the impreſſion, whenever it ſhould be judged proper. Accordingly we find HORACE adviſing the writer, who aſpires to the fame of being worth reading, to turn his *ſtile* very often, that is, to rub out, and alter the arrangement and choice of his words.

Sæpe

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Sæpe ſtylum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi ſint
Scripturus, -----

From this turning and altering is deducible the true meaning of the word STILE, by which is meant a proper choice of words, in a regular and harmonious diſpoſition. The taſk, without a great deal of art, and a juſt ſenſe of the force and beauty of language, can never be performed in any degree of perfection. In ſome writers we never perceive the leaſt tendency towards it: in ſuch as have by practice cultivated this talent, it is an embelliſhment to good ſenſe; gives a luſtre and elegance to every thing the author advances, and renders his productions pleaſing and inviting. I believe there are to be found a multitude of critics, from whoſe works a good plodding head may extract very ſound and ſenſible obſervations upon all branches of literature; but while there are thoſe who treat the ſame ſubject with a delicate touch, he muſt be lamentably dull, who can have recourſe to the former. While *Longinus*, *Addiſon* and *Spence* are not loſt to us, the *Dutch* commentators will lie mouldering on ſtalls, and the duſty libraries of inſipid pedants.

To attempt to lay down rules for the acquirement of this quality, in which the eſſence of fine writing conſiſts, may ſeem to carry with it an air of

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of preſumption. I may, however, be permitted to ſay, that what Mr. *Locke* mentions as the chief thing to be attended to in the conduct of the underſtanding, is alſo a neceſſary ſtep towards this accompliſhment. The point I allude to, is an habit of *thinking in train* on whatever ſubject the mind may chuſe to expatiate upon. In conſequence of this regimen, our thoughts will follow in a natural order, each ariſing and growing out of the former, and the whole connected in all its parts, will by theſe means form a regular compoſition, which at one glance the reader may take in and carry in his mind. There is an aſſociation between almoſt all our ideas: whenever one of them preſents itſelf to the imagination, an whole train is wakened into life; ſo that if an author has enlarged his underſtanding, and enriched himſelf with a tolerable ſtock of knowledge, he may reaſonably hope that his thoughts will offer themſelves in ſufficient abundance, and (if he has habituated himſelf to the government of his faculties above deſcribed) in a regular ſeries. This would prevent that violent ſtraining very perceptible in ſome gentlemen of the quill, that manner of flying off from one ſubject to another in a wild incoherent manner, ſerving only to bewilder the reader, who expects ſomething of method, and not being able to attend his author into the realms of

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of chaos and old night, throws him aſide as a vague wandering genius, whom he can make nothing of.

I am aware that what has been premiſed may appear to an haſty peruſer, digreſſive from the matter I firſt ſet out with; but thinking is ſo intimately connected with what is called ſtile, that it is intirely co-incident with the deſign of this eſſay, and ſo eſſential to a compoſition, that without it, elegance can never be expected: with it, it is odds that it will never be wanting. To furniſh the mind with knowledge, is a rule of the ableſt of critics, and words, ſays he, will never be deficient to cloath our ideas.

Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur.

HOR.

To think clearly is the original ſource of good writing. He who thinks with perſpicuity, will alſo aim at the ſame in conveying his ſentiments to others. This is the main uſe of language. On this account a good writer will avoid all affectation of glittering, all falſe ambitious ornaments, all prettineſſes, all conceits, quaint turns, points and antitheſes, which never can give ſtrength to argument, or grace to compoſition. As no language in its origin, can have a competency of terms

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terms appropriated to every different idea, recourſe was had to the metaphor; which conſiſts in transferring the name of one object to another, on account of ſome reſemblance ſubſiſting between them. But in the nature of things, it never could be intended that an whole piece ſhould be carried on in a ſtring of borrowed phraſes. Every body knows how cloying this manner is in ſome of the moſt eminent writers of the laſt century. It would not be hard to point out ſome of the preſent tribe who put off every thing in ſuch a motly mixture of far-fetched terms and alluſions, that the ſenſe is hid under a flouriſh of tuneful periods, which by the injudicious is called a good ſtile and an eloquent flow. *Cicero*, the father of eloquence, and the excellent *Quintilian*, in ſeveral paſſages have condemned the too frequent inſertion of metaphors. The author of my motto, who was both a poet and a critic, has elegantly deſcribed thoſe writers, who diſdain to expreſs their thoughts in the terms appropriated to them, and though the ſubject does not require it, muſt need ſet off every thing in the deluſive colouring of figurative language.

I believe the late Dean *Swift* underſtood the true beauties of writing as well as any author, antient

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tient or modern. I would adviſe the reader to open any part of his works, and try whether he can find any thing of this florid manner, that at preſent ſerves to *elevate and ſurprize*. I am convinced that no man of common apprehenſion need ever read a ſentence twice over in any of this writer's productions: his method is perſpicuous, and at the ſame time elegant, without falſe embelliſhments. His metaphors have always a palpable alluſion to the idea they are introduced to ſignify. This is a point which ſhould always be conſidered. It is, moreover, an eſtabliſhed rule that *tropes* and *metaphors* ſhould not be placed too thick, nor purſued with a pitiful ambition to too great a length. Whenever I find a perſon erring on this head, he appears to me in the light of a child, who has blown a bubble prettily variegated and pleaſing to his fancy, and follows it in order to keep up the illuſion as long as he can. In ſhort, it has happened in language as in commerce: what was firſt intended to ſupply our natural deficiencies, is now by the depravity of the human mind perverted into a vice. Vida has touched this with his uſual delicacy.

Hanc vulgo ſpeciem propriæ penuria vocis
Intulit, indictiſque urgens in rebus egeſtas.
Quippe ubi ſe vera oſtendebant nomina nuſquam,
Fas erat hinc atque hinc transferre ſimillima veris;

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Paulatim accrevere vires, hominumque libido;
Quodque olim usus inops reperit, nunc ipsa voluptas
Postulat, hunc addens verborum rebus honorem.

I know there are many other corruptions which contribute to vitiate a true taste; but I have dwelt longer on this, as it appears to me to be the reigning fault of all our pretty essayists at present. If metaphor be considered in the light I have stated it, as only an aid to the perspicuity of language; it will no longer pass for an elegance, when it is not subservient to its original institution. It will be sufficient, in this place, to observe that circumlocution is generally the vice of those, who do not form clear and adequate ideas, contenting themselves with words that seem to play round a meaning: this is an excellent subterfuge to him, who wants to spin out the sheet. To be a great while saying and saying nothing, helps out many a *tritical essay* writer. A multiplicity of words of the same import, with a profusion of epithets, may be very useful at a pinch, but, I believe, it is unnecessary to observe, that there cannot be a greater error. Every species of writing has its peculiar manner, its own proper colouring. When the distinguishing qualities of each are not preserved; whenever the different boundaries are invaded, all propriety is destroyed.

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ſtroyed. A true ſtile ſhould be clear of foreign infuſions: if too replete with French or other idioms, it will ceaſe to be Engliſh; like the river *Marſyas*, which, *Curtius* tells us, glides pure and unmixed within the fortifications of a town in *Aſia*, free from any adventitious waters to pollute the limpid ſtream; but when without the walls, it pours along with a more impetuous current, and a ſwelling ſurge, it no longer retains its original name, but then commences to be ſtiled the river *Lycus: cum extra munimenta ſe evolvit, majore vi ac mole agentem undas Lycum appellant.*

After the choice of words, the arrangement of them demands the writer's care. The limits of the preſent eſſay will not allow me to enlarge upon this ſubject; but I may reſume it upon ſome future occaſion. I ſhall now be content with hinting, that the reference which the ſeveral terms in a ſentence bear to one another; the ſtrength they acquire by being joined with proper epithets; the luſtre they reflect upon an whole period, are all points of moment in compoſition. At the ſame time that they render every thing clear, they give grace and harmony to the whole.

I ſhall releaſe my readers, after obſerving that perſpicuity is the firſt and greateſt beauty in every

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production of the mind. The love of embelliſhment, indulged to exceſs, ends in affectation and falſe glitter. In ſhort, as QUINTILIAN has judiciouſly obſerved, when the true point is hit, he who ſeeks ſomething better, generally finds what is worſe.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Yeſterday arrived a mail from *Newmarket*, by which we learn that a certain nobleman will make a diſtinguiſhed figure at the Olympic games of that place in *April* next, and that his lordſhip is to ride againſt *handſome Billy*, the famous jockey. On this occaſion we would recommend to his lordſhip's conſideration the following lines of Doctor *Young*.

Men ſhould preſs forward in Fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look backward, and ſo loſe the race.

By the laſt advices from *White*'s chocolate-houſe we are informed, that ſeveral *legiſlators* attend there every day, in order, no doubt, to ſee the ill effects of that pernicious cuſtom, to ſuppreſs which they have made ſo many ſalutary laws.

NUMBER

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NUMBER X.

Saturday, Dec. 23, 1752.

—— *Intus & in jecore ægro*
Naſcuntur domini ——

PERSIUS.

——— *Trahit ſua quemque voluptas.*

VIRGIL.

IN a former paper I mentioned, that I belong to a club, which meets once in every week, at the *Devil Tavern*, near *Temple-bar:* I then promiſed my readers to make them acquainted with the nature of this meeting, the characters of the ſeveral members, and the oddities in my own temper, which entitle me to a place in this extraordinary ſociety. To perform my engagement ſhall be the buſineſs of the preſent eſſay.

Our club is called the *club of Originals.* By an *Original*, I do not mean a character entirely new, and ſuch as has never been ſeen in the world before, but a perſon of an independant underſtanding, whoſe diſtinguiſhing marks are the native growth of his own peculiar temper, the vigour of a mind above the contracting of habits by ſervile

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imitation. As I had the honour of filling the chair the laſt club-night, I ſhall begin with myſelf, though I am aware that a public writer ſhould remain as much behind the curtain as poſſible, on account of the prejudices which ariſe againſt a known author.

I have, perhaps, as many whims as any man whatever. Whether right or wrong, they adhere to me ſo tenaciouſly, that I cannot by any means diſengage myſelf from them. Notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid to me, I cannot induce myſelf to carry a ſupernumerary ace in my pocket to a brag-table: I could never contract an intimacy in a gentleman's family, in order to debauch his daughter, or carry on a deſign upon his wife: I had rather loſe my joke at any time than my friend; and I am ſo aukward, that I cannot attempt to bilk a box-keeper. Add to this, I am far from being a free-thinker, notwithſtanding the very great reputation to be acquired by the ſingularities of paradox. I am ſenſible, that theſe are unaccountable oddities. It does not eſcape me, that in ſo enlightened and accompliſhed an age, they muſt ſet a man in a very diſadvantageous light; but the truth of it is, they have taken ſuch root in my mind, that I am apprehenſive, I ſhall never be able to attain that elegance of life and taſte, which

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which is remarkable in ſome of my neighbours.

The next who is to ſit for his picture, is a gentleman of the moſt extenſive knowledge in all branches of polite literature. His name is CANDID, remarkable for his knowledge in critical learning; but what conſtitutes the oddity of his character is, that he is a *Critic* with good-nature. No man has quicker ſenſations than Mr. *Candid.* Does he peruſe the works of antiquity, or thoſe writers among the moderns of allowed reputation? their beautiful paſſages ſtrike ſo forcibly on his imagination, that he admires them to a degree of rapture. It may be imagined that this warmth of temper hurries him ſometimes into falſe applauſe: but his judgment is ſo deliberate, that he generally withholds his admiration, till he is perfectly ſatisfied that the ſentiment and diction are juſt. He is never known to be impoſed upon by falſe embelliſhments of ſtile, or thoſe ambitious ornaments in writing, which are cenſured by *Horace.* To this refinement of taſte, Mr. *Candid* has joined the moſt finiſhed good-breeding, which renders his company extremely deſirable. In ſhort, he is the ſource, from which his friends derive many excellent obſervations upon every kind of writing.

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Mr. *Abraham Gulliver* follows next; a gentleman of very diverting humours, and deſcended, as he himſelf informs us, from that very *Gulliver* whoſe travels have been collected, with ſo much accuracy, by the late Doctor *Swift*. The love of recounting adventures I believe runs in his blood. He frequently ſets the company a ſtaring at the ſurprizing incidents he has met with. His paſſion for voyaging was formerly ſo prevalent, that he never omitted an opportunity of *ſailing for it*, as he expreſſes it, and merely to gratify this inclination he embarked in Lord *Anſon*'s ſquadron round the world. He has loſt one eye and part of his chin in that expedition, but he does not repine at the accident, as he ſays it is made up to him in the acquirement of knowledge, which, he inſiſts, no man can be ſaid to poſſeſs, who has not croſſed the Line, and attempted the North-Eaſt paſſage. He has converſed with a *Bramin* in the Eaſt; with the *wild American* near *Hudſon's Bay*, the frozen inhabitants of *Zembla*, and other regions near the *Pole*. There is no place in the map, of which he cannot give ſome account. He certainly has laid up a large fund of knowledge, but that tinged with ſo many oddities, that he is a whimſical member of ſociety.

After Mr. *Gulliver*, my friend *Harry Wildair* claims

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claims attention. *Harry Wildair* has a quick inſight into men and manners. Nobody better knows the characteriſtic marks and latent foibles of all whom he meets in the ſocial intercourſe of life. To this ſharpneſs of diſcernment he has added an extenſive knowledge of the connections and buſineſs of mankind. He has been frequently ſeated for hours together under the clock at *Lloyd*'s coffee-houſe to be viewed by the underwriters. He has fixed his reſidence at *Charing Croſs*, that he may have an opportunity of obſerving the mighty throng, which is conſtantly preſſing that way. He can tell, by the coat of arms, to whom each paſſing coach belongs: and if by chance a vehicle unobſerved before occurs, he is ſure to run after it through nine or ten ſtreets, in order to ſatisfy his curioſity. In ſhort, my friend *Wildair* is all ſpirit and frolick; is foremoſt in every ſcene both in high and low life, and equally pleaſant upon the finer foibles of the polite, and the ſtrong humours of the inferior claſs. The conſequence is, he is never without a fund of gallantry and humour, which diſplay themſelves in his converſation with great ſprightlineſs and variety.

The next of the ſociety is Counſellor *Plaſtic* of the *Inner Temple*. Counſellor *Plaſtic* was called to the

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the bar in the year 1740, but the death of his elder brother ſoon rendering it unneceſſary for him to attend his profeſſion, he laid aſide the long robe, and has ever ſince indulged his natural caſt of mind. Inſtead of walking in *Weſtminſter hall*, he takes a turn every day in the *Lyceum*, or ſaunters in the groves of *Academus*. In plain terms, Mr. *Plaſtic* is a complete *Shafteſburian* philoſopher. Like all the gentlemen of that inclining, he has a polite taſte for the imitative arts; his imagination is warm and elegant, and he has, to uſe Lord *Shafteſbury*'s expreſſion, a *muſe-like* apprehenſion. With all this there is a peculiarity in every thing he ſays or does. Ridicule is with him the teſt of truth. His diſcourſe generally turns on ideas of beauty and virtue. Beſides the five ſenſes in common with his neighbours, this gentleman has a moral ſenſe, a ſenſe of honour, a public ſenſe, an internal ſenſe, and many other powers of perception, not mentioned in Mr. *Locke*'s Eſſay. In ſhort, Counſellor *Plaſtic*'s imagination has attained a great degree of refinement. But his diſintereſted benevolence is frequently laughed at by Mr. *Allcaſh*, who ſtands laſt upon the liſt.

It is owing to a whim in this gentleman, that our meeting is fixed at the *Devil Tavern*. It ſeems

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ſeems he has made a reſolution never to go beyond *Temple-bar*. Mr. *Allcaſh* is eſteemed to be worth half a plum, and is now pretty well recovered from the ſhock he received by the reduction of intereſt. As he has ſpent moſt of his time in a conſtant intercourſe with ſcriveners and ſtock-jobbers, he has diſcovered the artifices of that claſs of men, and he is ſatisfied from that partial view of mankind, that he knows the world. He is extremely fond of a maxim in *Hudibras*;

What is worth in any thing,
But ſo much money as 'twill bring?

This with him is the teſt of truth, which he oppoſes in his joking way to the *Shafteſburian* rule. He declares, that he had rather have a ſenſe of money, than all the elegant ſenſes above mentioned. He is a conſtant attendant at church, as he ſays, from a ſincere motive of piety, though it is hinted by Mr, *Plaſtic*, that he thinks it his *intereſt* to be ſaved.

Theſe are the members of the club of ORIGINALS, which was inſtituted upon the commencement of this paper. As we are willing, in order to promote the deſign of it, to admit new members, propoſals will be received, and treated with the utmoſt impartiality.

TRUE

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TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

We hear from *Crane-court*, that an ingenious member of the *Royal Society*, by examining the force of attraction between the upper end of the ſtays now in faſhion, and the lower part of the petticoat, has demonſtrated, that in leſs than three years both will join. The motion, he thinks, will be greatly accelerated at the next maſquerade. The calculation is counted very ingenious: all who have attended to it, are convinced that the ladies will, in a ſhort time, *make both ends meet*. The work is to appear in the next volume of the Tranſactions of the Society.

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NUMBER XI.

Saturday, Dec. 30, 1752.

Quid faciam Romæ? mentiri neſcio ——

JUVENAL.

THE *French* are very often happy in an expreſſion, which cannot be rendered with equal delicacy in any other modern language. Of this ſort is a phraſe I have ſomewhere met with, *viz. Les petites morales*, which is uſed by them to ſignify thoſe ſubordinate points of behaviour, which cannot be looked upon in the ſame light with duties of higher obligation, but are, however, ſo eſſential to our conduct in life, that they are denominated *leſſer morals*. A ſmall ſhare of common ſenſe will point theſe out to every man's obſervation; but as the infringement of them is frequent, and very often attended with ſerious conſequences, it properly comes within the province of a public writer to correct theſe leſſer deviations. I have ſet apart this day to animadvert upon a tranſgreſſion of this nature.

The offence I mean is the notable art of HUMBUGGING, which ſtarted up of late years, and has made ſuch an extenſive progreſs, that it is now enlarged

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larged into a general faſhion, and calls aloud for a CENSOR. And here it may not be improper to remind people of the true definition of wit, which conſiſts in reconciling ideas, between which there is no palpable congruity, in a ſudden and unexpected point of reſemblance. To this I will add, that humour is the talent of diſcerning the oddities which conſtitute the great variety of characters for which this kingdom is famous, and exhibiting them in ridiculous colours to the eye of the world. Things being thus circumſtanced, I would aſk the tribe of HUM-BUGGERS, how far a plauſible lie, with a grave countenance, will give them a pretenſion to either of the two faculties above deſcribed? The truth of it is, they are but pitiful attendants on the camp of falſe wit. Would men conſider how eaſy it is to falſify, and how hard to do it with pleaſantry, they would, in my opinion, deſiſt from ſo unpolite an art, than which I do not remember any thing more groſs, more ſtupid, and more ſenſeleſs. An author of the firſt magnitude (I think the late Dr. *Swift*) obſerves, that he never knew above one good lie in his life. That one, I will venture to ſay, was told by himſelf, and we may believe was a good ſtroke of humour, free from ſcandal or detraction, the diſtinguiſhing characteriſticks of our modern adventurers in this way.

As

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As one of theſe elegant gentlemen is hovering over his tea in a morning, his hand is applied with great ſagacity to his forehead—" Let me ſee now, " for an arch hum; ſomething curſed high for " the day. Ay, ay, I have it: a ſuit is com- " menced in the ſpiritual court againſt a certain " Lord: it will be inſolent though to meddle " with ſuch reſpectable characters! Well, but " there is ill-nature in it, and ſo it will do ſwim- " mingly. As how? Why, he is married to the " fineſt woman in the world. Her whole ſex " envy her, and envy vents itſelf in malice and " detraction. That's the thing: it will ſpread " among them. Immenſe by Jupiter!" Away runs this great genius as quick as lightning, to my Lady TATTLEAID's toilet, with a face as long as a *Dutch* epigram; then the hum begins. " I " am extremely ſorry for it, it is a cruel caſe. " *Pray, ſir, what's a cruel caſe?* Why, have not " you heard, ma'am? My Lord—(hark in your " ear)—abſolutely fact. Two wives! I'll lay " all *Lombard-ſtreet* to an egg-ſhell that it is true. " Your Ladyſhip knows *Tom Wildfire*. *Tom* " went this morning for a licence to be married " to Miſs *Beverley*, the great fortune, and he " brings the news piping hot from the Com- " mons." " Lard, ſays my Lady *Tattleaid*, I " don't know how it was, but I never liked that " match

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" match—*(and caſting her eyes on the glaſs with a conſcious ſimper)* " What ſignifies all her beauty " now? Though ſhe was never my beauty. I " don't find that thoſe tall women are ſo much " admired in public places: Mrs. *Needlework*, " bid *John* come round with the coach to the " door, and bring me my fan, gloves, and capu- " chin in an inſtant."

Thus the affair is ſettled: away flies my Lady *Tattleaid*, on the wings of malice, to all parts of the town. The agreeable news is wafted about. At *White*'s bets are extremely high, a wager being the only teſt of truth, which the ingenious gentlemen of that academy have been able to diſcover, after infinite pains in the ſearch. A loſing gameſter, who is obliged to drive into the city to diſpoſe of a little *South Sea* ſtock, gives the hint there. The goſſips at *Garraway*'s have it in a moment: at one it is buzzed on *Change*, and the circling whiſper in the boxes interrupts the play at night. At my Lady *Trumpabout*'s aſſembly, the ladies are all in a titter. " Is it come to " this? cries Miſs *Sparkiſh*, I'll brag a guinea " over." " But is it is really true, ſays Miſs *Whiteteeth*, " I ſhall be very ſorry for it. He! " he! he! Can one go to hear it tried? I'll " ſend to beſpeak places."

Pleaſed

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Pleaſed with theſe ideas, the ladies retire home from the rout, ſink into a comfortable repoſe, dream of divorces, ſeparations, and unhappy beauties. The next day the cheat is diſcovered; the illuſion vaniſhes; the noble Lord proves to be above the reach of ſo infamous a calumny, and his Lady, ſuperior to envy, moves in her ſphere with luſtre, grace, and dignity; while the droll, who firſt ſet the thing on foot, enjoys the joke in ſecret, and laughs at the tale his facetiouſneſs propagated. In this is contained all the wit, and all the humour of all the *Humbuggers* of the age.

I could wiſh that this tribe had ſubſiſted in the days of *Horace*; we ſhould have them, under ſome proper appellation, delivered down to poſterity with the

Ambubaiarum collegia, Pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones, hoc Genus omne.

But I do not think that the polite authors of *Greece* and *Rome* had the fainteſt idea of this egregious turn. In all the characters of *La Bruyere* there is no ſuch monſter to be found. The wits of King *Charles*'s time were abſolutely ignorant of it. In the reign of Queen ANNE, *which* (to uſe the words of a fine author) *notwithſtanding the happy days that have ſucceeded, every* BRITON *may yet*

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remember, I ſay, in the reign of Queen ANNE, when wit, humour, imagination, and every elegant talent were in their higheſt perfection, nothing of this ſort aroſe. In ſhort, it ſeems entirely reſerved to grace the annals of theſe latter days. I make no doubt but it will give a ſurprizing eclat to the pages of ſome future hiſtorian, when it is related in a pompous ſtile, that in the reign of his Majeſty King *George* the Second, by the grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, and ſo forth, the never enough to be admired art of *Humbugging* came into vogue; the amuſement of tea-tables, the delight of the Court, and the ſtudy of beaux and pretty gentlemen, from whom it deſcended to all ranks of people, and became the general faſhion of the kingdom.

Inſtead of expatiating any further on this ſprightly abſurdity, I ſhall cloſe this paper with a paſſage from Lord *Shafteſbury*, whoſe deciſion upon wit and manners, I believe, will not be conteſted.

" 'Tis real humanity and kindneſs to hide ſtrong " truths from tender eyes; and to do this by " pleaſant amuſement, is eaſier and civiller, than " by a harſh denial, or remarkable reſerve. But " to go about induſtriouſly to confound men in a " my-

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" myſterious manner, and to make advantage,
" and draw pleaſure from that perplexity they
" are thrown into by ſuch uncertain talk, is as
" unhandſome in a way of raillery, as when done
" with the greateſt ſerioufneſs, or in the ſolemn
" way of deceit. It may be neceſſary, as well
" now as heretofore, for wiſe men to ſpeak in pa-
" rables, with a double meaning, that the enemy
" may be amuſed, and they only *who have ears to*
" *hear, may hear*; but it is certainly a mean, im-
" potent, and dull ſort of wit which amuſes all
" alike, and leaves the moſt ſenſible man, and
" even a friend, equally in doubt, and at a loſs to
" underſtand what one's real mind is upon any
" ſubject. This is that groſs ſort of raillery
" which is ſo offenſive in good company; and
" indeed there is as much difference between one
" ſort and another, as between fair dealing and
" hypocriſy, or between the genteeleſt wit and the
" moſt ſcurrilous buffoonery. But by freedom of
" converſation this illiberal kind of wit will loſe
" its credit."

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane Theatre.

There has been ſuch a prodigious ſqueezing of hats here of late, that the Managers, as well to

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ſuppreſs the deſtruction of beavers, as to put a ſtop to an unnatural and ungraceful deportment, have been induced to iſſue out orders from the Green Room againſt this practice; commanding in the ſtricteſt terms, that whoever has a meſſage to deliver on the ſtage, or a kicking to receive, ſhall perform it without recourſe to this modern affectation. The Under-Graduates of each Theatre are thrown into great perplexity, and we hear, that a copy of this order is ſent to Mr. *Lee* at *Edinburgh*, whoſe hats are ſaid to be at preſent as flat as *Scotch* bonnets.

Literary Bill of Mortality for the Year 1752.

Caſualties among Books.		Caſualties among Authors.	
Abortive	7000	Bit by mad dogs	500
Still born	3000	Planet ſtruck	900
Old age	0000	Bruiſed	1000
Worms	8000	Killed themſelves	15
Conſumption	500	Starved	1200
French diſeaſe	700	Fall from a garret-window	2
Complication	100	Malignant fever	80
Yellow fever in a jakes	200	Mortification	120
Hard bound	100	Canker	20
Trunk-makers	1000	Surfeit	0000
Paſtry-cooks	1000	Executed	37
Sky-rockets	10000	Dog-ſtar rage	300
Tranſportation	10000	Empyema, *Doctor Hill*	1
	41600		4175

NUMBER

NUMBER XII.

Saturday, Jan. 6, 1752.

Majores nuſquam ronci, juveneſque ſeneſque
Et pueri naſum Rhinocerotis habent.

MARTIAL.

WHEN an author firſt launches his little bark, a pleaſing proſpect lies before him. The novelty of enterprize gives life and ardour to his ſpirits: imagination pictures to him ſcenes of ſucceſs, and he thinks he has nothing to do, but to ſpread all his ſails, and glide away to the realms of fame. Were an inſurance-office open for adventures of this nature, where, for a ſmall premium, the event might be aſcertained, he would hardly think it worth his while to intrench himſelf within thoſe ſafe-guards; ſo ſure he is of reaching his wiſhed-for haven. But how ſoon is the flattering dream diſſipated into air! Like *Virgil's Æneas*, he no ſooner leaves the ſhore, and ſees the land gradually leſſening to his eye, than he finds himſelf embarked on a ſea of troubles. Some ſecret enemy, in whoſe breaſt an unjuſt prejudice has long been rankling, immediately begins to counterwork his progreſs. *Æolus*, or ſome power that preſides over the ocean of ink, is

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addreſſed with a degree of rage not inferior to that of *Juno*, and a ſtorm is ſoon raiſed. Calumny, detraction, ſcandal, and malevolence, blow a more violent tempeſt, than when the four winds combine; the blaſts of envy whiſtle round him, and his little bark becomes the ſport of a troubled element; now elevated as high as the very heavens, and then at once let down to the profoundeſt bottom of the deep. Should he be hardy enough to think of weathering it out, he is beſet by a ſhoal of monſters, known in thoſe ſeas by the name of CRITICKS. Theſe dangerous animals of prey are conſtantly prowling about the main, upon the look-out, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, for ſome object of their rage. Him they inſtantly ſurround, and all endeavours to amuſe them from their fell purpoſe are in vain. Tubs have been thrown to whales with ſucceſs, and we have read of *Arion*, who found means, by the lenient airs of his harp, to ſoften into attention a group of monſters, hungry, and ready to devour him. But the fury of the CRITICKS is not to be appeaſed: inevitable ruin attends the man, who unhappily falls in their way. If out of the number of thoſe, who are ſurrounded, an author is now and then happy enough, by the light of ſome propitious ſtar, to ſteer his courſe clear of ruin,

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ruin, they have been ſeen to goad and bite themſelves with ſpite and deſperation.

To deſcend from this long continued allegory: a public writer, who undertakes to inſtruct or entertain his readers, has ſo many difficulties to cope with, that it has often been matter of wonder that any man is willing to undertake a life of ſo much labour and anxiety. The *pangs of deſpiſed wit* are, perhaps, equal to *thoſe of deſpiſed love*; ſufficient, one would imagine, to extinguiſh an author's honeſt emulation, and determine him to think a poſt of inglorious eaſe more eligible than that ſtate of warfare, in which he muſt be involved as a public writer. It is in vain to plead in bar to the invectives of the rigid cenſors of the age, a well-meant endeavour. An acquaintance of mine, who delights in parodying paſſages from poets, ſays, with ſome pleaſantry, *Criticks have flinty hearts; no wit can move them; Authors muſt be unhappy.*

As theſe notable refiners upon the beauties of writing ſtand in a conſpicuous light among the ſeveral characters which do honour to the preſent age, it may not be improper, upon this occaſion, to lay before the reader a true idea of MODERN CRI-

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CRITICISM, with ſome account of its parentage and education.

ILL-NATURE is the founder of the family. In a fit of petulant delight this perſonage was joined in wedlock to the celebrated dame, IGNORANCE. The iſſue of this happy marriage was ENVY, who, being of a conſumptive habit of body, and no very amorous diſpoſition, was deterred for a long time from any thoughts of matrimony; but at length meeting with MALICE, he took an immediate fancy to her, and by a ſympathy of ſoul this lovely pair were led to a mutual liking for each other. MALICE was an old maid, of a lean ſhrivelled habit of body, delighting much in tea-table chat. At firſt the relations of ENVY were diſguſted at the match. From the lady's looks, it was imagined that ſhe was not of a conſtitution that promiſed an increaſe, and for want of iſſue the family might be ſoon extinct. Things, however, are not always to be judged by appearances. Though the new-married couple lived together like cats, conſtantly ſcratching and quarrelling, they ſtill found ſofter moments of dalliance, and in about nine months CRITICISM was uſhered into the world. The tidings of this happy event were ſoon waſted towards *Grub-ſtreet College*: Mother DULNESS raiſed her drowſy head, pleaſed with the ac-

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account of the ſprightly dunce, and all her votaries hailed the new-born babe. In *Parnaſſus* the effect was different: *Apollo* ſtarted, and each amiable MUSE let fall a tender tear: the tuneful lyre was laid aſide, and ASTRÆA dropped her ſcales.

That the lineage of this egregious youth may be carried in the mind with more facility, I ſhall here throw the whole pedigree in one view before the eye of the reader.

ILL-NATURE——IGNORANCE
ENVY——MALICE
CRITICISM.

Like *Richard* the Third, the infant was born with teeth. At the firſt ray of light it began to hiſs. Several of the uſual play-things given to children were immediately bought, but nothing could allay our young hero's cries, until a catcall was given into his hands. Of this curious toy, by a kind of inſtinct, he ſoon found the uſe. It filled the infant with the moſt malicious delight. In proceſs of time an horn-book was procured for the young gentleman. At the firſt ſight of it he grew extremely peeviſh, and ſhortly after began to pull it to pieces. In this he was encouraged by his *grandmother*, who ſaid it would ſpoil the child's eyes, but it is confidently ſaid that he at laſt took to

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to it of himſelf, but at random, and in a very irregular manner. I am credibly informed, that he could not be induced to purſue the alphabet in its natural order, but that the firſt letters he became acquainted with, were *D*, *A*, *M*, *N*. It is a queſtion with many, whether he ever went further. After infinite pains in the reſearch, I have found from ſome ſecret memoirs, that he really did learn to read the title-pages of books and pamphlets, in order the more effectually to abuſe them.

Our youth in his countenance had a blended reſemblance to his parents, with a remarkable air of his grandmother. From his *grandſire* he derived a diſpoſition to all kinds of vice, and the evil qualities of his father were obſerved to thrive in a ſoil admirably fitted for their reception. Pleaſure he was an utter ſtranger to, unleſs the misfortunes of his neighbours excited the mixed ſenſations of that malignant joy mentioned by *Ovid*.

Riſus abeſt, niſi quem viſi movere dolores.

Nothing could ever rouze him to an emulation of others. He ſat pining and ſelf-tormented at the idea of merit, and having a volubility of ſpeech from his mother, he vented himſelf in ſpleen and ſcandalous invective. In theſe qualities he made great improvement. Each day added ſome new

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new accompliſhment, ſuch as *impudence, pertneſs, ill-manners, and a rare genius for lying.*

Being arrived at maturity, he grew wondrous fond of coffee-houſes. He was conſtantly ſeen poring over the *Magazines*, and if he ever met with a production of genius, he ſhewed great peturbation of mind. He went to the playhouſe on the firſt night of every new piece: the players dreaded the ſight of him in the pit; he talked of actors whom he never ſaw; retailed authors whom he never read; tore up benches; grinned and chattered; hiſſed and clapped; yawned and ſlept. Having heard that *Ariſtotle*'s Art of Poetry was eſteemed among his beſt performances, he bought at a ſtall a certain curious production, entitled *Ariſtotle*'s *Maſter-piece*, which gave him a mean opinion of the ancients. He ridiculed all kind of learning, and became a delegate, of his own choice, to direct the taſte of the age. If a young author ſhewed any traces of elegance in his ſtile, or diſcovered a vein of thinking, capable of furniſhing further improvements, he endeavoured to nip him in the bud.

To conclude; CRITICISM has been upon Town for ſeveral years, and ſtill continues in the practice of every bad quality, deducible from a weak head and

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and a corrupt heart. As I intend to perſevere in the work I have undertaken, I will cut matters ſhort, and inform this gentleman, and all his followers, that after this I ſhall not ſuffer myſelf to be diverted from the deſign in which I have embarked: I hope not to be found alltogether unworthy of the public peruſal; and if I do not diſcover unknown truths, I ſhall endeavour to place every thing in a point of view, that, I hope, will ſometimes give it the graces of novelty.

I ſhall continue to prefix a motto to each lucubration from ſome celebrated author of antiquity, not out of affectation, but becauſe from an early taſte for thoſe excellent writers, many of their beauties have inſinuated themſelves into my imagination, in ſo lively a manner, that they recur on almoſt every topic. This ſerves very often, with the claſſic ſcholar, to place an entire eſſay before his eye at once; and to ſee a fine paſſage ſtart into a new light, and carry a witty alluſion to a ſubject, in appearance foreign to it, muſt, in my opinion, excite agreeable ideas in the fancy.

The mere *Engliſh* reader will loſe this pleaſure, but the reſt of this paper cannot ſuffer by it.

TRUE

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TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Drury-Lane.

Mr. *Southweſt*, the broker, has handed about the city a policy of inſurance for 300l. on the life of the NEW TRAGEDY, ſhortly to be acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, called the GAMESTER, for the term of nine days compleat; but none of the *Under Writers* thought proper to ſubſcribe; being all of opinion, that no work of genius can be worth a tenth part of the money.

Covent-Garden.

Two new tragedies have been offered to the Manager, but the run of *Harlequin Sorcerer* has only left room for one of them. The contending poets, it is ſaid, have determined the precedence by toſſing up, when fortune declared in favour of the *Earl of Eſſex*, written by Mr. *Jones*. *Conſtantine*, by the Rev. Mr. *Francis*, is deferred till next ſeaſon.

N. B. The *Malevoli* are deſired to decide in the ſame manner, whether they ſhall damn the *Earl of Eſſex:* if left to chance, it is poſſible that the Playhouſe CRITICKS may deviate into the right.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XIII.

Saturday, Jan. 13, 1752.

Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

HORACE.

THE following letter from a gentleman, who lately took a trip to *Paris*, will, I believe, prove acceptable to the bulk of my readers. It exhibits a lively picture of an *Engliſhman*, who has ſet up the cuſtoms and manners of his own country, as the indiſputable ſtandard of what is right, and therefore treats every thing he finds abroad with the utmoſt contempt. I ſhall preſent it as the entertainment of this day, not doubting but that it will be reliſhed by thoſe, who have had an opportunity of obſerving the ridiculous manner, in which our countrymen ſpend their time, in that elegant metropolis of the polite world.

Paris, Jan. 10, 1752.

SIR,

I have been in this ſtrange place about ſix weeks, and find myſelf in ſuch a whimſical ſituation, that I may truly ſay, with *Petulant*, in the *Way of the World*, *I am like a dog in a dancing-ſchool.*

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ſchool. Upon our firſt arrival here, we took a *fiacre*, and drove to our banker, who lives up four pair of ſtairs. Being our countryman, we thought him the moſt proper perſon to direct us, and accordingly enquired whether there were any good lodgings to be let in the *Rue de Boucherie*; for you muſt know, we were informed, before we left *England*, by ſome gentlemen, who ſaid they knew *Paris* perfectly well, that we ſhould take up our reſidence in that part of the town. The banker ſmiled at the queſtion. He told us, that the *Engliſh* gentlemen had deſerted that famous ſtreet ever ſince *harlequin* at the *Italian* comedy, in making love to his miſtreſs, informed her, among other profeſſions of his paſſion, *that he loved her as violently as my Lord* Anglois *did the* Rue de Boucherie. He added, that he would take care to fix us in a proper lodging, and accordingly conducted us to *Peyri Bagneur*, in the *Rue Dauphine*, who accomodated us with good apartments. Our next care was to equip ourſelves in the faſhion of the country. We ſent for a taylor, and *Jack Commons*, who jabbers a little *French*, directed him to make us two ſuits, which were brought us home the next morning at ten o'clock, and made compleat *Frenchmen* of us. But for my part, I was ſo damned uneaſy in a full-dreſſed coat, with helliſh long ſkirts, which I had never been uſed to, that I thought myſelf

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myſelf as much deprived of my liberty, as if I had been in the *Baſtile*. I frequently ſighed for my little looſe frock, which I look upon as an emblem of our happy conſtitution; for it lays a man under no uneaſy reſtraint, but leaves it in his power to do as he pleaſes. I muſt not forget to inform you, that we hired a *Swiſs* ſervant, whom they call *Valet de Place*; and to him we entruſted the management of every thing, which ſaves a great deal of trouble. I really believe the fellow to be extremely honeſt, for I do not find that I ſpend more money here than in *London*. As it is abſolutely neceſſary to have a coach while in *Paris*, we engaged a *remiſe* during our ſtay, and indeed it was indiſpenſably incumbent upon us to ſet up an equipage, for we commenced lords immediately upon entering the *Fauxbourg* St. *Germain*. The people think, every man, who looks aukward, and throws away his money, an *Engliſh* lord; nay, they are ſo liberal of this title, that they call the *Engliſh* taylors and peruke-makers, who ſometimes pay them a viſit, *des petites my lords*. You may believe, my friend, I was very deſirous to ſee their theatrical entertainments. I have indeed been at one or other of them every night. They are d—d ſtrange, Sir; not the thing, by any means. I do not, it is true, underſtand the language, but their manner is quite different from ours.

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ours. The players ſeldom or ever throw out the voice with any vehemence, but ſpeak in as natural a manner, as if they were off the ſtage: that would not be borne with us. However, the *French* are pleaſed with it, as they know no better. The firſt time I was at the play-houſe, I imagined there had been a riot the night before; for I obſerved there were no benches in the pit: but, in this I was miſtaken. There never are any ſeats in that part of the houſe: the reaſon is, I ſuppoſe, becauſe a *Frenchman* cannot ſit ſtill during the performance. With reſpect to the manner of living, it is intolerable. I ſhould have been ſtarved, if I had not luckily got acquainted with an *Iriſh* Abbé of *Lombard-college*, one Mr. *M'Manus*, a very good ſort of a man, though a popiſh prieſt. He has a curſed queer way of talking indeed; his accent being a mixture of the Brogue and the *French* cadence, and his phraſes generally literal tranſlations from the *French*. He is notwithſtanding a d—d honeſt fellow, and will get drunk with any of his friends at a minute's warning. If it had not been for this gentleman, who conducted me to a little place, kept by one *Kemp*, where I got a leg of mutton and turnips, and beef-ſtakes, I ſhould have been obliged to ſet out poſt for *England*. 'Tis true, upon honour. My life was at ſtake. I could by no means live upon their *ſoup* and *bully*, and kick-

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ſhaws made of ſtinking meat. Their wines, it muſt be allowed, are pretty enough, when one is uſed to them; but at firſt they ſeem prodigious weak: they have not half the body of our wines in *England*: but, that is eaſily accounted for, the beſt growth being always ſent to us; at leaſt *Venables* and *Tomkins* tell me ſo. In mentioning *Kemp*'s, I ſhould have told you of an ugly ſcrape I had like to have fallen into. I got into company with an officer of the *Scotch* troops in the *French* king's ſervice, and I began to hum him about party affairs; but, he ſoon gave me to underſtand that I was on the wrong ſide the water for that ſun, and inſiſted, that I ſhould give immediate ſatisfaction. I reflected that it would be confoundedly ſilly, to get pinked in a popiſh country, where they would not allow me chriſtian burial; and ſo I aſked his pardon and the affair was made up, by the mediation of Abbé *M'Manus*. This has cured me from attempting any ſport of that kind while I ſtay here. You will be ſurprized, perhaps, that I give you no account of the people. To tell you the truth, my friend, I do not know any of them. I went once to an ordinary, and the company were ſo remarkably civil to me, that I began to think they had a deſign upon me; but my friend, *Jack Commons*, who has ſtudied the law, and knows theſe things, tells me, this exceſſive politeneſs proceeds from

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from their living under an arbitrary government. I cannot help laughing at the immenſe number of *Chevaliers de St. Louis*, which I meet every where. Theſe gentlemen are as numerous here, as knights have been in the city of *London*, ſince the year forty-three. They wear a little enamelled croſs hanging to a red ribbon, which is fixed in a button-hole of the coat; and moſt of them have a ſtreak of dirt on their white ſilk-ſtockings, about an inch above the ſhoe, which, I ſuppoſe, is part of the order. As to the government of this county, I have not thought it worth my while to enquire about it: I am ſatisfied with old *England*, and there will end my days. I have had very few amours ſince I left *England*, for I do not know how it is, I am rather ſhy of the women here, they are ſo deviliſh ſprightly. I know three or four of them, whom my barber recommended me to, but they are not of the firſt claſs.

To conclude, Mr. *M'Manus* has carried me through all the curioſities in and about *Paris*, and now my time lies heavy on my hands. As I have no acquaintance, and am unwilling to enter into any connection with people in a ſtrange country, I am at a loſs what to do with myſelf in an evening. The day I contrive to paſs away tolerably. I ſaunter in the *Tuilleries* till dinner, which brings all the

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Engliſh together at *Kemp*'s; from thence we adjourn to *Procope*'s, until it is time to go to the play, which kills the time to about half an hour after eight. When the actors diſmiſs us, we are perplexed to determine how we ſhall diſpoſe of ourſelves, and are, in the end, obliged, in our own defence, to return to *Kemp*'s, and play a game at whiſt. This way of life will not do with me: in about a fortnight you may expect to ſee me, when we will laugh over theſe ſtrange ſcenes at the *Shakeſpear*.

I am ſincerely yours, &c.

GEORGE BRITON.

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NUMBER XIV.

Saturday, Jan. 20, 1752.

——— *Ecce inter pocula quærunt*
Romulidæ ſaturi, qui dia poemata narrent.

PERSIUS.

THE club, of which I am a member, and of which I have already given ſome account in this paper, is not a confederacy in riot and debauchery: It was inſtituted with a view of enjoying a pleaſing converſe, rather than of contending with each other for the renown of the moſt potent conſtitution, or the moſt capacious ſwallow. Accordingly our diſcourſe generally turns upon ſome topic, that may ſerve to diſcloſe the humours of mankind, or carry our taſte in the polite arts to a greater degree of refinement.

An evening of this ſort I was ſure to enjoy at our laſt meeting. The chair was filled by Mr. *Candid*, whom I have formerly deſcribed as a very odd critic, good nature and knowledge being peculiarities remarkable in his character. As ſoon as the mutual civilities were exchanged between the company, this gentleman acquainted us with an occurence of a very extraordinary nature. As

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he was walking in the *Piazzas* at *Covent-Garden*, he perceived a man extremely buſy in paſting up againſt the wall, advertiſements of ſo ſingular a purport, that he was induced to beg one of them, which was read out to the club, and was in ſubſtance as follows.

"Lately launched at *Deptford*, a ſhip called the "*Pantomime*, now lying at *Iron-gate*, whereof is "owner *John Lun*, burthen ſeven hundred tons; "mounts four and thirty guns, and bound directly "for the *South-Seas*, in queſt of monſters of all "ſorts; to cruize for ſome time in thoſe parts, and "thence to bear away to the unknown world; in "her homeward voyage to touch upon the coaſts "of *Aſia* and *Africa*, and return home north about "in order to ſtock our theatres with the wildeſt "exotics that can be met with. Good encourage-"ment will be given to all ſeafaring men, who will "ſhip themſelves on board the *Pantomime* above-"mentioned; and, as a corps of marines will be "requiſite, diſappointed fortune-hunters, broken "gameſters, hen-peck'd huſbands, under-actors, "&c. ſhall be received, and enter into commiſſion "forthwith.

"*N. B.* For further particulars, apply to any "of the brokers on Change, at *Sam*'s coffee-houſe, *George's*

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"*George*'s *Temple-Bar*, the *Bedford*, or the ſtage-"door of the theatre in *Covent-Garden*."

This piece of intelligence gave no ſmall aſtoniſhment to the reſt of the company. Our chairman declared, he had ſeen ſo many ſtrange turns in life, that he did not doubt but it would be abſolutely carried into execution: he added, that it would certainly draw prodigious houſes, to have it mentioned in the play-bills, that the principal parts, in a new entertainment, will be performed by a wonderful *Armadillo* from *Braſil*, a *Serpent* from the river *Oronoque*, the famous *Lanthorn-Fly* from *Peru*, a *Mermaid* from the *Ladrones Iſlands*, a ſurpriſing *Camel*, a *Rhinoceros*, and many horrible animals, *being their firſt appearance on the Engliſh ſtage*.

Mr. *Candid* proceeded to obſerve, that *poor Shakeſpeare*, who uſed to flouriſh, like the thorn at *Glaſtonbury*, in the depth of winter, muſt be now entirely deſtroyed. To prevent, as far as in him lay, this threatning miſchief, he informed us, that he has drawn up, with no ſmall pains, a pamphlet entitled, *A modeſt propoſal againſt aboliſhing nature, and* Shakeſpeare, *at this juncture*, addreſſed to *David Garrick*; Eſq. with whom he hoped it would have due weight, the performances of that

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gentleman having diſplayed a true reliſh for the maſterly touches of that inimitable poet.

" And now, ſince I have mentioned Mr. *Gar-*
" *rick*," continued he, " I had rather ſee him come
" out from the murder of *Duncan* in the character
" of *Macbeth*, with the daggers in his hands, than
" behold a fountain of tin playing in jetteaus, a
" real caſcade, or a country-dance by all the mon-
" ſters of the creation. I may be out in my taſte,
" but, there are ſtrokes of nature in the play juſt
" mentioned, which I ſhall always reflect upon
" with pleaſure; though I cannot help wonder-
" ing, that *Garrick*, who always ſtrikes out the
" brighteſt ideas, ſhould attach himſelf to the
" common reading of a line in the part of *Mac-*
" *beth*, when a more noble meaning is to be ex-
" tracted from the ſame paſſage. The lines I
" mean, are, when he looks at his hands, and
" breaks out into the following ſpeech.

Will all great Neptune's *ocean waſh this blood*
Clean from my hand? No;---this my hand will rather
The multitudinous ſea incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

" The laſt line is generally pronounced, as if *Shake-*
" *ſpear* meant, the GREEN-ONE, which, after the
" pompous expreſſion of the *multitudinous ſea*,
" would render it liable to the imputation of an

anti-

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" anticlimax; whereas, if it be underſtood, as " *making the green,*—ONE RED, i. e. the colour of " the ſea, which is of itſelf green, *one intire uni-* " *verſal red,* it would cloſe the paſſage with a dig- " nity reſponſive to what precedes, and adequate " to the vaſtneſs of *Shakeſpeare*'s conception. In " this view, the expreſſion not only keeps up the " image impreſſed upon the mind, by the term " MULTITUDINOUS ſea, but alſo heightens the " horror of *Macbeth*'s crime; the blood he has " ſpilt being ſufficient to convert the natural co- " lour of the whole ocean into—ONE RED."

This interpretation may, perhaps, not appear *Orthodox* to thoſe who are bigotted to *Play-houſe tradition:* by our whole club it was thought extremely juſt. Mr. *Flaſtick*, the *Shaftsſburian* philoſopher, received it with an air of enthuſiaſm; declaring, that it ſuggeſted an idea, which expanded the imagination, the more he dwelt upon it. After this, he offered ſome doubts, concerning a paſſage in the ſame play, of which he conceived the meaning, though he did not ſee the propriety and conſiſtence of the figures. The lines hinted at are in *Macbeth*'s ſoliloquy concerning the deed he was to perpetrate.

---------- *I have no ſpur*
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only

Vault-

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Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itſelf,
And falls on the other ------

Mr. *Candid* immediately reaſſumed the diſcourſe. "The firſt thing to be obſerved, ſaid he, "is the rapidity of *Shakeſpear*'s imagination, and "the quick ſucceſſion of ideas, with which it ſup-"plied him. The metaphorical expreſſion in the "verſe,—*I have no ſpur to prick the ſides of my in-*"*tent*,—gave occaſion to the figure in the ſuc-"ceeding line, *But* VAULTING AMBITION, *which* "*o'er-leaps itſelf, and falls on the other.*—The al-"luſion is to a *managed horſe*, and AMBITION is re-"preſented as a perſon, who, endeavouring to "vault into the ſeat, by the violence of his ef-"fort, overleaps himſelf, and falls quite on the "otherſide."

The whole company was much pleaſed with the light thrown upon this paſſage. Our *Shafts-burian* philoſopher obſerved, that the interpretation is perfectly applicable to the circumſtances and conduct of *Macbeth*; when Mr. *Allcaſh*, the citizen, interpoſed, and told us, that, for his part, he did not mind your plays much: he went to ſee *Garrick* at *Goodman's-fields*, and could not help laughing to ſee the people cry at *King Lear*, when he knew it was all a play, and he paid his money for

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for it. This contributed to ruffle the temper of Mr. *Plaſtick*, who inſtantly harangued upon the *public ſenſe*, *the moral ſenſe*, and the *internal ſenſe*: Mr. *Allcaſh* was not to be beat out of his way: inſtead of paying any deference to this doctrine, he deſired an explanation of a line in *Othello*, where *Iago* ſays, *Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing.* "Is there not, ſaid he, "ſome miſtake, in calling money *traſh*, and *ſome-* "*thing nothing?*"

The chairman ſmiled at this obſervation, which he promiſed to conſider at his leiſure, and for the preſent, proceeded to give a correction of a miſtake in the play of *Othello*, in the fifth act of which *Iago* ſays to *Roderigo*,

> *I have rubb'd this* gnat *almoſt to the ſenſe,*
> *And he grows angry.*

The common editions give us the lines in this manner, and Mr. *Warburton* has done the ſame. *Theobald* is the only editor who ſaw the abſurdity. *To rub a gnat*, as he obſerves, though ever ſo gently, would rub it out of all ſenſe, and would effectually kill it. Yet, though he perceived the error, it ſeems, he knew not how to mend it. The quarto editions, Mr. *Candid* told us, inſtead of *gnat*, read *quat*, or *quot*; "but *Theobald*, continued

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tinued he, "not knowing the meaning of the "word, alters it to *knot*, the name of a bird, and "has a long note to juſtify the correction. But "the old books are perfectly right, a *quat*, or *quot*, "being a ſmall heat or pimple, which by itch-"ing, provokes us to ſcratch it, and when "rubbed to the quick or ſenſe, it becomes hot "and angry. The word has not perhaps the au-"thority of any contemporary writer, but muſt "certainly be *Shakeſpeare*'s, as it is ſtill uſed in "*Warwickſhire*, the native country of the old "bard; and in *Northamptonſhire*, where I paſſed a "good many months a few years ſince, it ſtill "carries with it the meaning already aſſigned "to it."

Our chairman ceaſed here. I am apt to think, that many paſſages of the poet, ſeemingly corrupted, are to be illuſtrated, not from books, but from the cuſtoms and dialect of the people; many of the terms, which appear quite antiquated and obſolete, being, as I am informed, ſtill uſed in the northern parts of the kingdom.

Our reſearches into literature ended here, and the company immediately withdrew, like ſatisfied gueſts. If my readers riſe from the peruſal of this lucubration with the ſame reliſh, I ſhall have gained

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gained the end propoſed by this account of our tranſactions.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a Letter from Dublin.

Dear CHARLES,

YOU will undoubtedly be informed by the public papers, long before this can reach your hands, of the converſion of that excellent actreſs, Mrs. *Woffington*, who is at preſent highly admired here for her admirable performances. Various are the conjectures concerning the motives, which induced her to renounce the errors of the church of *Rome*; but the moſt probable opinion is, that ſome eminent lawyers adviſed her to this ſtep, in order to qualify her to wear a ſword in the characters of Sir *Harry Wildair* and *Lothario*; which ſhe could not ſafely attempt as a papiſt, it being highly penal in this kingdom for any one of the *Romiſh* communion to carry arms.

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden

The run of Pantomimes not over yet.

O Shakeſpeare! *O* Johnſon!
Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirits.

NUM-

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NUMBER. XV.

Saturday, Jan. 27, 1752.

——— *Dabiturque Licentia ſumpta pudenter.*

HOR.

MY Paper of laſt *Saturday* contained an account of the tranſactions of our club; and as an incident offered, after it broke up, which gave riſe to the ſpeculation of this day, I beg that this paper may be received as a ſequel to it.

The majority of our worthy members returned home, rather ſooner than is uſual with them; at length, Mr. *Candid* and myſelf were the only two remaining. As we drew nearer to the fire, and to each other, our hearts began to throw off all reſerve. The *converſation*, which before was vague and upon general topicks of literature, became gradually more confined, and at length centered wholly on ourſelves. Mr. *Candid*, amongſt other particulars, began to congratulate with me on my addreſs and reputation as a writer, and the credit he was pleaſed to ſay I had acquired, in conducting the paper which bears my name. Your reputation, Mr. *Ranger*, ſays he, is at preſent in its early bloom; the aſpect of the public ſhines on you, with

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with a cheering influence and warmth. But you are not to imagine, it will be always thus. The ſky may be overcaſt, and the enlivening radiance intercepted; a chilling froſt may unexpectedly ſucceed, and nip all your bloſſoms in the bud. To drop the metaphor, continued he, the countenance and encouragement of the public may be withdrawn, and at a time when you are exerting all your talents to deſerve and ſecure it. Popular favour, and popular prejudice, are the moſt capricious things imaginable. Diſguſt will often ariſe, where no ſatiety has been given; and mutual confidence and good liking will unaccountably degenerate to coldneſs, ſuſpicion, and indifference. Yet, it may be difficult to ſay, from whence this alteration is occaſioned; or, whether it is owing to the pretenſions of the writer, or the reader; but in this caſe perhaps, as in moſt others, there may be faults on both ſides. Exorbitant claims are not ſo eaſily adjuſted; eſpecially where the parties are equally unwilling to recede from their preſumptive rights. The author is often unreaſonable in his demands for fame; and the public as hard to be gratified in their expectation of pleaſure. You are, at preſent, conſidered as a new writer; the delicacies you regale the town with, are a diſh unthought

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thought of by your fellow-caterers for the general entertainment. But theſe in time will become familiar to our taſte; your wit will then be cenſured to have loſt its poignancy, and your humour its reliſh. I was going to make a ſuitable reply to ſo obliging an encomium, when my friend prevented me, by obſerving that the evening was now far advanced; and that it became us, as *Originals*, not to prolong our compotations to the modern midnight hours of converſation.

In retiring to my chambers, I could not forbear ruminating on the ſentiments of my penetrating acquaintance; and reſolved to throw together a few reflections upon what may be termed *novelty* in writing.

I think then that judicious imitation either of antient or modern ſtandards, ought not to be ſtigmatized as larceny in an author. He is certainly at liberty to draw from any excellent model, whom he chuſes to copy; and that without incurring the ignominious appellation of a plagiary or a tranſcriber. Univerſal cuſtom will juſtify the practice. All the imitative arts may be more particularly termed ſo, as the ſeveral maſters have frequently worked after a plan, that was firſt ſketched out by ſome diſtinguiſhed original. The

ſame

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ſame deſign, diverſified indeed with newer decorations, as genius or invention prompted, may be traced in the different performances of ſubſequent artiſts; ſometimes extended by the addition of circumſtances, which naturally grew out of the work; or contracted, by pruning the luxuriant branches, and retrenching what appeared ſuperfluous and unneceſſary.

This general and diſtant imitation, it will be readily owned, is allowable and juſt; is what cannot perhaps be eaſily avoided, where the ſubject is treated with propriety, and according to the rules of art. Thus *Virgil* followed *Homer*; thus *Addiſon* will always be regarded as the pattern either of grave, or of humorous ſpeculation; and *Cervantes* will ever be a faithful guide to the adventurer in comic romance.

But there is another kind of imitation, which is more direct and literal, and conſiſts in adopting the ſentiments and phraſe of others. Of this the legality is yet a queſtion. The practice is generally judged to denote poverty of thought, and defect of imagination in the writer. The cenſure is perhaps too rigid, or at leaſt may be moderated by ſome qualifying conſiderations that ſuggeſt themſelves to our impartial attention.

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The transfuſion of wit from one language into another, when done with elegance and eaſe, has been ſeldom turned to the diſparagement of the author who has abilities to do it, eſpecially if the ſpirit is not ſuffered to evaporate, but retains all the ſprightlineſs and vigour which it poſſeſſed in the original. The ſentence which I have placed at the head of this paper is an indulgence to an author, either for reviving obſolete and antiquated expreſſions, or for the importation of new ones, if the liberty be uſed with modeſty and diſcretion. What *Horace* has thus obſerved with regard to words only, may by parity of reaſon be applied to ſentiment and thought.

If the language is enriched by the addition of a ſingle term or phraſe, our ſtock of knowledge is made ſtill more exuberant, by introducing a ſucceſſion of new ideas; in proportion as the value of an ingot is ſuperior to a ſingle coin. To diſcover a new and uncommon vein of thinking upon ordinary and beaten topics, requires that creative power of imagination, which Nature has imparted only to her favourites, and with a frugal ſparing hand. Authors of inferior genius have eaſier methods aſſigned them in their purſuit of fame. It muſt be their merit to ſelect the moſt agreeable imagery, to give delicate and graceful turns

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turns to obvious and common thoughts; and to recommend what is grown familiar to our imagination, by the novelty and advantage of dreſs. A ſtatue which we have ceaſed to look on with the eyes of admiration, when removed to another point of view, ſhall ſtrike us with freſh pleaſure and delight; a pleaſure which reſults entirely from the novelty and change of poſition.

There is a couplet in *Pope*, which I beg leave to produce, as applicable to the ſentiments advanced.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd.

And this very ſentiment, which I mention only as relative to the ſubject, and which, on any other occaſion, I ſhould have induſtriouſly concealed, our ingenious poet has taken from a remark of *Boileau*. Writers who argue with preciſion will often unavoidably fall into a coincidence of thought: nature and truth are invariable; and *when* ſeveral pictures are taken of the ſame object, if they are juſt copies of the original, they will neceſſarily have a likeneſs to each other. I might add likewiſe, how difficult it is to offer what has not yet been ſaid by any one, on ſubjects that appear exhauſted.

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A humorous acquaintance, who often talks to me on this head, lays it down as an indiſputable principle, that compoſition is only the art of ſtealing wiſely: and indeed, as matters are uſually managed by our worthy fraternity of authors, if we ſtrike out the laſt word, his definition is perfectly unexceptionable. I make then no ſcruple to declare, that I look on all the wit, and all the humour, in antient or modern languages, as good and lawful prize; and that I ſhall freely convert them to my own uſe, and the public emolument; but then I will take care to do it in ſuch a manner as ſhall reflect no diſgrace upon the author from whom I borrow it; and if he comes at any time either in perſon, or by his attorney, to demand his property, he ſhall find it employed in the very way which he himſelf would chuſe.

Having ſaid this, I give public notice of this my intention to Mr. *Town* and all his adherents, and I adviſe them withal to keep a good look-out, in order to detect and expoſe me.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XVI.

Saturday, Feb. 3, 1752.

——— *Vario multum diverſa palato.*

HOR.

SINCE my firſt entering upon the province of a periodical writer, I have been very inquiſitive concerning myſelf. While I have been endeavouring to glean characters and other materials for the embelliſhment of my paper, I have made it my buſineſs at the ſame time, to collect all the intelligence I could in relation to the preſent writer. With this view, I have ſpent two-pence in every coffee-houſe within the bills of mortality. I have ſtood liſtening in all quarters of the town to the noiſe of fame; as the lion is ſaid, when he has fill'd the foreſt with terror, to ſtop ſhort in his career, in order to obſerve the effects of that alarm which his roaring has occaſioned among the tenants of the wood. Some, I find, are pleaſed that a ſatyriſt is ſtalking abroad; others are afraid of coming under his laſh; and different reports prevail in different quarters. In one part of the town I am a black man, in another a fair one; now tall, now ſhort; now fat, now lean; *Engliſh*, *Scotch*, and *Iriſh* by turns. At *Sam*'s coffee-houſe,

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in the city, I have a place at the Cuſtom-houſe; at *Batſon*'s I am a phyſician without practice. From thence my conſequence grows leſs by degrees, and dwindles all along *Cheapſide* and *Fleet-ſtreet*; inſomuch that my ſpirits would ſubſide to a very low ebb, did not my reputation again ſtart up at the coffee-houſes about the *Temple*. In thoſe regions I am repreſented in various lights and no later than yeſterday, I over-heard a ſober-looking man ſaying to his friend, "I am not fond "of giving any body an ill word, but I believe "him to be an attorney." From *Temple-Bar* weſtward, my name gathers ſtrength and luſtre. When it reaches the *Bedford*, "I am a damned fine "fellow, that have ſeen a great deal of the world, "KILLED my man, debauched my girl, intrigued "with a counteſs, cuckolded an alderman, "an excellent bottle-companion; a wit, a blood, "a mimic, and what not?" Were I a dupe to popularity, I ſhould certainly derive a very exquiſite pleaſure from theſe various deſcriptions, as I flatter myſelf that a perſon muſt have ſome degree of importance, before he can thus become the topic of general converſation. There is another circumſtance which does not a little adminiſter to my pleaſure; and that is, the variety of unknown correſpondents, from whom I am frequently honoured with epiſtles in this my public capacity.

Some

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Some of theſe gentlemen are ſo obliging as to pay their compliments to my *excellent talents*; but all ſuch tokens of civility, I beg leave to ſuppreſs; nor ſhall I take this opportunity to write in terms of adulation, under an imagined character to myſelf; though I know it is the practice of many brother authors, and though I am not inſenſible of the delectable ſounds, "Dear *Ranger*, your pre-"deceſſor the *Tatler*, *&c.*" or, "your brother "eſſayiſt Mr. *Addiſon*, *&c.*" or, "the ſublimity "of your genius, the delicacy of your wit, the irre-"ſiſtible poignancy of your humour.—I am your "Eternal admirer and conſtant reader." Something in this ſtile would, I muſt own, play agreeably about the heartſtrings, and give a luſtre to my reputation; but I ſhall at preſent have the ſelf-denial to reſiſt this flattering temptation. I cannot, however, controul myſelf ſo far, as to withhold from my readers a ſpecimen of the miſcellaneous correſpondence, with which I am honoured, and of which I ſhall ſay in the words of *Martial*,

Sunt bona, ſunt quadam mediocria, ſunt mala multa,
Quæ legis hic, aliter non fit, avite, liber.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq.*

SIR,

If the account you give of the characters, that figure in various parts of this great town, be in any degree true, I muſt ſay that your paper has contributed much to my entertainment. But pray, who is Mr. TOWN? what ſort of a man is he? I wiſh you would ſo deſcribe him, that I may know his perſon. If you comply with this, you will oblige, *Yours, &c.*

JOHN SMOKE-EM.

I ſhall give my correſpondent a fuller deſcription of Mr. *Town* in the words of *Dryden*, "Le-"gion's his name, a people in a man;" *Charles* at the *Bedford* will ſhew him to the curious any evening, after the play, when they will hear much peeviſh criticiſm.

Mr. RANGER,

Several people have taken offence at your writings, imagining that they contain oblique ſtrokes upon particular characters. I have been kicked three times already upon a ſuppoſition that I am the author. Pray, Sir, be ſo good as to take the honour to yourſelf, and you will very much oblige *The Injured*,

THOMAS LYRIC.

To

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To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq.*

SIR,

I am of that sect of philosophers, who hold the tenets of *Pythagoras*. Since my arrival in town I have met with an inconteſtable proof of their validity. I went the other night to see Mr. *Garrick*, in the character of *Richard the Third*, and I am sure he was possessed of the very soul of *Richard*. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, does not this confirm the doctrine of the Metempsicosis? Your opinion on this head will oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

*** ****.

If this gentleman will see Mr. *Garrick* this evening in the character of *Macbeth*, he will think him possessed of another soul, and indeed he will be apt to entertain the same persuasion, as often as that excellent actor appears in a new shape.

Having thus acquitted myself to my correspondents, I think proper, in order to show how glad I shall be of future contributions, to put out the following declaration.

If any gentlemen writers, or others, have a mind to serve the cause of Wit, and pull down the empire

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pire of Dullneſs; if any *Templers* prefer *Sakeſpeat* to lord *Coke*; if any attorney's clerk pens a ſtanza inſtead of engroſſing; if any wife have too little huſband, or any huſband too much wife; if any old maid is angry with the men, or any man juſtly incenſed againſt coquettes; if any nobleman is troubled with an itch of ſcribbling, or any perſon of genius has a mind to try his hand in ſecret; in ſhort, if any people whatever have a ſmattering of wit, humour, or raillery, let them repair to Mr. *William Faden*, printer, in *Wine-Office-Court*, *Fleet-ſtreet*, and they ſhall have preſent relief and entertainment; and immediately upon their appearance in the *Gray's-Inn Journal* they will commence authors of the firſt magnitude.

Vivat Rex.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

From my Regiſter Office, Feb. 10.

I ſhall this day give a farther account of the ſeminaries in this metropolis.

Batſon's in Cornhill.

This place is the grand diſpenſatory of life and death. Upon any emergence, there are always fifty or ſixty phyſicians, reading the newſpapers, and waiting for a call: ſo that in caſe of a goal-diſtemper, a city feaſt, or a good bleak north-eaſt

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eaſt wind, timely aſſiſtance may be had by ſending to this academy. From the care of health, a tranſition is frequently made to the *ſtamina* or life of books, plays and pamphlets; *Hippocrates and Galen*, *Ariſtotle* and *Boſſu*, are promiſcuouſly quoted by the gentlemen of the faculty. Here, at any time, may be had a receipt for a *bolus*, or an epic poem; for an *elixir ſalutis*, or a tragedy-bowl of poiſon; and it is agreed by all, that *Mercury* ſhould interfere but ſeldom, either in life or on the ſtage;

Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus.

Grecian Coffee-houſe.

Though we are all voluntiers in literature, never was an army under juſter regulation, or ſo ſtrictly obſervant of diſcipline. The general has made a judicious choice of officers. Captain *Quibble* commands the light body of *puns*; the *cavalry* of *horſe-laughs* is given to brigadier *Lungs*; the main body of *bulls* is directed by lieutenant general *Manewell*, and major *Sly* is promoted to the regiment of *double-entendres*. There are beſides ſeveral faggots, and falſe-muſters, which the general thinks proper to connive at.

John's Coffee-houſe, Sweeting's-alley.

Since the death of the venerable Mrs. *Shipton*, *of pious memory*, our affairs have been conducted with

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with great regularity under the judicious management of *Robin*. The upper apartment is frequented by all-ſeeing politicians, and commercial ſages. There are beſides, ſeveral choice ſpirits, who, having a peculiar taſte in dreſs, are pleaſed with the opportunity of exhibiting their perſons to advantage, in gracefully *tripping* up ſtairs, while the more humble, whoſe genius does not exceed the ſmartneſs of a *cut bob*, are content to pore over the daily intelligence in the lower regions, to the no ſmall detriment of their eyes.

Sam's Coffee-houſe, Change-alley.

This place is a nurſery of *critics*, *bucks*, *bloods*, *politicians*, *Jews*, and *ſtock-jobbers*. *Major* is highly alert in handing books, poems, and tracts of all ſorts to the ſtudents, according to their reſpective inclinations to the peruſal of pamphlets, or the deeper reſearches into ſyſtems of philoſophy. In ſhort, this place, like *George's* at *Temple bar*, is a ſeminary, from which the town will be annually ſupplied with every ſpecies of genius.

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NUMBER XVII.

Saturday, Feb. 10, 1752.

——— *Conclamant ore Sophiſtæ.*

JUV.

MY Readers are by this time ſufficiently acquainted with many little ſocieties in this town: I ſhall this day preſent them an account of a very extraordinary college, called the *Robin Hood*; a ſociety, in its inſtitution and principles, ſo very extraordinary, that nothing to compare with it can be found in any part of the known world.

Robin Hood ſociety, Feb. 12, 1753.

A ſociety, for free and candid enquiry, meets at this houſe every *Monday* throughout the year. This day the debates were carried on with that diſcernment and good ſenſe, for which the ſeveral profeſſors are diſtinguiſhed.

About ſeven o'clock in the evening the preſident, *Timothy Meek*, ſeated himſelf in his chair, With his uſual ſedateneſs and compoſure he continued ſilent about five minutes; then riſing ſlowly began with the cuſtomary ceremony.

Preſident. Pray, gentlemen, be ſilent.

A Mem-

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A Member of the club. Here, waiter, hand ſome porter.

Preſident. Accomodate the gentlemen, and let us begin——Pray, gentlemen, be ſilent.——The queſtion, gentlemen, is,—*whether the ſcripture revelation would not, like that glorious luminary the ſun, pervade and penetrate all bodies, if it were of the ſame divine original?*——The queſtion, gentlemen, is ſigned, *Jenkins.*—Is Mr. *Jenkins* here?—If he is, I wiſh he would anſwer, for I have a very bad cold. No body appearing to it, it muſt go from me, as if it were mine.—Pray, gentlemen, be ſilent——the affirmatives in this queſtion is, to conſider the nature of that glorious luminary the ſun, and alſo—pray be ſilent gentlemen—the nature of the goſpel exhibition; and they is to ponderate how far they agrees, and the negatives is to conſider the ſame, and by this colliſion, it is poſſible, the truth may be bolted out.——Pray be ſilent gentlemen,—Hem!—do you chuſe to ſpeak, Sir?

Oliver Cantwell. In handling this argument, Mr. *Preſident,* I ſhall beg leave to ſet out with what may ſeem not very appoſite to the purpoſe, but it will lead into many reflections, which will appear not wholly foreign to the point. King

James

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James I. was the worſt Monarch that ever ſat on the throne of theſe realms. He was a pedantick, grammatical, pragmatical, tyrannical King, and his ſon *Charles* was deſervedly brought to the block by that great man *Oliver Cromwell.* The ſeeds of popery were ſown in all the *Stuart* race; the Jeſuits know this perfectly well, and if there is one here at preſent, let him riſe and contradict me if he can.

Preſident. Time, Sir; do you chuſe to ſpeak, Sir? Does any body on this row chuſe to ſpeak. Mr. *Mac Gregor,* do you chuſe it?

Mr. Mac Gregor. Read the queſtion, Sir. (*queſtion read*) I canno conceive why the member who ſpoke laſt, ſhould go oot of his way to abuſe the hooſe of *Stuart,* but I ſhall no follow him through all the puddle and mire it would lead me, were I inclined to purſue him. Touching this queſtion, Sir, there are three things to be conſidered; the firſt is the theory of viſion; ſecondly the motion of the ſun and planetary ſyſtem; thirdly, the operations of the human mind, with our deas ſimple, complex, abſtract, and concrete. With regard, Sir, to the firſt, *Barclay* has the beſt account, and every body knows that the ſun was ſtruck out of chaos by the creative mandate of the Almeety fiat; and finally it is certain, that memory

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memory depends on our earlieſt aſſociations of ideas, which naturally evinces Deiſm, and utterly diſcoontenances the cauſe of Chriſtianity, which *certainly is not founded on argument.* Mr. *Locke,* in his chapter of Innate Ideas——

Preſident. Your five minutes are out, Sir; Do you chuſe to ſpeak? Does any gentleman on this row chuſe to ſpeak?

Mr. Wiſeacre.—Riſes with his eyes ſhut; opens them. Read the queſtion, Sir, (*queſtion read*) *ſhuts his eyes; pauſes; opens his eyes;*——No, nothing at all;—I paſs, Sir.

Preſident. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh;—pray be ſilent, gentlemen; do you chuſe to ſpeak, Doctor?

Doctor Talmud.——Mr. *Preſident,*—I am ſorry rancour and ill-nature, Mr. *Preſident,* ſhould prevail in this aſſembly,—Pray, gentlemen,—let us, gentlemen, be free from malice.——Do, gentlemen, for God's ſake, let us be polite, and good *hoomored* and *hoomane,* gentlemen, let us diſcuſs every thing with decency. But, hem!——I muſt obſerve, Mr. *Preſident,* that the objections to Revelation ariſe from an ignorance of the original language, in which it was *commoonicated.* For inſtance,

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inſtance, the paſſage relating to *Jeptha*'s vow has been a great fund of raillery; but when we take the full force of the *Hebrew* paſſage, *Eama, Jacabaſa, Irrauriſta, Diarba, Diota*, I apprehend the difficulty diſappears. I am glad to have this *opportoonity* of correcting this miſtake, which gentlemen have gone into in oppoſing revelation to *natooral* religion. The light of the ſcriptures, Mr. *Preſident*, leads to the improvement of *natooral* religion, and like the radiance of the ſun, *hoomanely* ſpeaking, does pervade all bodies that are not impervious.

Preſident. I am ſorry, Doctor, your time is elapſed.

Doctor addreſſing himſelf to his next neighbour.—The ſun does pervade all bodies that are not impervious.

Mr. Shallow. I could wiſh, Sir, that I had known of this queſtion. I could have read ſomething about it; but it eſcapes my memory at preſent. If I had time, I could have read about it. *Chubb* ſays a great deal in his book, but I own I don't recollect it; and *Mandevill* too, but I wiſh I had known it before; I muſt beg to read ſome notes, I have put together ſince the debate, though I could wiſh I had time to read about it.

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Preſident. Time, Sir,——do you chuſe to ſpeak, Sir?

Mr. Broadbrim. Eſteemed friend, I have found out a truth, which I never told any body, in my life, and I will now tell it to this company.—We conſiſt therefore then of three ſpecies,

Preſident. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. Pray, gentlemen.

Mr. Broadbrim. We conſiſt, as I ſaid, of three ſpecies; the fleſh, the ſpirit, and God's grace; and this I never told any body in my life before, and I now tell it in the name of charity to this good aſſembly.

Mr. Sneerwell. Mr. *Preſident*, I have litte to offer at preſent; only I muſt obſerve, that we are all greatly obliged to the worthy member who ſpoke laſt, for his information. He tells us we are of three ſpecies; the fleſh, the ſpirit, and God's grace.—The former of theſe he poſſeſſes very amply, *viz.* the fleſh, but as to the ſpirit, and God's grace, he ſeems deſtitute of both, for, I believe, if he had any ſhare of either, he would not have ſpoke as he has done.

Orator Bronze. I am pleaſed to ſee this aſſembly;—you're a twig from me; a chip of the old block at *Clare-market*. I am the old block, invincible

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vincible;—*coup de grace* as yet unanſwered;—we are brother rationaliſts;—logicians upon fundamentals;—I love ye all;—I love *mankande* in general.——Give me ſome of that porter.

Preſident. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh;—gentlemen, I have a very bad cold.

Orator Bronze. I am glad to ſee you joyous;——the Deity is a joyous being.

Preſident. Time, Sir.

Orator Bronze. Do you know who you ſtop?——I'll never come here again——no the devil a bit.

Preſident. Is there any gentleman come in ſince this debate, that chuſes to ſpeak?——Pray, gentlemen, be ſilent,——you'll pleaſe to take my watch, that I mayn't tranſgreſs my time.

The affirmatives in this queſtion has endeavoured to invalidate the goſpel exhibition; but as one gentlemen has obſerved, many miſtakes ariſes from the ignorance of the *Hebrew*; and to be ſure, we does lie under that diſadvantage, which is however in ſome ſort removed by the notes in *Stackhouſe*'s bible. There is a writer, *Mounſeer* Du Pin, who, though of the *Romiſh* communion,

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may be allowed ſometimes to ſpeak truth, though his arguments often militates againſt himſelf, and I does upon the whole apprehend, that revelation, or the goſpel exhibition, like that glorious luminary the ſun, is of divine original. *(Time, ſir,)*

The queſtions, gentlemen, (pray, gentlemen, be ſilent)——for the next night is,

Whether ADAM and EVE had the venereal diſeaſe, as we derive corruption from them?

Signed Wagſtaff.

Whether the greater number of cuckolds in *England*, than in *Ireland*, is owing to the men or the women? *Signed Horner.*

Whether angels look beſt in a morning, or an evening? *Signed Metaphyſick.*

Whether ſuch an aſſembly as this would be tolerated in any other Chriſtian country?

Signed Wagbucket.

Gentlemen, I wiſh ye all good night.

ADJOURNED.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XVIII.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1752.

--- --- --- --- *Vin tu*
Curtis Judæis oppedere? --- ---

HOR.

MY laſt *Saturday*'s lucubration gave an account of one of the moſt remarkable academies in *Europe:* I ſhall devote the paper of this day, to another very celebrated ſeminary, ſituated in *Change-alley*, of which, I apprehend, the reader will be able to form ſome idea, from a peruſal of the following ſcene, which was taken from the life, and is the opening of a farce intended to be worked up, for the winter ſeaſon, into two acts.

The Temple of LAVERNA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain draws and diſcovers a group of circumciſed exotic figures, all having ſelfiſhneſs, and a thorough contempt of what ideal moraliſts call benevolence, ſtrongly depicted in their countenances. After a conſiderable ſilence, a Broker *addreſſes himſelf to his friend.*

1ſt Broker. Moſes, what turn do you imagine things will take to-day?

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2*d Broker.* Nay that you know is impoſſible to determine, until *Caiphas* comes: he is the axis upon which the wheel turns.

1*ſt Broker.* True; but, prithee, does he not make it later to-day than uſual?

2*d Broker.* Yes; you muſt know, he has been all this morning cloſetted with the GREAT MAN. There is a grand council held this day upon affairs of the greateſt importance to our nation. We ſhall ſoon be upon a footing with the beſt of them——but mum for that.——*Caiphas* brings all this about: they dare not refuſe him any thing.

1*ſt Broker.* No, no; but——does it not give you pleaſure, my friend, to ſee *Great Britain* obliged to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of our nation? Though, to be plain with you, I am not quite ſatisfied with *Caiphas*'s conduct; I like not his ſeeming apoſtacy.

2*d Broker.* Go to, go to; can you be ignorant, *Aaron*, that our law admits of temporizing? Great ends are anſwered by it——and notwithſtanding appearances, *Caiphas* is, in the main, as true an *Iſraelite*, as ever dwelt in *Jeruſalem*.

1*ſt Broker.* I hope it will prove ſo; but would he were come to fix things one way or other.

2*d*

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2d. Broker. Why, what have you to do?

1ſt, Broker. Nay, I have only ſome annuities to ſell by commiſſion; ſo, high or low, my brokerage will be the ſame. O! here he comes at laſt.

Enter Caiphas; *the Brokers immediately make a Circle, and, with their Hats off, cringe to him in the moſt ſervile Manner.*

All. Good morrow to you, Sir; we were afraid you might be indiſpoſed, not coming at your uſual hour. We hope nothing is amiſs. Do you buy or ſell to day, Sir?

Caiphas. I don't know yet; I have not determined what I ſhall do.

1ſt Broker. What have the great ones reſolved upon? Is it all ſettled? Shall we have a fixed place of reſidence at laſt? Have we baffled the phrophecies of the *Gallileans?* Have we, Sir?

Caiphas. Hold your tongue, you blockhead. The B——ps are for us: but things an't quite ripe yet.

2d Broker. We are told, Sir, that you intend to offer yourſelf a Candidate for *Middleſex*; I hope it is true: every body is ſurprized that a gentle-

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man of your fortune does not get into Parliament?

Caiphas. No, my friends, I am not ambitious of things of that kind. Had I desired honours, no one could more readily obtain them. I was offered an *Iriſh Peerage*, but I declined it. No, no, I dont think of theſe things. My ſon indeed will be a great man; him you poſſibly may ſee a Duke. But, come, let us have no more talk, but to buſineſs:—let me ſit down, that I may give you the proper inſtructions.

Enter a French *Gentleman with his Friend.*

Friend. Sir, I have brought you to a place, which is the greateſt curioſity in this kingdom, and not to be parallelled in all the reſt of the globe.

Frenchman. Comment, dis leetle caffee?

Friend. Yes, Sir, mean as it may appear to you, I will venture to ſay, there are more millions ſterling transferred here in a year, than can be well enumerated in *French Livres.*

Frenchman. Mon Dieu, it is ver extraordinaire ſtat.

Friend. In a word, Sir, this is the great ſcene of Stockjobbing.

Frenchman. Ah! *les actions*, I underſtand *des actions.*

Friend.

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Friend.——Come a little this way: do you ſee that *Jew* there?—Hark in your ear——the very *Atlas* of the ſtate! our miniſters have recourſe to him in all their diſtreſſes, and are never able to carry any point, I mean in the money-way, but when he co-operates with them; inſomuch that we are taught to look upon this gentleman as the ſupport of our conſtitution in church and ſtate.

Frenchman. Marblieu! a *Juif* de ſupport of de religion! *quel paradoxe?*

Friend. However inconſiſtent this may appear, it is moſt indiſputably true.

Frenchman. Mais, Monſieur, in *France* dere is de *action* as well as in *England,* but you never hear dat de miniſtre take de *Juif* into his confidence.

Friend. Dear Sir, you are never to mention *France* with *England. France* is an enſlaved country, and we are a free people.

Frenchman. By Gar, you are *ver free* people; I have great many marks of your freedom on my body; de populace in *France, aſſurement*—it have not de liberty to make black blue de ſkin of de gentlemen, comme en Angleterre.

Friend. But, Sir, if you conſider the nature of the two governments, you muſt certainly give ours the preference

Frenchman. Ouy, Ouy, in de *ſpeculation* it very different, *mais quelle difference in de pratique?*

Friend.

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Friend. Your king obliges his parliament to regiſter his edicts.

Frenchman.—And your *miniſters*, fat is dey do? *n'eſt il pas le même?*

Friend. In *France* a man does not enjoy liberty of conſcience with reſpect to religion.

Frenchman. Religion! de Englis religion, how you call it?

Friend. We have reformed the errors that crept into religion, and we are Proteſtants.

Frenchman. C'eſt à dire, you are not Papiſt; your religion den is negative.

Friend. The people of *England* give their aſſent to the laws, by which they are governed.

Frenchman. Mais, Monſieur Walpole, *ſavoit bien leur prix.*

Friend. Well, I find we're not likely to ſettle this point, ſo we will adjourn the debate.

Frenchman. Ah! de tout mon cœur; mais Monſieur, fat is de people ſay, dat make ver great noiſe?

Friend. O Sir, that is a jargon only underſtood by the initiated.

Frenchman. O mon Dieu! les Anglois ſont de drolles—allons, Monſieur, J'en ay veu aſſes.

Exeunt Frenchman *and* Friend.

Enter

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Enter an Iriſh *Gentleman with his Friend.*

Iriſhman. Now, but is this the ſtocks place?

Friend. Yes, Sir, almoſt every thing relating to the funds is tranſacted here.

Iriſhman. But, my dear, where are the ſtocks? the devil a ſtock I ſee.

Friend. The Stockjobbers attend in this place, when they have any buſineſs, whether to ſell or buy.

Iriſhman. Ow! but I don't underſtand that now, my dear! be plazed to explain it.

Friend. Suppoſe you have a mind to become a proprietor in the Funds, you employ a broker, and he finds out a perſon, who is willing to diſpoſe of the ſum you want.

Iriſhman. And when we come together, how will he give me the ſtock.

Friend. The broker will carry you to the proper office in order to have it transferred.

Iriſhman. Ow! then I wont have it here.

Friend. No, Sir, the bargain only is made here.

Iriſhman. By my troth, you may talk of it for ever, but I never will comprehend it.

Enter a Young Gentleman *from the other end of the Town.*

Young Gentleman. Waiter, is Mr. *Judas* the Broker here?

Judas.

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Judas. Here; who calls me?

Young Gentleman. Is your name *Judas*?

Judas. Yes, Sir, at your ſervice.

One Stockjobber aſks another. Do you know him?

The other anſwers. No, but by the feather in his hat, he's a ſeller. I have known the alley theſe thirty years, and never remember a man with a feather in his hat a purchaſer.

Young Gentleman. Mr. *Squanderſtock* recommended me to you; I have occaſion for a thouſand pounds, and want to diſpoſe of as much *South-ſea* ſtock as will produce it.

Judas. Sir, I ſhall be glad to ſell it for you: may I beg the favour of your name?

Young Gentleman. My name is CRAFTY.

Judas. I believe I can ſell for you, Sir, ſhall you be this way to-morrow?

Young Gentleman. To-morrow!—can't I have it now?

Judas. No, Sir, this is no transfer-day.

Young Gentleman. Z——ds, I would not come to-morrow for the money. I am obliged to be at the review; pox of that old prig, my father, if it had not been for him, I ſhould have nothing to do with theſe d—ned ſtocks.

A By-Stander. That I am ſure is true.

Young Gentleman. I'll find ſome other way, d—mn me. I'll give my footman a power of attorney

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torney to transfer for me; d—mn me, to come into the city among a parcel of ſcoundrels, d—mn me. [*Exit murmuring.*

A Stockjobber. I think, he ſaid his name is *Crafty*; he muſt be ſon to *Ebeneazor Crafty*; he died a year ago, and died well.

Iriſhman. Arrah, my dear, did he die a Catholic?

Friend. No, Sir; DYING WELL has no relation either to religion or morality. It only means, a man died in good circumſtances.

Iriſhman. Ow! but is that all? Faith, I thought it might have been ſome proteſtant, who ſent for a prieſt on his death-bed. Come, come I've ſeen enough of this, and by *Jaſus*, I never deſire to ſee it again.

[*Exeunt* Iriſhman *and* Friend, *the* Iriſhman *making the ſign of the croſs privately under his coat.*

Enter a Clergyman, *and makes up to* Caiphas, *with his hat under his arm.*

Clergyman. Shall I beg a word with you, Sir?

Caiphas. Your buſineſs, Sir?

Clergyman. I am a candidate for a living in this neighbourhood, and make bold to requeſt your intereſt.

Caiphas. I know the affair. I don't yet know what I ſhall do in the matter. Who is your patron?

Cler-

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Clergyman. Mr. *Worthleſs.*

Caiphas. My friend *Worthleſs!* the living is yours; depend upon it; I am a little in a hurry at preſent; but rely upon me, the thing is done.

[Parſon *bows ſubmiſſively*; *exit* Caiphas; *upon which they all riſe in confuſion, and the ſcene ends.*

NUMBER

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NUMBER XIX.

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1752.

Ut Pictura Poesis erit, similisque poesi
Sit Pictura; refert par æmula quæque sororem.

FRESNOY.

POETRY and painting have been accounted sister-arts by men of taste in all ages. Accordingly we find them in the writings of all good criticks, from *Aristotle* and *Horace*, down to *Dryden* and the *Abbé du Bos*, mutually borrowing side-lights, and reflecting lustre upon each other. They justly have the precedence among the arts of imitation and design: they convey their ideas by signs more fixed and determinate than any of the others, and boast a more unbounded scope to cull and select from all nature, in order to adorn and embellish the favourite piece.

Statuary, it may be said, has very near the same advantage. The artist in this way may observe the knitting of a joint in one, the turn of a neck in another, the form of the head in a third, the shape and rounding of a limb in a fourth; and in short, from a survey of sundry objects, a complete and perfect whole may be executed. But it must be remembered, at the same time, that the statuary has

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has not ſo ample a field to range in, as the two firſt-mentioned arts, and is therefore greatly inferior to both.

Painting, in one particular inſtance, ſeems to gain the aſcendant over poetry. It is univerſally underſtood in every clime and every age: whereas poetry is confined to much narrower limits, both in time and place. A *Raphael* painted, and a *Vida* wrote at the ſame period: how confined is the reputation of the latter, when compared to the extenſive renown which has attended the name of the firſt? The Æra may arrive, when, through the inſtability of the *Engliſh* language, the ſtile of *Joſeph Andrews* and *Tom Jones* ſhall be obliterated, when the characters ſhall be unintelligible, and the humour loſe its reliſh; but the many perſonages, which the manners-painting hand of *Hogarth* has called forth into mimic life, will not fade ſo ſoon from the canvaſs. That admirable *picturesque comedy, the March to Finchley*, will perhaps divert poſterity as long has the *Foundling-Hoſpital* ſhall do honour to the *Britiſh* nation. A picture ſpeaks the language of every nation; It is felt and underſtood in many different countries at the ſame time, in this inſtance partaking of the advantages of Musick, which is however ſubject to many reſtrictions, to which the art of painting is entirely a ſtranger.

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a ſtranger. The caprice and whim of different nations prevent the power of harmony from becoming ſo univerſal in its influence. The primary beauty of muſick conſiſts in the imitation of ſounds appropriated to our ſeveral paſſions, but thoſe ſounds varying according to the habits and dialect of every different people, it follows, that the muſick of any one country muſt undergo many changes and variations, before it can be adapted to the ear of a man, who has paſſed his time in another kingdom.

To this inconvenience the art of painting is not ſubject. It has, in this reſpect, the advantage over poetry, in almoſt every other point obliged to yield the pre-eminence. It has been long ſince obſerved, that truth is agreeable to the underſtanding, and imagery to the fancy; but neither of them, we find, affords ſo intenſe a pleaſure, as when the paſſions are agitated and worked into a ferment. We then attach ourſelves ſtrongly to the object, which excites theſe emotions; we are pleaſed to be wakened from a ſtate of ſtill life: it is a gratification to our moral ſenſe, to find our hearts ſenſible and alive to thoſe ſenſations, which are the ornament of our nature. This being the caſe, I believe, it may be aſſerted without incurring the danger of a controverſy, that poetry boaſts this power over the

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paſſions beyond any other art. It is at once a vehicle of inſtruction, and derives much of its beauty from the ſcenes of pictureſque imagination. Painting indeed partakes ſufficiently of theſe qualities, to entitle her to the name of ſiſter; has many features like, and in the execution of her deſigns is moſtly directed by the ſame rules. Both muſt have unity of action and unity of character, and both have a latitude to introduce ſubordinate perſonages, concerned in the main buſineſs, and to exhibit them in proper attitudes. A metaphor may be as bold in painting as in poetry; an allegory upon canvaſs may be highly inſtructive, as in the picture deſcribed by *Lucian*, where Calumny is dragging to execution an innocent victim, and Truth is ſeen at a diſtance ſlowly limping after them. What the critics call machinery, may be diſplayed in as elegant ſtrokes with the pencil as with the pen; the fairy-way of writing, mentioned by *Dryden*, may be made uſe of in colours, and the fancy of the artiſt, like a new creation, may preſent to the eye an whole race of imaginary beings. Some of the fineſt paſſages in epic and dramatic poetry are thoſe, where a conflict is marked between ſeveral warring poſſions: painting throws theſe immediately before the eye, in tints ſo artfully blended, that the nice aſſemblage is delineated in the moſt ſtriking manner. A further inſtance of the congruity between theſe two arts, is, that when a poet has

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has been laviſh in a deſcription, the beſt method of examining the juſtneſs of it is, to conſider what kind of figure it would make upon canvaſs. On the other hand, the deſcriptions which we find in the poets, may ſerve to ſupply hints and inſtruction to the painter of taſte and poetick imagination. Add to this, that, as the chief beauty of poetick diction does not conſiſt in a profuſion of ornaments, high metaphors, and a flouriſh of words, ſo in the other, colours too rich and glowing are diſapproved, and the excellence of both arts, is ſeen in regular deſigns, and a juſt imitation of nature.

The ancients were enthuſiaſtic admirers of all the imitative arts, particularly painting. Upon all occaſions, we find them expreſſing a taſte for the productions of the famous artiſts. Their poets ſeize every opportunity of deſcribing a picture, a piece of ſculpture, or any of the works of the loom. *Ovid* never omits it, where it naturally grows out of his ſubject. What a beautiful deſcription has he given us of a work of art repreſenting the Rape of Europa?

Ipſa videbatur terras ſpectare relictas,
Et comites clamare ſuas, tactumque vereri
Aſſilientis aquæ, timidaſque reducere plantas.

Virgil never ſeems more delighted than when

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he is laying before our eyes the Shield of *Æneas*, or, like a skilful virtuoso, pointing out to our observation, the beauties of a fine painting:

Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem
Miratur----------

The pleasure in this case is *redoubled* upon the mind, springing from a two-fold source: the delight we take in poetick description, is chiefly owing to the natural love we have for imitation, which affords an opportunity of comparing the transcript with the original object: but when we peruse the description of a picture, we admire not only the poet's representation of it, but the talent of the artist, who has thus contrived to delineate by his pencil so exact a resemblance of things, which have their existence in nature; and thus the mind has two arts to examine at once, and dwells between them both in a suspense of pleasure.

I have always admired the description in the first *Æneid* of that exquisite piece of painting of the wars of *Troy*: the poet's account of it may suggest to us some notion of the sublime idea he entertained of the sister-art. All the figures, which he mentions, are bold and animated,

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mated; every thing is in motion, and, if I may be allowed to apply a line of Mr. *Pope's*,

All matter quick, and burſting into life.

What an image have we of the *Trojans* repelling the enemy, and of *Achilles*, with his nodding plume, thundering at their heels? You think you hear the ſounding of his carr: you imagine you ſee him with his arm aloft in act to ſtrike.

Hac fugerent Danai, premeret Trojana juventus;
Hac Phryges, INSTARET CURRU CRISTATUS ACHILLES.

The ſituation of *Troilus* has been often admired. The proceſſion of the *Trogan* nymphs will always excite the tendereſt ſentiments: a finer group was never imagined. Their dejected looks, their diſhevelled hair, and the beating of their breaſts, are ſtriking circumſtances.

Interea ad Templum non æquæ Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades paſſis, peplumque ferebant
Suppliciter triſtes, & tunſæ Pectora Palmis.

Priam raiſing his unnerved arm, and imploring the body of his ſon *Hector* from *Achilles*, who had dragged the corpſe thrice round the walls of *Troy*, muſt alſo afford great room for the expreſſion of ſeveral paſſions all at once ſtruggling in the ſoul.

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To conclude, if ſuch a painting as the great poet has here deſcribed were handed down to us, it would be the moſt valuable piece of all antiquity.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Batſon's Coffee-houſe, March 3.

The new tragedy of the *Gameſter*, in which Mr. *Garrick* ſupported the principal character, with all thoſe exquiſite feelings, which the extreme ſenſibility and quickneſs of his imagination have made him maſter of, became the ſubject of our diſcuſſions a few nights ſince. The diſpute was carried on with much warmth and oppoſition of ſentiment, and at length occaſioned the following epigram.

In a coffee-houſe ring, where the chat ran on plays,
A clergyman ſpoke of the Gameſter *with praiſe.*
I could wiſh, ſaid the parſon, poor Beverley's *life*
Had been ſaved for the ſake of the ſiſter and wife.
How, quoth a phyſician, ſhould Beverley *live?*
That Lewſon *eſcaped I can hardly forgive.*
With errors like theſe can a ſcholar be damn'd?
I ſpeak from the Greek, *ſir, the play ſhould be damn'd.*
Thus each in his way was his duty fulfilling;
The DIVINE *was for* ſaving, *the* DOCTOR *for* killing.

ADVER-

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The *Conſumers of Cards* are deſired to meet to-morrow evening, being *Sunday*, at the following places; *White's chocolate-houſe*, St. *James*'s *coffee-houſe*, the *Shakeſpear*'s *Head*, the *Bedford Arms*, the *King's Arms*, the St. *Alban's*, and the following routs, the *Counteſs of Midnight*'s, *Lady Shuffle*'s, *Lady Laſtſtake's*, '*Squire Fiddlefaddle*'s, and at almoſt every polite houſe in town.

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NUMBER XX.

Saturday, March 3, 1752.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant,
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.

HOR.

SIR,

PROMPTED by the esteem I have for your entertaining and instructive writings, I venture to convey my sentiments to you in relation to some miscarriages in life, which proceed rather from ignorance and the want of education, than any natural propensity to evil. I am the more induced to this, as my own life will afford ample room for reflection.

Without any further detail, you must know, Mr. *Ranger*, that I am the son of a tradesman in the west of *England*, long since deceased. The lowness of my father's circumstances was barely sufficient for the maintenance of a numerous family. You will therefore suggest to yourself that my education could not be better than what is afforded by the generality of country-villages. In vain

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vain did my father ſolicit the aſſiſtance of a rich relation at *Briſtol*; in vain did he repreſent the promiſing genius of his ſon, if put under proper culture. Deaf to the ties of affinity, though poſſeſſed of an eſtate of fiteen hundred *per annum*, and a large perſonal fortune, without the charge of a family, or any likelihood of having iſſue, the rich Briſtol-trader was deaf to all entreaty. Having had no education himſelf, he did not conſider the want of it as an evil. I grew up in ignorance, and was at length obliged, for immediate ſubſiſtence, to go into the ſervice of a neighbouring farmer. With him I lived ſeveral years, driving plough, and employed in other works of huſbandry, when news arrived of the death of the relation I mentioned, and of his having left me all his real eſtate, with ſix thouſand pounds in money, and three thouſand pounds to each of my four ſiſters. When I tell you that from the lowneſs of my education, and the nature of my ſervitude, I contracted a very ſtrong bias to low company, you will imagine that I muſt make but a very indifferent figure in my new ſtation. I was then two and twenty, and had never been accuſtomed to any kind of intemperance: If my former ſituation had enabled me to have been reckoned company for the gentlemen of the place, I might ſtill have continued a ſober man; but unluckily, the

circum-

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circumſtance of having been a ſervant, made me, notwithſtanding the largeneſs of my fortune, ſhunned and deſpiſed. I was conſtrained to herd with my former companions, and others of better ſubſtance, but abandoned morals, with whom I ſoon acquired an habit of idleneſs and debauchery. The conſequence was, that in a few years my ready money was exhauſted. To gratify the extravagance of my paſſions, which were now become violent, I was adviſed to take up money upon part of my eſtate. For this purpoſe I applied to a neighbouring lawyer, who ſoon procured the ſum I wanted. To this meaſure I was induced by the advice of two men, with whom I lived in the cloſeſt intimacy. One of them (I am ſorry to ſay it) was a clergyman: he talked of friendſhip in terms of the higheſt rapture, and would often repeat, "Peradventure for a good "man one would even dare to die." The other had all the pride of virtue, which, he ſaid, was the only motive of a liberal mind: he lamented my want of education: education, he told me, would have made me enamoured of ſomething, which he called The, *To Kalón*. I was entirely ignorant, as you may believe, of law-matters. My two friends undertook to read over the deeds. I ſigned by their advice, and they both ſet their hands as witneſſes.

Being

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Being now in poſſeſſion of ten thouſand pounds, I was adviſed by theſe my two friends to ſee the world, as they called it. Accordingly I ſet out in their company for *London*, leaving the aforeſaid lawyer to receive my rents in the country. You will naturally imagine, Mr. *Ranger*, that I daſhed into all the pleaſures of the metropolis. I ſaw every thing, but ſtill in the worſt company. I was continually ſurrounded by a ſet of ſharpers, till having ſquandered away all my money, and got conſiderably in debt, I was arreſted and ſent to the *Fleet*. In this ſituation I directed my lawyer to receive my rents, and remit me a ſum of money without delay. The arreſt gave me no concern, as I made no doubt of being quickly at liberty; but judge, Sir, my ſurprize, when I was informed, that the lawyer was in poſſeſſion of my whole eſtate, by an abſolute conveyance of the fee-ſimple, which I had, through ignorance, ſigned, inſtead of a mortgage. I brought an ejectment, which ſoon came on to be tried, but what was my ſurprize, when I heard that my two friends appeared in behalf of the attorney? The amount of their evidence was, that the conſideration-money for the entire purchaſe of my eſtate was forty thouſand pounds, as expreſſed in the deed: that from time to time they ſaw various ſums advanced

to

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to me or for my uſe, and that the final payment was the ſum of ten thouſand pounds as allready mentioned. In this manner they gave validity to a baſe and fraudulent tranſaction. Such was the friendſhip of him, who *profeſſed to die for me*; and ſuch was the pride of virtue, or the To *Kalón* of the man, who had no guide but his moral ſenſe. The bitterneſs of this calamity, and the conciouſneſs of a miſpent life, filled me with the ſevereſt grief, and would have entirely extinguiſhed the uſe of what little reaſon I had left, but the charity of a fellow-priſoner, who, touched with a ſenſe of my misfortunes, not only did every thing to alleviate them, but infuſed ſuch a portion of knowledge and philoſophy into my mind, during our long impriſonment, as muſt for ever render me ſenſible of his kindneſs. Let me finiſh the account of my life, when I have told you, that I was freed from my impriſonment by the laſt act of grace, and that, with a moderate ſuſtenance, procured by honeſt induſtry, I find myſelf more happy and contented now, than when poſſeſſed of affluence, and a mind immerſed in ignorance and folly.

As my ſiſters received no better education than myſelf, I ſhould tell you, that notwithſtanding their fortune, they are all come to infamy and poverty. The eldeſt, ſoon after our relation's death, in

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married a labourer to the farmer ſhe had lived with in the ſtation of maid ſervant. They have run through all they had. The ſecond was debauched by the ſon of the gentleman, at whoſe houſe ſhe had hired herſelf, and is now in one of the houſes of bad fame in *Covent-Garden*; the third married a footman, and died about two years ago, after having lived in great diſtreſs; and the fourth, with ſhame I ſpeak it, is now Miſtreſs to the earl of ******.

From this account of myſelf and my family, I ſhall only draw one inference, namely, that if the relation, who left us ſo liberally at his death, had but given us a good education, and in his life-time prepared us ſuitably for the eſtate he intended to leave us, the misfortune we have met with, might in all human probability, have been avoided. Connected by marriage, with families of credit and reputation, we might now remain in affluence, and enjoy a name unſullied by vice and infamy.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

**** ******.

The preceding ſtory is told by my correſpondent, in ſo intereſting a manner, that I could not withhold it from the publick this day. I not only agree with him in his remark, that his misfortunes might

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might have been prevented by a proper education; but I will add, that a mind, which ſupported itſelf ſo well under affliction, and that can look back to former ſcenes of life with ſo much ſenſibility, would have imbibed ſuch impreſſions from an early improvement, as might have rendered him an ornament to any family. If many of thoſe, who find any ſtriking incidents in the ſeries of their lives, would thus communicate them to the public, it would be an eſſential ſervice to ſociety. The giddy and unthinking would be led to mark the ways of the world, and the unwary might be put upon their guard againſt the ſtratagems of avarice, and the ſmooth profeſſions of thoſe harpies, who are generally known by the name of money-lenders. There is ſomething extremely affecting in the ruin of my correſpondent's four ſiſters: I am, however, highly pleaſed that he now enjoys tranquility of mind, and that, to alleviate calamity, his reſources are in virtue and honeſt induſtry. I muſt obſerve, that the inattention of the old gentleman, who died at *Briſtol*, to the manners and morals of his relations, ſhewed ſomething in him highly illiberal, not to give it a worſe epithet. It is owing to this indifference to the improvement of the riſing generation, that we frequently ſee eſtates in the hands of thoſe who are a diſgrace to riches. While this continues to be the

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the caſe, it is not to be wondered, that we meet with ſo many boobies of faſhion, inelegant in their behaviour, looſe in their morals, and fit to ride behind the equipage, in which their pride now lolls at eaſe.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Maſquerade in the Hay-Market, March 6.

Laſt night the votaries of folly aſſembled here, for the fourth time this ſeaſon. The curtain was drawn exactly at ten: in about ſix minutes, the ſide-boards were entirely ſtripped by ſome ladies of the city, who were determined to have as much as they could for their money, and very prudently conſidered, that they might have occaſion to quiet their huſbands, at their return, with a ſugar-plumb. The night was ſpent in the moſt agreeable converſation, ſuch as, "Do you know me?—Yes I "do—no you don't,—nay, but I do—he—he— "he—ha—ha—ha—" and ſeveral other lively ſtrokes of humour. While the more induſtrious part of the company were purſuing the laudable occupation of gaming, at preſent the grand buſineſs of the nation, ſome gentlemen, to heighten the diverſion, introduced a conſiderable number of *maſqueraded ſhillings*, ſo well diſguiſed, that they paſſed among the company for guineas. Information was given of this humourous frolick to Mr.

Juſtice

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Juſtice Fielding, who immediately went to enquire into the affair; but as gaming reduces all mankind to a level, he could not fix upon any one in particular, and was therefore obliged to withdraw, allowing that they were all gentlemen of *honour* by their profeſſion.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

The following Epilogue was deſigned by Mr. FOOTE for the new tragedy of the *Earl of Eſſex*, written by HENRY JONES.

To be ſpoken as to the Author at the entrance.

WELL, well; I'll do your buſineſs, honeſt friend;
'Tis your firſt play, in time perhaps you'll mend.

Comes forward.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
The Author by me preſents a petition,
Which he begs may be read with your gracious permiſſion.
It ſets forth that in Dublin (I know not how true)
He pull'd down old houſes, and built them up new.
That on April the firſt (he forgetteth the year)
Of the day and the month he is certain and clear;
As he temper'd his mortar, and handled his hod,
There popt into his head a new fancy and odd;
'Twas, that building a houſe is like writing a play,
That both works are perform'd the very ſame way;

That

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That the portal was prologue to ſhew the folks in,
That the hall and the entry open'd the ſcene;
That the ſtairs were the plan to lead you throughout
By an intricate, puzzling, yet uniform rout;
That the plot muſt as deep as the cellar be laid,
Be as ſtout as ſtrong beer, and tranſparent as mead;
That cloſets and cupboards, and ſuch things as theſe,
Were incidents proper to fill up the piece;
And that ſtucco and painting were, in the laſt place,
The language, and ſentiment, ſpirit and grace;
That the trowel and mortar were of ſingular uſe
To plaiſter ſome patron to favour the muſe.

Fraught with leſſons like theſe our poet began:
What d'you think of his houſe, and how like you his plan?
The building, 'tis true, is but gothic and rude,
But yet for all that the materials are good.
And who knows, when your bounty has poliſh'd his lay,
But this Bricklay'r may prove a VITRUVIUS *one day?*
Come, 'tis worth the experiment:---favour his play.
Full five ſtories high he has mounted his hopes;
Ye Critics, take care; he's on a ladder of ropes.
Should you cut but one cord, you will cruſh all his bones;
Adieu, Bricklay'r and Bard, there's an end of poor JONES.

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NUMBER XXI.

Saturday, March 10, 1752.

-- -- Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dis geniti potuêre. -- -- --

VIRG.

THE Laurel, which has been ſo much ſought by the writers of every age, is not unlike the golden branch mentioned in the ſixth *Æneid*; if a man is born to ſhare the prize, it is eaſily obtained; but if there be not derived from Heaven a ſuperiority of genius, fruitleſs is the endeavour of the unborn poet, who thinks to arrive at the heights of fame by painful vigils and the dint of labour and application. A mediocrity in poetry will never be allowed: *Horace* tells us that the ſuffrages of both gods and men are againſt it, and that a writer of this caſt muſt never expect to ſee his name on the bookſeller's rubrick-poſt. Poetry requires warm and glowing colours; the language of it muſt be elevated above the diction of proſe; the expreſſions ſhould be more animated, and the paſſions of the reader more immediately ſtruck at, than in any other kind of writing. The bard, who has not energy of genius to cultivate

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theſe qualities, will be always ſure to be neglected as a cold and ſpiritleſs writer.

Of all the different ſpecies of poetry, the dramatic is the moſt difficult. As it is expreſſed in the words of my motto, the few only, whom Heaven has peculiarly favoured with an elevation of mind, have been able to acquit themſelves with honour. Our much admired *Shakeſpear* ſtands yet unrivalled: he ſeized the laurel with a maſter-hand at one graſp; *Johnſon*, by ſlower degrees, though eager in purſuit; *aviduſque refringit cunctantem*. *Otway* ſeems to have gained it with facility, and with an air of negligence.

I am pleaſed to find, that an author juſtly celebrated among the foremoſt ſucceſſors of thoſe immortal genius's, has added another wreath to that garland, which the muſes long ſince wove for him. To this excellent writer, the public is greatly indebted for the *new tragedy* of the *Brothers*, which was lately acted for the firſt time at *Drury-Lane*. The ſubject is claſſical, though there is no doubt but a domeſtic ſtory would be more intereſting to a Britiſh audience. The generality of people are not acquainted with the hiſtory of the *Macedonian monarchy*. It may be added, that the *Macedonians* appear, at that point of time, to be at variance with the *Roman* empire, for which we have contracted a kind of reverential eſteem.

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On this account thoſe ſublime ſentiments, which *Philip* utters in the ſcene with the ambaſſadors, againſt that republick, are not received with a ſufficient degree of warmth. But if it be conſidered, that the *Macedonian* monarchy, though it dwindled by inſenſible degrees, and was at laſt ſwallowed up by the *Roman* power, was at one time extended over the greateſt part of the eaſt, no man, I apprehend, can be entirely unconcerned in the fall of ſo brave a people. I do not doubt but the mention of *Creſſi and Poitiers* would have a more powerful influence on the paſſions of *Engliſhmen*, than *Thraſymene* and *Cannæ*; but for my part, my breaſt glowed to hear of thoſe memorable battles, which had like to have been ſo fatal to the *Roman* republick; nor do I remember a more beautifull paſſage in any play than that in the piece now before us, when the flight of *Hannibal* at *Capua* is urged by the embaſſy of *Rome*. The anſwer of PHILIP is, "*Ay, there indeed I was not with him.*" We like to ſee the warrior who fought under the banner of HANNIBAL, and ſhared in the dangers and glory of that brave commander. The ſcene which ſucceeds this, is full of as tender emotions as I have ever felt in any theatre. The anguiſh of a father, who finds an alarming diſcord ſubſiſting between his children, and the remonſtrance with which he endeavours to ſooth them, muſt ſoften the mind of every hearer.

Why

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Why do I ſigh? Do ye not know, my ſons?
And if you do, oh! let me ſigh no more!
Let theſe white hairs put in a claim to peace.

Perhaps no characters can be better marked than thoſe of *Philip*, *Perſeus*, and *Demetrius*. For the two laſt we are finely prepared by the following lines.

------- *They both are bright; but one*
Benignly bright, as ſtars to mariners;
And one a comet with malignant blaze
Denouncing ruin.

The art of moſt writers for the ſtage is to exhibit one character, and that perhaps without any diſtinguiſhing qualities to ſeperate it from other heroes. In this play we are entertained with three of a different caſt, each ſtrongly marked. *Philip* is diſtinguiſhed by a warmth of temper, a haughtineſs of ſoul, and a tenderneſs for his children, that runs over in the moſt affecting manner. *Perſeus* is a different villain from any we have ſeen on the ſtage: policy and bravery are ſo blended in him, that we ſee the mixed effect in every ſcene. *Demetrius* is of ſo amiable a diſpoſition, that an audience muſt be naturally inclined to love him, and for his ſake to dread the reſtleſs turbulent ſpirit of *Perſeus*, whoſe contempt of *Demetrius* vents itſelf in a ſneering artful ſtrain.

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You that admire the Romans, *break the bridge*
With Cocles, *or with* Curtius *leap the gulph:*
And league not with the vices of our foes.
I hear, Sir, you take wing and mount in metre;
Terence *has own'd your aid*; Terence *there the ſlave.*

The invocation, which is uttered by the ſame perſon, is carried on in a maſterly manner, filling the mind with a train of awful ideas, and riſing in a climax of horror to the laſt line.

Hear, from thy ebon throne, profoundeſt night,
Thou and thy gloomy daughters all, that ſmile
On deeds of horror, and on frauds of hell;
That keep the door of black conſpiracy,
And ſnuff the grateful ſcent of human blood;
From Acheron's *ſulphureous banks ariſe,*
And burſting through the barriers of this world,
Stand in dread contraſt to the golden ſun,
And ſpread around your peſtilential blaſts,
That wither every virtue in the bud;
While I tranſport ye, &c.

It will be unneceſſary to remind my readers of the trial-ſcene, which muſt inevitably fire the intelligent mind with a claſſic warmth. A ſmall critic, I am well aware, may ſtart a number of objections to this beautiful ſituation. From men of more reading than himſelf he may hear that the whole ſubſtance of the debate is to be found in LIVY: to a little and malignant ſpirit what a field will

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will this open for cavil and invective? DOCTOR YOUNG may be charged with *plagiarism*; he has done nothing but tranſcribe; let an ancient author furniſh ſentiment, and he can find blank verſe; but why is the doctor to ſell the works of LIVY over again? Such reaſoning does not demand an anſwer. Men of taſte will ſmile to ſee ſo much malevolence ill laid out: they know that occaſional inſertions of the beauties, which are to be found in the fine writers of antiquity, give a grace to all modern compoſition, and have the effect, as ſomebody has obſerved, of ancient ſtatues happily placed in an elegant and well diſpoſed garden.

The trial ſcene, though founded on the pleadings of two oppoſite parties, hasabundant variety. Two different modes of eloquence are introduced, and each ſpeaker adopts the kind, which is beſt ſuited to his own genius and character. Our paſſions are kept in agitation: the powers of oratory are exerted, and the whole is intereſting, warm, and animated. PERSEUS enters abruptly into his ſubject: his ſentences are cloſe and nervous: ſure of convincing the underſtanding by the clearneſs of his diction, he does not condeſcend to addreſs the imagination. It is true, he at one time ſheds tears, but that is only to obviate the eloquence of his brother, who having imbibed the art of *Roman*

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oratory, ſets out in the moſt inſinuating manner. He tries the avenues to the paſſions, and endeavours to win his hearers by perſuaſion. I am ſenſible that this beauty may eſcape the multitude, but, even without this ſecondary pleaſure, the ſcene cannot fail of ſtriking the imagination.

The diſtreſs of *Demetrius* in the fourth and fifth acts bears hard upon our affections. It muſt be a torture to every compaſſionate heart, to ſee him undone by the artifices of villainy. His ſpeech, when diſcovered in priſon, has many affecting ſtrokes,

Ye dungeons deep, ye ſubterranean caves,
Guilt's firſt ſad ſtage, in her dark path to hell,
Receive a gueſt arriv'd from other ſcenes,
From pompous courts, &c.

When he lies dead on the ground, *Philip* delivers himſelf in noble language, and very pathetic ſentiments:

There Philip *fell, there* Macedon *expir'd*;
I ſee the Roman *Eagle hov'ring o'er me,*
And the ſhaft broke, ſhould bring her to the ground.

Were I to mention the faults of this piece, I ſhould ſay, that the diſtreſs, when wound up to the higheſt, is not ſupported by proper ſentiments, and language ſuited to the occaſion. DEMETRIUS and ERIXENE talk in the ſtile of epigram. They endeavour to think ingeniouſly: affliction aims at wit; and inſtead of the true pathetic, we find a falſe glitter of words, and oppoſition of ideas.

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It may be added, that the cataſtrophe is not brought about by thoſe artfull means, which the œconomy of the drama requires. The two lovers, *Demetrius* and *Erixene*, driven indeed to extreme diſtreſs, ſtab themſelves, one after the other, in ſight of the audience. The dagger is a cheap and ready expedient: the poet can always uſe it for his own convenience: but what is done to accommodate the writer, will ſeldom delight the ſpectator. The iſſue of a tragedy, as well as the ſeveral incidents, ſhould be the neceſſary, the inevitable conſequence of antecedent events. Between things that barely follow in ſucceſſion, and things that grow out of one another, there is a wide difference. A ſtory conducted with an unbroken concatination of incidents, calls for the beſt invention. SUICIDE may ſerve in the moment, when a concluſion is wanted: it may end the piece, but it will be without that connection of cauſe and effect, which is the ſecret charm of a well-wrought fable.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice of the propenſity, which the ſmall critics diſcovered at the repreſentation of this piece, to attach themſelves to every trivial circumſtance, which could have the leaſt tendency to excite their mirth. But I muſt inform them that to be unſuſceptible of manly emotions, and at the ſame time to yield to the idle ſenſations of levity and merriment, is the ſign of a little and a frivolous mind.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XXII.

Saturday, March 17, 1752.

Proxima deinde tenent mœſti loca, qui ſibi letum
Inſontes peperére manu, lucemque peroſi
Projecére animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc & pauperiem & duros preferre labores!
Fata obſtant, triplicique palus inamabilis undâ
Alligat, & novies Styx interfuſa coercet.

VIRG.

THE following ſhort, but melancholy letter, came to hand a few days ſince. It has made ſuch an impreſſion upon my ſpirits, that I cannot controul myſelf from laying it before my readers, with a few of thoſe reflections, which aroſe in my mind in conſequence of it.

DEAR SIR,

I now take up the pen to own the receipt of your laſt favour, with the *Gray's-Inn Journal* incloſed. I cannot at preſent prevail upon myſelf to return you an anſwer in form. My thoughts are too much engroſſed by an unhappy event, which, I am perſuaded, will affect your mind very greatly. Our once worthy friend, *Jack* *****, yeſterday evening, after having paſſed the time with his uſual alacrity of ſpirit, went home to his lodging,

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lodging, and clapping a piſtol in his mouth, ſhot himſelf through the head. The noiſe alarmed the family, who inſtantly went up ſtairs, and found him dead. I ſhall write to you more at large very ſhortly. For the preſent, I can only ſubſcribe myſelf,

Yours with great ſincerity,

*****.

The gloomy month of *November* being long ſince paſſed, I imagined that the horrid crime of Suicide would ceaſe, at leaſt till the return of that heavy time of the year. It is certainly a poor deſertion from the dignity of our nature, to ſuffer the preſſure of the atmoſphere, or any other ſublunary incident, to make ſuch an impreſſion on our ſpirits, as to render us avowed enemies to ourſelves. I have heard a popular inſurrection called an unnatural rebellion; but by what name ſhall we ſtigmatize an action, which flies in the face of our Maker, which dares to thwart the diſpenſations of the ſupreme Being, and ſay to eternal Providence, who from the firſt ordained all things for the beſt,

"NOT THINE, BUT MY WILL BE DONE?"

It requires no profuſion of imagery, no bold daring metaphor, no ſtudied hyperbole to repreſent this piece of impiety in its proper colours; it ſtrikes

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ſtrikes at once in its moſt atrocious dye. Were the horror of ſo unnatural a deed ſufficiently attended to, it would teach a due reſignation to the determinations of Heaven, and would prevent that train of evils, from which a thinking mind muſt now ſtart back with diſmay.

If ſelf-preſervation be an active principle in the heart of man, what a perverſion of our faculties, of our reaſon, and our judgement, muſt uſurp the mind of him, who thus runs counter to the very end of his creation! the dignity of the human ſoul is extinguiſhed; the power of reflection is ſuppreſſed, and the very paſſions are thrown off their byaſs; their nature, uſe, and end is perverted; and what before ſought real or apparent pleaſure, or avoided actual and imaginary pain, now by a ſtrange fatality ſeeks its own deſtruction, Anarchy and civil war diſturb the imagination; the man bears his own ſecret enemy in his breaſt; he forms a deſign upon his own life; he has the air-drawn dagger conſtantly before his eyes, and he at length becomes his *own Macbeth*. Not even the bloody purpoſer of determined vengeance on another's head (horrid as the crime appears) is half ſo aſtoniſhing; becauſe he does not carry with him half the abſurdity. The latter has time left him to atone by penitence for his barbarity, whereas the ſuicide

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ſuicide urges precipitantly to the tribunal of his offended God.

The real ſource of this fatal evil is perhaps hard to be aſcertained. If it is not allways the effect of pride, it is ſo ſtrongly tinged with that ſullen paſſion, that we may, in general, pronounce it the ſource of thoſe dreadful calamities ſo often mentioned in our common newſpapers. Self-love is apt to over-rate our rank in the ſcale of being. When once the imagination is ſtruck with the idea of fancied importance, each little trial of adverſity is conſidered as a grievance intolerable; it is too much for the man to bear; he concludes himſelf deſtined for affliction, and, rather than drag a feveriſh life under an huge load of miſery, he proudly reſolves to put an end to his ſufferings, and meaſure out the thread of hit own exiſtence.

For my own part, I cannot look upon any contingence in this world of conſequence ſufficient to urge a man to this extreme of madneſs. Is he reduced to difficulties by inordinate expence? Does the want of fortune prevent him from emerging into the ſtation of life, which his ambition would aſpire to? Let him but examine the happineſs of the affluent; how many ſigh with a full purſe? How many are tortured with diſeaſes, or eaten up with uneaſy paſſions? Have a man's relations

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unworthily withdrawn their protection from him? There are occupations in life in which he may endeavour to ſupport himſelf, without the aſſiſtance of the unfeeling and ungenerous. If he exerts his talents and his induſtry, with any degree of ſucceſs, he will have the ſatisfaction of living independent of thoſe who have deſerted him: ſhould he fail, his honeſt indigence will at all times be a diſgrace to his proud relations; and either way he will be a living affront to his falſe friends.

In ſo polite an age it may not be proper to corroborate what has been advanced, by arguments drawn from religion; but if an heathen may have any weight in the affair, I would inform the man of deſpair, that, there exiſted philoſophers, both in *Greece and Rome*, who ſaw by the light of reaſon only, without the aid of revelation, the ſhocking deformity of the crime here inſiſted upon. PLATO and TULLY were of opinion that men are placed in this world, as ſoldiers upon duty, who have no right to move without the ſummons of the commanding officer. *Virgil* in the words of my motto tells us, that there is a place of retribution for thoſe unhappy wretches, who dare to lay violent hands upon themſelves, and, prodigal of life, precipitate their ſouls into eternity. They would be glad, continues the poet, to bear poverty and the ſharpeſt

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ſharpeſt miſeries, could they again return to life; but the fates forbid them: they have voluntarily ſought the regions of death, and their lot is caſt for ever.

It may be ſaid that theſe tenets, however juſt, and founded in truth and reaſon, had no influence upon ancient manners. Men diſpatched themſelves in defiance of moral theory, and boldly jumped the life to come. The practice among the Romans cannot be denied, but it ſhould be remembered, at leaſt by ENGLISHMEN, that in the good days of the old republic, when the conſtitution flouriſhed, and liberty was in full vigour, the inſtances of ſelf-murder were but rare. CATO died with the dying laws of his country. In ſucceeding times the ſplendor of his name ſpread the example, and if ſuicide grew to be an epidemic vice, it was under the vileſt race of tyrants that ever appeared in the hiſtory of the world. The annals of TACITUS may, in this view, be deemed a regiſter of *ſuicides*. From an infinite number I ſhall ſelect one inſtance. We are told that COCCEIUS NERVA was the favourite of the prince: his parts were bright, and his knowledge extenſive. In the ſcience of the laws, both human and divine, he was deeply verſed. His age was not far advanced, nor was his health impaired. With all theſe advantages, he formed a deſign againſt himſelf,

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ſelf, determined to end his days. *Tiberius* heard of this fatal purpoſe: he viſited his friend; enquired into his motives, expoſtulated, debated the point, and even added the force of entreaty. Why ſhould ſo valuable a life be thrown away? It would embitter the Emperor's days, and diſgrace his memory, were mankind to ſee a perſon, ſo high in the Prince's favour, tired of life, and, without any apparent motive, bent on ſelf-deſtruction. Cocceius heard him, but with diſinclination: he perſevered, and ſtarved himſelf to death. Of ſo deliberate an act the hiſtorian does not aſſign the preciſe motive: the reaſon, probably, was an uncontroulable pride, which ſaw the corruption of the times, and diſdained to live in a ſtate of ſlavery. *Britons* have not the provocation, and of courſe, want the apology. But the apology was not ſufficient in the opinion of Martial, who ſays, upon an occaſion that happened afterwards, that he does not approve of the perſon who ſeeks the praiſe of magnanimity by deſtroying himſelf: let him bear up againſt the preſſures of the world, for in that conſiſts his trueſt glory.

Nolo virum facili redimit qui ſanguine famam;
Hunc volo, laudari qui ſine morte potéſt.

To theſe authorities, I would beg leave to add the ſentiment of our great *Shakeſpear*, who, tho he

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he may be juſtly ſuſpected of Chriſtianity, was ſtill a poet, and therefore may be cited on this occaſion. He has introduced a young Prince, deliberating whether he ſhould extricate himſelf from the troubles of this world, by boldly putting an end to his exiſtence on this ſide of the grave. The point is argued with great ſtrength of reaſoning, and the calamities of life are thrown into the ſcale. After ſtating every thing in the moſt ſtriking colours, a proſpect of futurity opens to the imagination, and the mind ſtarts back from the deſperate act, convinced that it is our duty to bear our portion with fortitude, until Heaven ſhall be pleaſed to put in execution that ſentence of death, which it has paſſed on all mankind.

Who wou'd fardles bear,
To ſweat and groan under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

The poet concludes that *conſcience makes cowards of us all*: it is not ſo in truth; but ſurely it ought to be of force to reſtrain men from an act, as unnatural as it is impious.

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NUMBER. XXIII.

Saturday, March 24, 1752.

An expectas ut Quintilianus ametur?

Juv.

I Went, one morning laſt week, to pay a viſit to a lady, for whom I have always had a very great reſpect. An excurſion which ſhe made into the country, was the occaſion of my not having ſeen her for ſome time, but upon the firſt notice of her return to town, I did myſelf the favour of waiting on her. It was with great ſatisfaction that I perceived her complexion florid to the higheſt degree of health. As I knew ſhe had two ſons at *Eton* ſchool, I enquired after the young gentlemen, and received for anſwer, that the brats were minding their books. "Boys, Mr. *Ranger*, (ſaid ſhe) "are beſt when out of one's way: "they make ſuch a noiſe in an houſe, that there "is no ſuch thing as bearing with them. I hope "they are going on well. But, Sir, you don't "know all my family." Upon this ſhe rung the "bell, and ordered the ſervant to bring down "Miſs *Lucy* and Miſs *Charlotte*, and then conti- "nued Mrs. *Bizarre*, they are quite jealous of "one another; Miſs *Lucy* has taken a notion in "her head that *Charlotte* is my favourite, and "*Charlotte* equally ſuſpects my propenſity to *Lucy*;

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" *Lucy*; but upon my word, it is without foun-
" dation; I give them no manner of reaſon.
" Well, now I think it would be quite wrong in
" me to make any difference, when they are both
" deſerving. I vow and proteſt, I love them
" both alike. I can't think how ſome folks can
" be ſo: to be ſure it is commonly the cauſe of
" great uneaſineſs in families, and the little things
" are unhappy in their minds. Lard, I wonder
" what keeps them above ſo long." On a ſud-
den the parlour door was thrown open. As I did
not recollect that Mrs. *Bizarre* had any daugh-
ters, I advanced with ſome degree of impatience
to ſalute the young ladies: to my great ſurprize,
the maid introduced two very ugly monkeys, dreſſed
out in the niceſt manner, with *Paris* caps, and
well-choſen petonlair and petticoat.

This diſappointment flung me into ſome con-
fuſion: I retired in a very aukward manner to
my chair. " There, Mr. *Ranger*, (reaſſumed
" the lady) this is Miſs *Lucy* and this is Miſs
" *Charlotte*. Pray, Sir, don't you think they
" have very pretty turned faces? There's a fa-
" mily likeneſs, I think: they are the only com-
" fort I have. Pray, *Molly*, did Miſs *Lucy* take
" the manna as the doctor ordered? Lord, I was

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" frighted out of my wits yeſterday, the poor thing
" was ſo ſeverely pained with the cholic: and Miſs
" *Charlotte* has been coughing all the morning;
" I hope it won't fall upon her lungs. They are
" the ſweeteſt creatures in the world: where's
" your curtſey, Miſs, when a gentleman ſpeaks to
" you? She is abſolutely, Mr. *Ranger*, the greateſt
" prude in *London*. She quarrels with the maid,
" if ſhe but leaves her breaſt the leaſt uncovered;
" and you know the faſhion is now to ſhew as low
" as one poſſibly can. Her ſiſter there, Miſs
" *Charlotte*, ſhe is the violenteſt coquet in nature.
" *Molly*, give that fan. See how ſhe handles it.
" Soft affectation plays about her twiſted neck, as
" it is in the play. Don't you think ſhe has fine
" eyes? Well, did you ever ſee ſuch a pretty
" mouth? And the fineſt teeth! I am afraid ſhe
" is a little inclined to be fat. She'll never be taller.
" Lard, Mr. *Ranger*, I wiſh I could get her a huſ-
" band; I ſhould be glad to ſee her well ſettled—
" he, he, he.——Now, I have a queer notion in
" my head. Do you know that I have a huſband
" in my eye for her? Gueſs who it is? There is
" *Tom Titmouſe*, who is always biting his lips, and
" never has a bit of his ſhoe ſeen above his buc-
" kle; and *Billy Wirewig*, who always ſtinks of
" perfume; or *Jemmy Doll*, with the delicate com-
" plexion, and the little mincing ſtep; but it is

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" not any of them. O fie, the frights! do you " think I wonld accept of any of 'em? I aſſure, " you, Sir, I refuſed a much better offer. I could " have had captain *Jeſſamy* of the guards, but I " have a finer thought in my head now. Was you " ever at *Mother Midnight*'s? To be ſure you was, " he, he, he. Well, for certain, I am a comical " woman. You remember the pretty dear crea- " ture, that ſits at ſupper on the right hand—— " he, he, he, it came into my mind the moment " I ſaw the dear fellow, that it would be a good " match; and ſo now, as I don't know where to " ſend, I have drawn up an advertiſement which I " intend to put into the papers—here, you may " read it, Sir."

" If the monkey, that ſat on the right hand at " *Mother Midnight*'s, and drank a glaſs of wine, " after bowing to the company, has no averſion to " matrimony; he is deſired to call at *May-Fair* " chapel, and he will hear of ſomething to his ad- " vantage."

Upon peruſal of this extraordinary advertiſe- ment, I endeavoured to expoſtulate with the good lady. I remonſtrated, that it would appear to the world the moſt whimſical thing that was ever practiſed. Mrs. *Bizarre* could not bear to be

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touched in ſo tender a point: ſhe told me with ſome vehemence, that monkeys have often more ſenſe than many of the human ſpecies; and I believe the diſpute would have riſen high between us, had not an accident put an end to it.

While we were engaged in converſation, a quarrel happened between the two young ladies. In a moment Miſs *Lucy* tore off Miſs *Charlotte*'s cap. The compliment was returned in kind, and the battle was carried on with great eagerneſs on both ſides, attended with violent ſcreamings, with bouncing about the room, leaping on chairs and tables, and flying violently in our faces. All the ornaments on the mantle-piece were broke to ſhatters and ſhivers. The china figures, which before ſeemed to breathe and think, came trembling down. *Woodward* and Mrs. *Clive*, who repreſented their different characters in *Lethe*, ſhared the general wreck: Mrs. *Bizarre*'s face was ſcratched in ſeveral places, and ſhe loſt in the fray a very elegant pair of *Dreſden* ruffles.

Prudence directed me to eſcape from this ſtrange ſcene. As ſoon as I found myſelf in my chambers, I could not help reflecting on the whimſical turn of mind, which diſpoſed the lady to fix her heart on ſuch a diſagreeable race of animals. When

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When a woman becomes an apoſtate from the laws of nature, and diveſts herſelf of the proper ornaments of her ſex, ſhe is as great an exotic as any in her collection of wild beaſts. I believe, the pangs of jealouſy would be much keener in a huſband's breaſt, were he to find himſelf rivalled by a monkey; and for ſuch a ſet of odious creatures to ſee a perſon neglect her own children, is ſo fantaſtical a circumſtance, that ſome of my readers may perhaps think the exiſtence of ſuch a character improbable; but there are frequent inſtances of it in this town.

To regulate and govern the imagination, is recommended by a *Greek* philoſopher, as a point of moment in the conduct of life. The imagination is the livelieſt faculty of the ſoul: it gives to all objects the hue and colour, which they ſeemingly wear; and we love and hate, hope and fear, according to the ſcenes which are pictured to our fancy. It is this which makes *Quixotilla* call aloud for a cork; and under due government is the ſource of that ſprightly taſte and juſt ſenſe of things, which is remarkable in *Angelica*. It is this which gives new graces to her beauty, irradiates her whole countenance, and in all ſcenes and circumſtances of life renders her the moſt amiable of her ſex.

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To cultivate, therefore, and cheriſh the natural affections; to direct them to worthy objects; to keep them all in harmony, ſo that not one of them ſhall grow out of due proportion, or contract any whimſical habit, is the beſt preſerver and beautifier of the female form. It gives that pleaſing turn of mind which we call ſweetneſs of temper; prevents wrinkles, and gives an agreeable air to the whole perſon, as a few of the ſex have experienced; and as ſuch is this day recommended to all the female readers of this paper.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXIV.

Saturday, March 31, 1753.

--- --- *Galeatum ſerò duelli*
Pœnitet --- ---

JUV.

CONSIDERING the ſtate of warfare an author enters into, when he firſt takes a pen in hand, and the number of *Goths* and *Vandals* that infeſt every age, ready to wage a barbarous war upon defenceleſs wit; I have been punctually three times a week at a celebrated fencing-ſchool, in order to perfect myſelf in the noble ſcience of defence. The maſter of this place underſtands the method of killing as well as any gentleman of the faculty, but his temper of mind renders him leſs inclinable to put it in practice. He allows me to be a very good figure on the ground; ſays, I ſtand an excellent attitude, and adds, that when I bring myſelf to do things not ſo much in a hurry, I ſhall fence as well as any angry boy in *England*. I muſt own, that I am apt to advance and retreat in too precipitate a manner. The warmth of this violent exerciſe throws my ſpirits into ſuch a flurry, that I ſometimes cannot avoid doing miſchief. I have already put out a gentleman's

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man's eye, diſlocated three of another's teeth, and broke my foil upon the ſmall ribs of a third. If I proceed in this manner, I begin to be apprehenſive about the conſequences which may ariſe from unforeſeen accidents, and therefore I am now determined to entrench myſelf from inſults within one of the reſolutions, which I formed upon the commencement of this paper, namely, not to deſerve ill of any man.

It would be well if all the individuals in ſociety would enter into a reciprocal agreement to obſerve the ſame principle in their deportment: we might then ſee that harmony ſubſiſt, which as ſociable beings it is our intereſt to promote. All ſurly moroſeneſs would be baniſhed; and in ſhort, this ſingle rule, of deſerving ill from no man, would prevent thoſe animoſities, which too frequently hurry men, otherwiſe well diſpoſed, to violate all laws, both human and divine.

The common rules of good breeding are ſufficient in other countries to reſtrain a fiery ſpirit within due bounds. But in England the laws of civility are not diffuſed. We live in a vicious gratification of our private humours. A ſelfiſh ſpirit is condemned in ethics as the cauſe of many vices: it is of no leſs evil influence in the *petites morales*, or *leſſer morals*. When a narrow regard

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to a man's own ſenſations gains the aſcendant, and none will recede from their equal right of having their own way, it is not to be wondered that ill humours ſhould ſour the temper, and that frequent quarrels ſhould ariſe.

Philipſus has taken it into his head, that to be briſk and ſhining in converſation, is the moſt elegant accompliſhment. He has ſpent moſt of his time in the acquirement of ſomething, which he calls wit, but in the eyes of men of ſenſe, is only a petulant pertneſs, very annoying to his company. *Philipſus* has laid it down as a maxim, that he muſt upon all occaſions diſplay his favourite talent. He would rather at any time loſe his friend than his joke. *Antiphaus* is an abſolute enemy to all pretenſions to be ſhining: converſation with him, muſt be in a plain ſenſible manner; he will neither give nor take a joke; hence theſe two are conſtantly at variance, and it is imagined by their friends, that the affair muſt be at laſt decided behind *Montague-houſe*.

I have often wondered how men can be ſuch enemies to their pleaſures, as to be thus obſtinately bent on the indulgence of their own private whimſies, without abating any thing from their pretenſions, in order to contribute to the felicity of their neighbours. The ſocial paſſions afford

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afford more real delight, than any ſelfiſh gratifications; the latter are ſure to occaſion a narrowneſs of ſpirit, while the former expand the faculties of the mind, and receive addition from being communicated, like the ſun painting the hemiſphere with ſtreaks of light, which ſerve to adorn his way, and augment the glory of his career. In a ſtate of mutual dependance, which Nature has allotted to us all, it is not to be imagined that any one will pay the leaſt deference to our eaſe and happineſs, unleſs in return we recede a little from our own humours, and purchaſe that complacence, which every one deſires to meet with in his intercourſe with ſociety.

But all reſtraint upon our conduct ſeems to be thrown off. Hence recourſe is had to duelling, to decide differences between thoſe, who have renounced the guidance of reaſon. The *Romans* knew nothing of this modern practice, which is entirely of *French* growth, and, like many of the faſhions of that country, ſhould be exploded from all civilized nations. And yet, by the advices which I receive from *Ireland*, this barbarous cuſtom ſeems to be fully eſtabliſhed throughout that kingdom. It is conſidered as the accompliſhment that completes the fine gentleman. He, who has not killed his man, or lodged a ball in the

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the *abdomen*, is conſidered as an equivocal character: About ſomething, or nothing, every man muſt be ready to go *to the ſod*. The field, indeed, is not always neceſſary: the firſt coffee-houſe, or tavern, anſwers the purpoſe. A gentleman juſt arrived from Dublin informs me, that while he was eating a morſel of dinner at a tavern in Damaſk ſtreet, the bell which hung over the middle of the table, was on a ſudden thrown into violent motion: "Pray don't mind it, Sir," cries the waiter, "it is only two gentlemen ſkirmiſhing in "the next room, and one of them has fired thro' "the wainſcoat, and hit the bell." The ſame gentleman tells me that the cauſe of quarrel is generally of little moment: you may fight in Ireland becauſe you will, or will not drink the glorious and immortal memory of *Oliver Cromwell*; or becauſe your grandmother died a Papiſt, or, as the caſe may be, becauſe you are a True-blue, and deteſt a Papiſt. In ſhort, you may acquire great fame, in that country, upon very eaſy terms. If you do not underſtand a gentleman's meaning, it is allowed, that, without further ceremony, you may cut his throat. The woman at *Lucas*'s coffee-houſe, I am told, ſtands fire like a war-houſe: ſhe gives you change of a guinea, with great coolneſs, in the midſt of a fray:" "twelve ſhillings, "thirteen, fourteen——there's a piſtol gone off! "—fifteen,

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" ——fifteen, ſixteen, ſeventen——what is it
" about?——nineteen, twenty, twenty-one;——
" I am ſorry the gentleman is dead;——there's
" your full change."

Mr. *Addiſon*, in his elegant poem, entitled the *Campaign*, has given a definition which it may be proper to cite on this occaſion.

True courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the Soul, by Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by Reaſon, and by Reaſon cool'd.

I never yet heard of an affair between two gentlemen, according to the polite phraſe, but one, or both of them were egregiouſly in the wrong. If, inſtead of determining wilfully to ſupport matters of no moment, people could be brought to canvaſs their differences with ſome degree of temper, we ſhould not often have advices from *Marybone Fields*, or any of the uſual ſcenes of action. To evince this, I ſhall conclude with the following ſtory. I was once in company at a tavern, when after much mirth and feſtivity, one of the party, who had been ſilent almoſt the whole night, accoſted a gentleman, who had contributed greatly to our entertainment by a lively vein of fancy peculiar to him, in the following words.

" Sir,

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" Sir, (ſays he, taking him by the button) I have " ſomething to communicate to you: I have ob- " ſerved, Sir, that you have been very facetious " all night, you have run your rig upon me, Sir, " and ſo ——I deſire you will meet me to-morrow " morning in *Pancras* Burying-ground."——A blood of the town would perhaps have been fired at this propoſal; but my friend received it with great compoſure, and with a mixture of jeſt and earneſt in his countenance, whiſpered, " In *Pan-* " *cras* Burying-ground, Sir?" " Yes, Sir, in " *Pancras* Burying-ground." —— " Very well, " Sir; muſt I bring my ſhroud with me?"

The pleaſantry of the queſtion excited a general laugh. The angry gentleman joined in the chorus, and, as ſoon as he recovered from his fit of merriment, exclaimed, " Give me your hand. I will never meet you, but on a party of pleaſure, and to that you may command me whenever you pleaſe."

NUMBER

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NUMBER XXV.

Saturday, April 7, 1753.

Scimus inurbanum Lepido ſeponere dicto.
HOR.

I Have in a former paper delivered my ſentiments concerning the notable art of Humbugging, as it is called in the language now in vogue; and no man, I believe, retains a doubt but that a practice ſo ſenſeleſs, and, indeed, ſo miſchievous, ought, for the intereſt of ſociety, to be exploded from every company. It is my intention to throw together this day ſome curſory reflections upon RAILLERY, not becauſe it is, like the former, of ſpurious birth, or a mean and illiberal talent, but on the contrary, becauſe Raillery is a ſharp and nice weapon, not to be truſted to the hand of every bungler, who chuſes to play with edge tools. Certain it is, there are but few properly qualified to exerciſe this talent. There is hardly any thing that requires ſo fine an underſtanding, or calls for ſo much delicacy in the exertion of it. But as matters are generally managed, there is nothing ſo coarſe as the attempts of thoſe, who are ambitious of ſhining in converſation, and are therefore determined to banter mankind into an exalted

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exalted opinion of their accompliſhments. The utmoſt that can be allowed this race of wits, is to join in the general laugh: if mirth be going forward, they may very properly be admitted to partake of the feſtivity, without vainly pretending to take the lead, or to engroſs the converſation: as the uninformed country ſquire ſhould not be ſuffered by the maſter of the ceremonies in a polite aſſembly, to come forward in a minuet, where the graces of movement are required, though he may be tolerated to romp in a country dance, and diſplay all the gambols of his unfaſhioned activity.

——— *Nec cum ſis cætera foſſor*
Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri moveare Bathylli.

Were I to define Raillery, I ſhould call it a delicate exertion of pleaſantry upon the foibles, the ſlight indiſcretions, the miſtaken opinions, or even the virtues of men, when carried to ſome degree of exceſs. No tincture of ill-nature muſt be ſuffered to mingle in the compoſition of raillery. Good manners muſt allways be the predominant quality. No man has any degree of right to invade another's inward peace. A well turned mind will always decline any thing that comes home to the boſom of any perſon, with whom he is willing to enter into ſociety. Whatever may tend to

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create diſeſteem in the circle of our acquaintance, or to throw a ridiculous light upon a character; whatever may excite uneaſy ſenſations by touching upon circumſtances, about which it is poſſible a perſon may have a tender feeling, though in their own nature, they are not of any material importance; in ſhort, all topics, but ſuch, as we are convinced the object of our merriment will give up, are carefully to be avoided. It will be always expedient ſo to glide gently over the affected part, that the wound may appear to be probed by a ſkilful hand. DRYDEN throws a light upon this ſubject by a familiar ſtory. He tells us it was the boaſt of Jack Ketch's wife, that any body can tuck a man up and put him clumſily to death, but to do it with dexterity, and make the culprit die an eaſy, pleaſant death, was only the genteel qualification of her huſband. In like manner it requires no very ſhining abilities to inform our neighbour of his oddities, or point out to him his indiſcretions; but to open his eyes, and let in the light without rendering it painful to him; to give a ſenſe of the foible, without diſturbing the natural complacence, with which every one is willing to behold himſelf, is a taſk which requires more elegance and refinement than happens to fall to the ſhare of every individual. And yet there is no going any where without meeting pretenders in this

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this way: every quarter of the town abounds with men of raillery, and to all thoſe it is neceſſary to render an account of our actions, our friends, our attachments, our cloaths, our walk, and what not? Of theſe lively and pleaſant companions the miſfortune is, that they have at ſome time or other ſeen a man of wit, who had the addreſs to promote the mirth of his company. What is well done too frequently occaſions a number of imitators; and every blockhead, who has laughed at the ſallies of a briſk and lively fancy, ſees no reaſon why he ſhould not for the future divert his company, and be conſidered as the maſter of the joke; like the monkey in the fable, who ſaw a gentleman ſhave himſelf, admiring the turn of his wriſt, and the dexterity of every ſtroke. The operation being finiſhed, and the gentleman gone, without laying up his utenſils, *Otho* mounts the table, fixes himſelf before the glaſs and flouriſhes the razor with mimic ſkill, till unfortunately he cut his jaw acroſs, and then too late found the danger of playing with edge tools.

I have drawn up an allegorical account of the birth and parentage of *Raillery*, which, I think, may ſerve to lay before the reader its ſeveral efficient qualities.

GOOD SENSE and RIDICULE were joined in wedlock: the offspring of their marriage was Hu-

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MOUR, who for a long time roved about *Parnaſſus*, placing the follies and whims of mankind in ſuch a light, as never failed to excite mirth in the ſynod of *Apollo* and the Muſes. At length happening to wander out of bounds, HUMOUR met on the borders of *Parnaſſus*, juſt upon the verge of worldly commerce, a certain lady known by the name of ILL-NATURE. Drawn in by falſe allurements and a glavering ſmile, which ILL-NATURE always wore upon her countenance, HUMOUR offered propoſals of marriage, which were carried without delay into execution, and in nine months time RAILING was uſhered into the world. With a ſmall mixture of his father's qualities ſtrongly blended with the complexional habits of his mother, RAILING grew up in the practice of expoſing the infirmities of all who came in his way. Without reſtraint he took unbecoming liberties, ſowed the ſeeds of diſcontent in every breaſt, and in time began to diſturb the harmony of the ſacred Nine. *Thalia* conceived an averſion to him, and in order to mend the breed, preferred a petition to *Apollo* to divorce HUMOUR from his wife ILL-NATURE.

After a full hearing of the cauſe, *Apollo* iſſued out his edict of ſeparation. HUMOUR could not live ſingle, and in a ſhort time made another match, which, as good luck would have it, turned out

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out better than the former. His ſecond wife's name was WIT, a lady of great vivacity, and abounding in ſurprizing turns in all her converſation. She hardly could ſee any thing, but her way was inſtantly to compare it to ſome other ſubject, and ſhe frequently would make her auditors laugh by pointing out a latent reſemblance in things, which ſeemed in their own nature abſolutely repugnant to each other. Contrary to the practice of modern life, her principal endeavour was to ſet off her huſband. Fond of variety in her dreſs, ſhe would upon many occaſions lend her beſt apparel to HUMOUR, who never failed to look moſt engaging, when WIT contributed her ornaments. HUMOUR, in his turn, gave additional embelliſhments to his wife, and both reflected a reciprocal luſtre upon each other. They continued in a ſtate of mutual fondneſs, and their faithful love was in time rewarded with a tender daughter, who was immediately called, with the general conſent, by the name of RAILLERY. The MUSES cheriſhed her in their boſoms. As ſoon as ſhe began to talk, ſhe was the delight of Parnaſſus. In her converſation ſhe diſcovered a propenſity to her father's way of thinking, but with a conſiderable abatement of his ſeverity. The mother's delicacy ſhe poſſeſſed entire. Whenever ſhe touched upon any thing, like her, ſhe endeavoured to give it an agreeable colouring. In this habit ſhe was further con-

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firmed by POLITENESS, a collateral relation by the mother's ſide, who took upon her the care of her manners, and inſtructed her perfectly in all the ſecondary qualities or leſſer morals, which are commonly known by the name of good breeding. Confirmed in theſe principles, RAILLERY was, at a mature age, truſted abroad into the world, where ſhe had not been long before ſhe was careſſed by the courtly *Horace*, who took her home to his own houſe, introduced her to *Mecænas*, and found her of ſingular ſervice in all his writings. At the demiſe of that bard, RAILLERY wandered a vagrant up and down, till at length ſhe took it into her head to viſit *Boileau* in *Paris*; from whence ſhe came over to *England*, and reſided for many years with ADDISON, under whoſe roof ſhe became acquainted with STEELE, and made now and then an excurſion to paſs ſome time with Mr. POPE at *Twickenham*. At preſent, it is ſaid, that ſhe is taken into keeping by a certain noble Earl, of whom ſhe is ſo enamoured, that it is confidently reported, ſhe will not quit his company, though he is now in danger of becoming deaf; and it is further ſaid, that ſhe will ſtick by him to his laſt breath; but at that unhappy juncture, what will become of her, nobody can pretend to determine.

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NUMBER XXVI.

Saturday, April 14, 1753.

Ingrediturque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.

VIRG.

THERE are few terms, which are applied with greater impropriety, than thoſe characteriſtical appellations, which men uſually beſtow on their acquaintance, or on others, in whoſe company and converſation they may at any time have been caſually engaged. Every character, indeed, is formed by the prevalence of ſome particular paſſion, which influences the temper, and gives a caſting weight to the genius of the perſon in whom it ſubſiſts. But no rules that I know of, have been yet laid down, nor is there any certain ſtandard which ſhould fix the degree of elevation, to which the ruling paſſion muſt neceſſarily riſe, before it can have ſtrength ſufficient to determine the character.

The reader muſt, however, be informed, that I am not ſpeaking of thoſe moral qualifications, or endowments of the heart, which ſpeculative writers have taken ſo much idle pains to adorn and recommend; and which men of ſenſe, or men of

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the world, have unanimouſly agreed in rejecting, as unworthy of their ſerious notice. The qualities I mean are pure virtues of the head or face; properties, which enable the poſſeſſor to aſſume a ſolemn aſpect at incidents, which ſet the reſt of the table in a roar; or to interrupt what is truly ſerious and grave, by impertinent queſtions of levity and mirth; or laſtly, to condemn and cavil, when all the world ſees the higheſt reaſons for applauſe and admiration. The effects which theſe cauſes produce in life, however various and complicated in their appearance, may be reduced to three general ſources of wit, humour, and criticiſm, and as the pretenders to theſe ſeveral qualities are infinite in number, I have determined on a certain ſtandard, in order to regulate and adjuſt their claims. The method I propoſe is, to decide their different pretenſions by the height and ſtature of the body.

And leſt this ſhould be conſidered as a wild, chimerical deſign, I muſt beg leave to aſſure my reader, that the theory I am forming is built upon the lateſt diſcoveries, and moſt uncontroverted principles of true philoſophy. It is poſſible, however, that perſons of an over-refining curioſity may be able to raiſe ſome objections to what I am going to advance: but as every thing is liable to be

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be called in queſtion by thoſe who are diſpoſed to cavil, they will give me but little pain upon that head. The plaineſt truths have been diſputed: the moſt extravagant opinions have been fortunate enough to meet with their advocates and admirers. Now, I would have ſuch people recollect what are the general apprehenſions ariſing in the mind, on the ſight of an uncommon ſtature; and how favourable, withal, even the notions of the vulgar are to an unuſual height of perſon. Is it not commonly ſuppoſed, that men of this ſuperior eminence poſſeſs as ſuperior parts, and extraordinary degrees of merit? From this principle, my little friend of *Drury-Lane* is univerſally cenſured, as falling ſhort of a true hero, by near half a foot; whilſt his more aſpiring antagoniſt is allowed to have all the neceſſary dimenſions, required both by antient and modern precedents, to conſtitute the heroic character.

It is an axiom in philoſophy, which few, I hope, will be ſo hardy as to deny, that the ſoul is all and all in every part. From hence it is obvious, that the body, which is a covering only for the ætherial particle that is lodged within it, muſt neceſſarily receive its dimenſions from the vigour of the ſpirit, which actuates the exterior frame. The greater the portion of fire with which this

ſpirit

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ſpirit is endued, its elaſtic qualities will be proportionably ſtronger; and the dimenſions of the body will be protruded to a ſize, exactly of the ſame dimenſions with the ſoul which informs it. On this ſimple hypotheſis, which I imagine cannot be eaſily diſproved, I proceed to ſettle the reſpective qualifications of the different pretenders, who have been mentioned above.

In the firſt place, thoſe, who with gentle *William* in the play, boaſt themſelves not on account of their wiſdom, but as they have a *pretty wit*, do not exceed the loweſt degree of our appointed ſtandard. It is not in nature, that ſuch perſons can riſe in their ſtature, above the height of five feet and ſix inches. For wit, which is merely an exerciſe of the tongue, doth not require the ſame bulk and dimenſions, which are eſſential to qualifications of a ſuperior order. It is evidently a much leſs exertion of the interior faculties, than what is productive of that talent which we call humour. Hence we muſt advance a little in our ſtandard; and can admit no one to be a man of real humour, who does not come up to the full height of five feet and eight inches; and this ſmall progreſſion is the more allowable, as a conſiderable part of humour is frequently expreſſed by ſuch feats of body, as require ſome little degree

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gree of ſize and ſtrength. Giving a friend a violent and unexpected ſlap upon the back, or the dexterous leaping over chairs and tables, have been often regarded as ſo many undoubted ſigns of genuine humour; and are generally agreed to denote a moſt facetious vein of pleaſantry in the authors of ſuch exquiſite jokes. It will ſometimes further happen, that theſe two qualities may be blended in the ſame perſon; as I doubt not but many of my readers can recollect ſeveral of their acquaintance, who are your only men of wit and humour. Now this conjunction manifeſtly implies a much ſuperior energy of ſoul; and conſequently a ſtill higher advancement in our ſcale of characteriſtic excellencies. Theſe candidates for fame will accordingly riſe two inches above thoſe who are mentioned laſt; and none are to paſs under this denomination for the future, but thoſe, whoſe height is five feet ten. For theſe qualities, when thus united, will frequently exert themſelves in ſtrokes of gallantry and mirth, which are ſo much the more honourable as they are dangerous to the perſon or the purſe of the ingenious artiſt, who has the courage or curioſity to attempt the experiment. The demoliſhing of windows, knocking down of watchmen, bilking of waiters at places of entertainment, with other inſtances of the like kind, are very laudable

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and convincing proofs of theſe compound qualities reſiding together in the ſame habitation. The laſt quality, which greatly overtops the reſt, and is indeed the crown and perfection of all, is the wonderful and moſt ingenious faculty of modern criticiſm. And as this is, in the moſt exalted maner, the gift of nature, whoever has the happineſs to be born a true critic, is at leaſt ſix feet complete. A critic is the maſter-piece and nobleſt work of nature; and may juſtly be expected to bear about him ſome diſtinguiſhing tokens, which will enable a ſpectator, at firſt view, to acknowledge and revere his merits. Hence ſhe has beſtowed on him a more than ordinary portion of the *daring* and *tremendous*; and theſe would appear to very little effect in a perſon of leſs dimenſions, than thoſe which we have here aſſigned him. The wit may be pert and ſanguine; the man of honour confident or overbearing; but it is the critic alone, who glares horribly terrific. His every look freezes the young author's blood: at the ſound of his voice, the rooted ſeats have been known to be torn from the ground, and hurled violently through the air, in furious and wild commotion. Phænomena, like theſe, can only be produced by that iron ſtrength of lungs, and brazen audacity of figure, which nature

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ture has ſo liberally imparted to the modern critic.

It will be neceſſary to obviate an objection ariſing from popular prejudice, that the ſcience of criticiſm being to examine into the merits of all productions of genius and learning, it does not ſeem to demand the ſize and dimenſions which I have made eſſential to the character: but the objectors, I apprehend, are miſtaken in the end of modern criticiſm; and have not, perhaps, duly reflected on the neceſſary qualities to diſcharge the province they are deſirous of alloting it. To execute that taſk, would require a moderate portion of ſenſe, taſte, and judgment, under the direction of modeſty and candour; talents ſo little practiſed by thoſe who have taken up the occupation of a critic, that they appear on all occaſions not to have the leaſt conception of them. Whoever will give himſelf leave to conſider, that the character of a critic, a wit, and a man of humour, in the preſent eſtimation of the world, is ſupported wholly by mechanical operations, in which the underſtanding has no manner of ſhare, every ſuch perſon will eaſily agree with me, that the ſureſt method to diſcover thoſe characters, muſt be taken from that part which is principally concerned; and as we can truly judge from outward

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ward appearances alone, I have ſhewed to a demonſtration, that the ſtature of a perſon is the only infallible criterion, by which we can decide, on the juſtneſs of his pretenſions; and that no one for the future can have any right to either of thoſe characters, but whoſe dimenſions will exactly tally with the meaſure of this ſtandard.

Having now ſettled the true criterion, by which we are to eſtimate the ſeveral talents above-mentioned, I now think proper to give public notice, that I ſhall very ſhortly iſſue an edict for a general ſhew, or appearance of all the critics, wits, and men of humour within this metropolis, and five miles round it. The place of rendezvous will be the *Piazzas* in *Covent-Garden*. I propoſe to attend in perſon for the juſt determination of their reſpective merits. No one ſhall pretend to paſs himſelf on the world as a critic, who does not ſubmit to this meaſurement, and afterwards he is to be reputed accordingly. The name of every perſon will be carefully entered in a regiſter to be kept at the *Bedford* coffee-houſe, to which every man will have the liberty of appealing in caſe of a diſpute. Mr. *Ranger*, out of conſideration to the circumſtances of the ſaid critics, wits, and others, generouſly remits his own fees, and requires only one ſhilling to be given his clerk, as a perquiſite for his trouble.

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NUMBER XXVII.

Saturday, April 21, 1753.

Jure etenim id ſummum, quid dexter ſenio ferret,
Scire erat in voto, damnoſa canicula quantum
Raderet, anguſtæ collo non fallier orcæ.

PERSIUS.

AFTER ſauntering for ſome time the other morning in *Gray's-Inn-Gardens*, I withdrew to the edifice raiſed by the great Sir *Francis Bacon*. I had ſcarcely ſeated myſelf, when I perceived an elderly gentleman haſtening towards me. He was of a ruddy, hale complexion, but had the air of one ſomewhat diſconcerted in his mind. Scraping the ground with one leg drawn backwards, and holding out his hat at arm's length, he heſitated a deſire to know if I was Mr. *Ranger*, the entertaining writer. Upon anſwering him in the affirmative, with regard to the name, and at the ſame time expreſſing ſome doubt about the compliment made to me as an author, the gentleman immediately looked grave, and ſhaking his head, "Aye, Sir, ſays he, you are the "very man I want: I muſt be a little trouble-"ſome to you for your advice in an affair that "weighs

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" weighs heavily on my ſpirits; and a friend has " adviſed me to apply to Mr. *Ranger* for his opi- " nion." I aſſured the gentleman of my inclination to ſerve him, and as I perceived he had not yet diveſted himſelf of his diffidence, I begged of him to proceed without any farther ceremony: he complied, and went on as follows.

" My name, Sir, is *Oldcaſtle*, of *Oldcaſtle-hall*, " in the north of *England*. Nothing but an af- " fair of conſequence ſhould have brought me " upwards of two hundred miles to town. I " have fetched my eldeſt ſon up with me, as I " think of putting him to ſomething: a wounded " ſharp boy he is; he's a Tartar for your *Greek* " and your *Latin*, and the beſt mimick in the " world; odds my life, he'd mimick all the wag- " goners as he came along the road. But that's " neither here nor there. I now think it time, " as I told you, to put him to buſineſs. I have " a large family, and but a ſmall eſtate was hand- " ed to me by my anceſtors. The land was ſur- " veyed in the time of *Queen Elizabeth*, and there " is juſt the ſame number of acres to this day. I " would have my ſon be the firſt of his family " that improved it, and then he may help me to " provide for his brother and ſiſters. But look " ye, Sir, in this large town, I am mainly puzzled " what

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" what to put him to; I am afraid I have made " ſuch another journey to *London* as Sir *Francis* " *Wrongbead*, and unleſs ſome ſuch good gentle- " man as you aſſiſts me, I muſt go back in the " old ſqueaking ſtage-coach without doing my " buſineſs. If you pleaſe, I'll ſtep and fetch " *Dicky*, he's at the *Bull* and *Gate Inn*, and will be " here in a crack." Here he pauſed for a reply. As the matter he conſulted me upon was of no ſmall importance, I begged leave to be ſilent for the preſent, and promiſed I would give him an anſwer in this day's lucubration. Mr. *Oldcaſtle* was perfectly ſatisfied. He withdrew in the fullneſs of his joy, after aſſuring me that he would always read my paper, and that he would leave orders with the publiſher to ſend it to his houſe in the country every *Saturday* for the future.

The direction of a young gentleman's genius to any particular profeſſion, is a point of more conſequence, than perhaps appears to the inattentive. To this ſtep is often to be imputed the happineſs or miſery of the perſon in the enſuing part of his days. This circumſtance in life, is not unlike what we ſee at a bowling-green, where, before a man plays off, he ſhould conſider the byaſs of his bowl, and if it is delivered with judgment, it makes its way to the deſired point; but if there

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ſhould be too much rapidity in the outſet, or if a proper degree of force ſhould be wanting to forward it, it either runs beyond the mark, or lags in the middle of its progreſs. On this account it is no eaſy matter to adviſe upon ſo delicate a point as I have now to handle.

I have conſidered all the profeſſions, and I really think them very precarious. Many great eſtates and eminent titles have been derived from the law; but it is now reduced to ſuch a ſtate, that without very great friends, a perſon poſſeſſed of the talents of a *Murray*, ſhall never riſe to any degree of eminence. With regard to phyſick, a genius may ſpend his time in ſaving the lives of his patients in garrets, and doing real ſervices to mankind, without any emolument to himſelf, while *Doctor Slaughter* puts his licence to kill in execution upon thouſands of his Majeſty's well-diſpoſed ſubjects, and lolls at eaſe in his chariot.

In the army, it is to be feared, preferment goes more by intereſt, than merit. There is not a wind can blow from any quarter of the heavens, but fills the merchant's imagination with pictured ſcenes of ſhipwreck; and while he breaks the ſeal of a letter, he trembles for fear of receiving the news of ſome correſpondent's failure. I know

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at this very moment a perſon in the city little ſhort of fourſcore: he has been allways conſidered as a good man upon 'Change. His life has gone on in one unwearied tenor of application and induſtry. He has been regularly, for forty years together, at *Lloyd*'s coffee-houſe every morning at ſix, to learn the news from the ſeveral ſea-ports throughout England. His table has been allways hoſpitable, but with due frugality. And yet, after all his pains, this very perſon is now a bankrupt; and at his age has the world to begin over again.

There is, however, a way of life, which I cannot help thinking the moſt eligible. Not to keep the reader in ſuſpence, the occupation I mean is that of a gameſter. After mature deliberation, the gentlemen of this calling ſeem to me to be in poſſeſſion of greater advantages than any of the others, and the inconveniencies attending them, are not upon a balance with the conveniences.

A gameſter, from a conſtant habit of venturing large ſums upon the turning up of a card, or a die, acquires that thorough diſregard for money, which is ſo much recommended by the philoſophers. In the words of *Salluſt*, he is *alieni appe-*

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tens, ſui profuſus; at the ſame time that he is deſirous of his friends ſubſtance, he has the pleaſure of being profuſe in his own private gratifications. Inſtead of creeping through life with that mediocrity of ſpirit which depreſſes the man of buſineſs, the gameſter lives with an eclat: *Ryan, Venable,* or *Tomkyns,* ſupply him with his wines, and he is every hour gaining an inſight into men and manners. As rude health has too much of the country in it, and of courſe is not very pleaſing to the ladies, he acquires, by his midnight vigils, a pallid, meagre countenance, which generally denotes an intimate knowledge of the town; and while others deceive one another in the face of day, a gameſter has the modeſty to fly to the covert of the night, and, *The pale moon and ſtars alone are conſcious of the theft.* While the man of genius is left undiſturbed in his ſtudy, the gay-dreſſed footman knocks at the gameſter's door, and leaves the agreeable card to invite him to my Lady *Bragwell's.* There he has an opportunity of carrying on a deſign upon a lady's money and her virtue at the ſame time. If he can once contrive to get her in his books, he finds it no difficult matter to make her give *perſonal* ſecurity; and when once a woman's body is mortgaged, there is no equity of redemption.

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There are many other conveniences annexed to a life of play, which I ſhall not, at preſent, enumerate. Upon the whole, I would adviſe my friend Mr. *Oldcaſtle* to train up his ſon to this profeſſion. To encourage all beginners in this way, I ſhall diſmiſs this paper with only one article of True Intelligence, which I take to be of the utmoſt conſequence to all ſuch adventurers.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Lately arrived in town from *Paris*, the *Marquis de Fourberie*, well known to many of the Nobility and Gentry, who have been in foreign parts. He is well verſed in all the different branches of gaming, and he teaches how to play the whole game in a month's time.

He has taken an apartment for this purpoſe in the *Haymarket*, where he reads lectures every day in the week, except *Wedneſday*, when he attends the gentlemen of the city, at his room near the *Royal Exchange*, where he will let any young prentice or city ſmart into the ſecret, without hindrance of buſineſs.

He has taught, ſince his arrival in *England*, ſeveral gameſters of both ſexes. It was he inſtructed the *Scaramouch*, who carried off fifteen hundred pounds from the laſt maſquerade.

Gentlemen and Ladies may learn in a private manner, without being overſeen by ſtrangers

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while learning, and for the more expeditiouſly compleating them, there is a ſet to practiſe from ſeven in the evening till three in the morning.

As ſeveral perſons have, and do ſtill think that it is impoſſible to learn without going into company, he thinks proper to inform them of his method for that purpoſe. He firſt teaches the ſcholar the ſhuffle, then the different methods of cutting; next he explains his rules, by the aſſiſtance of ſecond hand cards; when the party is ſo qualified, he makes his own family ſit down with them, where they play moſt of the games in vogue; after the perſon has learned in this manner, which he or ſhe may do in a very ſhort time, he dares anſwer for them, they will be qualified to play in any genteel company whatever.

Facta eſt alea.

N. B. The *Marquis* had not a ſtitch of cloaths when he began, and he now ſhines away with his *Dreſden* ruffles, and diamond ring. Such perſons as are deſirous to learn any branch exceſſive quick, may come twice or thrice a day, or lodge and board in the houſe for the time. He inſures for a ſmall præmium, five thouſand pounds a year to any ingenious young gentleman who will make himſelf maſter of his rules. He ſells dice for gentlemen to carry in their pockets.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XXVIII.

Saturday, April 28, 1753.

Auſus non operam, non formidare Poetæ
Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci
Monſtratum digito.----------

PRÆDIUM RUSTICUM.

DERISION and contempt have been for many ages the portion of moſt authors, whom rank in life, or ſuperiority of abilities, have not eminently raiſed above the common herd of their fraternity. The name of poet, in every company where the word is mentioned, is ſure to excite ludicrous ideas of garrets, unwaſhed ſhirts, and unpaid taylors. By theſe means it has obtained, that younger brothers had rather take a piſtol or a pack of cards in their hands to raiſe a livelihood, than endeavour to help out the year's income by the exertion of their talents; dreading the infamy of wit more than any other imputation, that can be fixed upon their characters.

This effect is not produced without the concurrence of various cauſes, among which the principal one is, the known poverty of the generality of the tribe that write. Among all the inconveniences of indigence, it has been well ſaid, that there

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is not a greater hardſhip, than that ridicule, which it brings upon thoſe, who labour under its laſh.

Nil habit infælix Paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.——

The belly has been often called the teacher of art, and the inſpirer of wit; but I apprehend, this maxim can only be underſtood of a full belly.

Satur eſt cum dicit Horatius Evæ.

Horace was warmed with good cheer, when he calls out to *Bacchus* to ſpare him, ſays *Juvenal*. The ſame author adds, with an elegant vein of pleaſantry, that fine writing is the production of an exalted mind, free from the ſollicitude of procuring a blanket. If *Virgil*, ſays he, wanted a lodging and a boy to attend him, the ſnakes would fall from the fury, which he ſo admirably deſcribes, and the trumpet would not ſound to war with ſo ſhrill a clangor.

Nam ſi Virgilio puer & tolerabile deeſſet
Hoſpitium, caderent omnes à crinibus Hydri,
Surda nihil gemeret grave Buccina.——

It is not therefore to be wondered, that poverty ſhould diminiſh the poet's luſtre, ſince it not only renders him an object of contempt, but extinguiſhes

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guiſhes the fire of his genius. It muſt, indeed, be acknowledged, that ſuch is the fate or perverſeneſs of authors, that, to circumſtances, which they cannot remove, they are induſtrious to add many of their own creating; ſo true is the ſaying of Mr. *Congreve*, that wherever wit is, it is always contriving its own ruin. Writers are known to be extremely iraſcible, prone to malice and envy towards the man, whom they perceive in poſſeſſion of fame. Inſtead of endeavouring to equal him with an honeſt emulation, their aim generally is, to ſnatch the laurel from his brow, or if they cannot reach it, to wither it on his head by the bitter blaſts of calumny and detraction. *Voltaire* delivers himſelf on this topic with ſo much delicacy and good ſenſe, that I ſhall here tranſlate the paſſage. "It is a diſgrace, *ſays he*, to the human mind, that the republic of letters ſhould "be infeſted with perſonal reſentments, private "cabals, and mean intrigues, which ſhould only "ſubſiſt among the ſlaves of fortune. What advantage can accrue to authors from this civil "war? Their animoſities have no other tendency, "than to depreciate a profeſſion, which it is in "their power to render reſpectable. Why ſhould "the art of thinking finely, the greateſt bleſſing "man can ſhare from Heaven, become an object "of ridicule? It is really hard, that men of genius ſhould

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" ſhould render themſelves, by their mutual in-
" vectives, the ſport of fools, and inſtead of being
" revered as the maſters and inſtructors of the
" public, turn out the Buffoons and Zanies of
" the town."

There is another reaſon, which contributes ſtrongly to bring a diſreputation upon poets, and that is, their mean and proſtitute ſervility to a ſet of men, whom they call their patrons. Theſe gentlemen are for the moſt part eager after praiſe, and careleſs of the means, by which they might obtain an honeſt fame: hence the *Parnaſſian* incenſe is extremely grateful, and is therefore profuſely offered up by every ſcribbling fool, who vainly thinks to wriggle himſelf into preferment. But the misfortune is, what happens in this caſe is not anſwerable to the writer's intention; his patron plumes himſelf upon the imputed accompliſhments, and glows with rapture and ſelf-admiration, while for the bard he feels no paſſion but contempt, and the reſt of the world with pleaſure behold infamy and diſappointment, the rewards of venality and proſtitution.

As I have always entertained great good wiſhes for the gentlemen of the quill, I have deviſed a method, by the obſervance of which, they will be be

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be able to retrieve, in ſome meaſure, the honour of their calling, and obviate that torrent of contumely, which at preſent bears hard upon them.

In the firſt place, I would have them frequently inculcate, that fortune is only the deity of fools; and if ſhe has not been favourable to them, they had better enjoy a virtuous independence in private, than by an ambitious poverty, bring themſelves under the contempt and ridicule of the affluent.

Secondly, Inſtead of waſting paper in mutual calumny and detraction, I would recommend to them to vent their anger upon the Critics or the *Malevoli*; a ſpecies of people highly prejudicial to the cauſe of literature, on whom no ſeverities can be too hard, as it is notorious, that not one of the race about town at preſent is any way fit for the province he has uſurped; a total ignorance of the learned languages, and a lamentable want of taſte, together with a plentiful ſhare of ſpleen and ill-nature, being the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the whole tribe.

Thirdly and *laſtly*, I would adviſe my brother-writers to diſpenſe their panegyric with a little more reſerve, and always with an eye to truth: in conſequence of which conduct, they will find them-

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themſelves more courted by their patrons, and their butlers will the more readily condeſcend to hear them from the ſide-board. *To maintain a poet's dignity and eaſe*, is a beautiful ſentiment of Mr. *Pope*, and his life and manners ſhew that he carried it from theory into practice. Who is not delighted to hear him declare with a noble pride?

Enough for half the greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my cenſure, not expect my praiſe.

Whenever I reflect upon the conduct of that great genius, I find it hard to determine with myſelf, which holds moſt of admiration, the fineneſs of his perceptions, and the elegance of his poetry, or that grace of character, and that unproſtituted, dignified independence, which will always do honour to the man. Doctor *Swift*, with leſs delicacy of manners, jealouſly preſerved his own reſpect; and ſure I am, that the writings of theſe two great authors, though they have both exquiſite finiſhings in their kind, have always received an additional luſtre from the ſelf-created importance of their characters.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Vauxhall.

The diverſions of this place began on *Tueſday* evening laſt, and it was computed, that there were

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were near five thouſand people in the gardens. It is obſervable, that they all agreed, " it was a very " fine evening—and that there was a great num- " ber of people preſent, though very little com- " pany—nobody, Ma'em, that one knows;—it's " a wonder where the creatures come from, *&c.*" By the beſt advices from the dark walk, or *alley de ſoupirs*, we are aſſured there was *nothing done.* One letter, indeed, mentions, that a certain citizen attended his miſtreſs into that part of the garden, in order to break his mind to her; but that his heart failed him, and he could only muſter up courage enough to ſay, " This is a fine place for lovers to walk in."

Bedford Coffee-houſe.

The caravan, which came to this houſe during the winter ſeaſon, is ſhortly to alter its deſtination, and to perform as follows; for a fortnight to *Vauxhall*, until the ſmarts of the city are thoroughly tired of ham and chickens; for the remainder of the ſummer-ſeaſon, to ſet out from the *Croſs Keys* in *Gracechurch-ſtreet*, on the ball-nights, to *Hampſtead*, *Enfield*, *Dulwich*, *Sunning-hill*, *Richmond*, *Kendal-houſe*, &c. Advices from all which places ſhall be duly inſerted in this paper.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XXIX.

Saturday, May 5, 1753.

Avia tum reſonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus;
Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Laxant arva ſinus; ſuperat tener omnibus humor,
Inque novos ſoles audent ſe gramina tutò
Credere. —— —— ——

VIRG.

THERE is not a pleaſure, which thrills through the tender nerve of Imagination, but what receives additional delight from numberleſs adventitious circumſtances. To the *Aſſociation of Ideas*, explained by Mr. *Locke*, may alſo be added the *Aſſociation of the Paſſions*, which reciprocally awaken each other, and agitate the mind with their mixed operation. Thus the primary effect, which any object or landſkip may have upon a perſon's taſte, is heightened and enlarged beyond its bounds; a recollection of collateral images ſtarts upon the fancy; the paſſions pour in their auxiliar influence, and our joy is encreaſed by ſeveral ſenſations at once; like a river, which admits at different inlets the tributary illapſe of ſeveral

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ſeveral leſſer ſtreams, and thence ſwelled above its banks, diſpenſes verdure and fertility to all the country round. That this is the caſe in many ſituations of the mind, will be obvious to any one, who will but turn his eyes inwards. I believe it is not more ſo in any one inſtance, than the joy we feel from the opening of the Spring.

In my opinion, we are not acquainted with a more complicated pleaſure: our love of novelty, which is a leading principle in the heart of man implanted in us for the moſt benevolent purpoſes by the author of our frame, is particularly gratified at this ſeaſon of the year; the appearance, which things aſſume, is not only pleaſing to us on account of its natural beauty, but alſo from its newneſs to the eye. During the Winter, all Nature ſeems to ſuffer a melancholy diſtreſs; the animal creation droops; their ſpirits ſeem ſunk in dumb deſpair, and we read their languid ſituation in the mute imploring eye. *Vacuoſque interrogat agros.* The vegetable world ſeems alſo tending to decay, and a general ſcene of calamity overſpreads the face of nature. From this ſtate to ſee gradually a new creation emerging, and every thing reviving with renovated vigour, cannot fail of pleaſing our imagination: the whole race of animal life feels the genial influence of the

ſoft

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ſoft ſeaſon; from a turbulence of clouds, and all the inclemencies of the elements, the ſcene is ſhifted to enlivening ſuns, blue ſkies, hills cloathed with verdure, imbowering ſhades, refreſhing ſtreams, and the harmony of the grove.

The learned reader will perceive with what elegance *Virgil* has deſcribed this vernal delight in the words of my motto. The paſſage, from whence I have ſelected thoſe lines, is carried on with an air of enthuſiaſm. The poet ſeems particularly fond of this ſeaſon, and the whole is cloſed with a moral reflection on the providence of the ſupreme Being, who placed this part of the year, as a medium, to render the tranſition from intenſe cold to the heat of the ſummer leſs perceptible to our conſtitutions. There are many ſhort ſketches of this nature in the ſame author: we frequently find him caſting a ſide glance this way; and, I will venture to ſay, every reader of taſte muſt have been greatly delighted with theſe bye-views; as on a road the tranſient opening of an agreeable proſpect is always acceptable to the traveller. *Horace* is alſo happy when giving a deſcription of the Spring: but among all the *Roman* poets I do not know a more beautiful circumſtance than that which STATIUS has touched with exquiſite delicacy in one of his odes.

—— *Tunc*

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——— *Tunc volucrum novi*
Cantus, inexpertumque carmen,
Quod tacitâ ſtatuêre Brumâ.

There is ſomething highly pleaſing in the idea, that the birds, during the deſolation of winter, were meditating thoſe ſtrains of melody, which for the firſt time in the ſpring of the year they pour forth in one general concert.

Milton, the great father of the ſublime in Engliſh poeſy, has many delightful paſſages of this kind. Perhaps ſome of the moſt beautiful imagery in the Paradiſe Loſt will be found to conſiſt in the ſofter paintings of this nature, which the poet has ſo frequently introduced, in a manner worthy of him, of whom it is recorded (and, as it ſeems, upon his own authority in one of his Latin poems) that his genius felt returning vigour in that gay ſeaſon of the year.

Beſides the obvious pleaſures already mentioned, there is another circumſtance, which renders this period, truly called the renovation of Nature, ſtill more delightful. The Spring is the ſeaſon of love. At this juncture we feel the ſun warm at our hearts: young Health ſmiles in the Virgin's eye; the morn or evening walk affords ſenſations, that conduce to the health both of

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body and mind. The ſerenity, which we ſee all round us, ſoon transfers itſelf to the intellectual powers, and we enjoy what the poet emphatically calls *the ſpirit of love and amorous delight*. By love, I would not be ſuppoſed to mean a mere groſs impulſe of paſſion, but that elegance of deſire, that refinement of taſte, which diſtinguiſhes the gentleman, and never fails of being acceptable to the amiable ſex.

Whatever may be rattled over a bottle at a tavern, we are obliged to the ladies for the moſt valuable gratifications of our lives. After all our high-boaſted reaſon and our ſuperior abilities, to them it is owing that our manners become more gentle, and our ſentiments acquire a finer poliſh. Our looks and geſtures aſſume from them a milder air; our paſſions ſoften into harmony; and the man, who has uſed himſelf to this agreeable converſe, is acquainted with a thouſand delicacies in his amuſements, and ſeveral elegancies in his way of thinking, to which vulgar ſouls are abſolutely ſtrangers.

Inſtead of expatiating further on this ſubject, I ſhall here inſert a copy of verſes, which were communicated to me by an ingenious gentleman, whom I am proud to call my friend. The candid reader,

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reader, I perſuade myſelf, will be pleaſed with the peruſal; and the ſmall critics, who buzz about the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, may amuſe themſelves with conſidering, whether the lines ſhould be called, Ode, Song, Paſtoral, or Elegy, and whether they ſufficiently expreſs the tenderneſs of love, and the proceſs of the paſſion, with its ſeveral ſweet viciſſitudes.

I.

SINCE Myra's charms, divinely fair,
Have pour'd their luſtre on my heart,
Ten thouſand pangs my boſom tear,
And ev'ry fibre feels the ſmart.
If ſuch the mournful moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

II.

I meet my fondeſt friends with pain,
Though friendſhip us'd to warm my ſoul;
Wine's gen'rous ſpirit flames in vain,
I find no cordial in the bowl.
If ſuch the mournful moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

III

Though nature's volume open lies,
Which once with wonder I have read;
No glories tremble from the ſkies,
No beauties o'er the earth are ſpread.

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If ſuch the mournful moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

IV.

Ev'n poetry's ambroſial dews
With joy no longer feed my mind;
To beauty, muſick, and the muſe,
My ſoul is dumb, and deaf, and blind.
Though ſuch the mournful moments prove,
Alas! I give my heart to love.

V.

But ſhould the yielding virgin ſmile,
Dreſs'd in her ſpotleſs marriage robes,
I'd look on thrones and crowns as vile,
The maſter of two fairer globes.
If ſuch the rapt'rous moments prove,
O! let me give my heart to love.

VI.

The bus'neſs of my future days,
My ev'ry thought, my ev'ry pray'r,
Should be employ'd to ſing her praiſe,
Or ſent to Heav'n alone, for her.
If ſuch the rapt'rous moments prove,
O! let me give my heart to love.

Poets

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VII.

Poets ſhould wonder at my love;
Her charms ſhould painters croud to ſee;
And when they would the paſſions move,
Should copy her and think of me.
If ſuch the rap'rous moments prove,
O! let me give my heart to love.

VIII.

Old age ſhould burn as bright as youth,
No reſpite to our paſſion giv'n;
Then mingled in one flame of truth,
We'd ſcorn the earth, and ſoar to Heav'n.
If ſuch the rapt'rous moments prove,
O! let us give our hearts to love.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

George's, Temple-Bar.

We hear that counſellor *Shortcoat* of the *Inner-Temple*, or more properly of this *Houſe*, has been for ſome time paſt employed in preparing for the preſs a moſt elaborate treatiſe on MODERN CRITICISM, which, it is ſaid, he will demonſtrate to be a mere mechanical art, without the leaſt foundation in any intellectual faculty whatever. This report gains credit, as Mr. *Shortcoat*, tho' heretofore revered as a *Longinus*, has the candor to own that he commenced critic upon the ſtrength of

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the following terms only, *viz.* "Immenſe pow-
"ers—Deportment—Bye playing—Fineſſe—fine
"colouring—Stroke—Top of the voice—Bot-
"tom of the voice—Break in the voice—Speaks
"from the ſtomach—Emphaſis—Attitude——
"Lines of Nature—Playing in metaphor."——
With a long *et cætera* of all the cant phraſes, which are ſo plentifully interlarded in that idle book called the ACTOR.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XXX.

Saturday, May 12, 1753.

Ambigitur quid enim? Caſtor ſciat an Docilis plus.

HOR.

IT is with unſpeakable pleaſure I have obſerved for a conſiderable time paſt, that thoſe unhappy diviſions, which have been the bane of ſociety, ever ſince the late commotions in the north, are in a great meaſure reconciled; at leaſt, ſo far, as to make an intercourſe between people of different political ſentiments, not altogether impracticable. The diſtinction of *Whig*, or *Jacobite*, ſeems, at preſent, to be thought not eſſentially neceſſary towards conſtituting a good companion; and the word HONEST appears to have acquired a more enlarged ſignification; inſomuch that, whenever we honour a man with that appellation, it is generally underſtood, that we mean ſomething more, than a perſon who is ready to drink a certain ſet of toaſts. In ſhort, the enthuſiaſm of party, in this reſpect, is ſo far abated, that one may ſpend a chearful evening with ſome of the moſt ſanguine friends to government, without dedicating a ſingle glaſs to the memory of king *William*; and I have more than once, within theſe

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laſt ſix months, ſat with ſome reputed well-wiſhers to the exiled family, without being under a neceſſity of ungartering my ſtockings, and pulling off my wig, at every return of the bottle. But, alas! what avails this condition? The ſpirit of party is ſo intimately interwoven in the conſtitution of an *Engliſhman*, that all attempts to extinguiſh it muſt inevitably fail of ſucceſs: It may indeed be diverted, but will not admit of being eradicated.

The truth of this obſervation is ſufficiently manifeſted, by the two powerful factions, which now diſunite this great metropolis.

I could wiſh for the pen of *Bolingbroke*, in order to trace the riſe and progreſs of thoſe fatal diſſenſions, which ſow diſcord in families, make breaches among friends, embitter ſociety, and, if not timely reſtrained, threaten danger to the ſtate.

The reader, I believe, has anticipated me, and plainly ſees, that I mean no other than the ſects, diſtinguiſhed by the denomination of *Garrickeans* and *Barryiſts*.

The ſeveral pretenſions of the theatrical leaders, from whom the names of diſtinction juſt mentioned are derived, are ſo extremely difficult

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to be adjuſted, that two perſons can hardly be found, within the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, who perfectly agree in their way of thinking upon this head: and as the amiable ſex generally ſupport, with great impetuoſity, their favourite principles, it is inconceivable to thoſe, who have not had opportunity of obſerving it, what feuds and animoſities prevail among the female partizans of thoſe heroes.

I was lately preſent at a controverſy between two ladies, who had adopted oppoſite ſentiments, the one being a *Garrickean*, and the other a *Barryiſt*. The diſpute began in form; the *Garrickean* inſiſting upon it, that ſhe did not like *Barry*; and the *Barryiſt* proteſting with equal emphaſis, that ſhe could not ſo highly admire *Garrick*. Thus mutual contradiction being given, the debate ſoon grew warm, and the *Garrickean* lady enforced her opinion with great vehemence: "There is "ſomething ſo clever, ſomething ſo lively, "ſomething ſo I don't know how in *Garrick*; and "his eyes ſparkle ſo, that, to be ſure, he is the "ſweeteſt creature in the world."——Her antagoniſt withſtood this torrent of eloquence, and with no leſs energy replied: "Nay, Madam, if "you talk of eyes, nobody can ſay, but *Barry* "has as lovely eyes as ever were ſeen. Then he

"is

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"is ſo tall, and ſo fine a man, that, Lord bleſs me!
"there is no compariſon. I am ſure, *Garrick*
"can't make love ſo well. Come, now, you muſt
"give that up. Not I, upon my honour, Ma'em,
"reſumes the *Garrickean*, why ſhould I give it up?
"All the gentlemen, and you muſt allow they
"know beſt, ſay, *Garrick* is the fineſt *Romeo*."
The weight of this reaſoning piqued the *Barryſt*: ſhe exclaimed, with no ſmall appearance of indignation, "Pſhaw! what ſignifies what the men
"ſay? I don't mind it a farthing; they envy the
"dear man, becauſe he is ſo handſome." The earneſtneſs and reſentment, with which this was delivered, excited a general laugh, and the ladies had prudence enough to ſuſpend the conteſt for that evening; but I have been ſince informed, that they renewed it the next day with redoubled vigour, and proceeded ſo far, as to uſe ſome certain figures of ſpeech, which are thought not quite conſiſtent with female delicacy.

A wide breach enſued between the two diſputants, in conſequence of this diſagreement, which was in a few days happily healed, by the mediation of ſome friends. The ladies now viſit as uſual, but have obliged themſelves in the moſt ſolemn manner, for their mutual quiet, never to men-

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mention, for the future, the names of *Garrick* and *Barry* in the company of each other.

I have only mentioned this affair, as a ſlight inſtance of the unhappy effects attending our party diviſions. That they are productive of the greateſt uneaſineſs in the conjugal ſtate, is ſo very notorious, that people of different ways of thinking ſeldom chuſe to engage with each other; being aware, that feuds and diſcontents muſt be unavoidable, when man and wife *do not go the ſame way*. An intimate acquaintance of mine, who is ſtrongly in the *Garrickean* intereſt, paid his addreſſes to a very agreeable, and every-way accompliſh'd young lady; but a violent *Barryiſt*. The young couple liked one another perfectly well, and there appeared no reaſonable objection to the match, but the difference of principles. This, however, was an obſtacle not eaſily to be got over. The relations on both ſides had ſeveral meetings, and many difficulties aroſe in ſettling this point, which was at laſt adjuſted by a compromiſe. The lawyer, who was employed to draw the articles, received directions to inſert a clauſe, importing that all the boys born of that marriage ſhould be bred up *Garrickeans*, and the girls *Barryiſts*.

The reader, I believe, is ſurprized, that I have not,

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not, in this diſſertation upon parties, taken any notice of the *Quiniſts*, a faction, which, in its time, has been by no means contemptible, whether we conſider the bulk or quality of the leader. The reaſon is, I have obſerved, that this party is conſiderably declined, ſince the abdication of their monarch; moſt of them have ſubſcribed to the revolution, which took place in *Goodman's-Fields* in the year forty-two; and thoſe few, who ſtill continue attached to this cauſe, are old men, from whom no diſturbance can be expected in the female world.

It may be proper to mention that there is another party, called the SHERIDANISTS; but as they are not much known in this metropolis, a further account of that new faction may be diſpenſed with at preſent: it will ſuffice to ſay, that it is entirely of *Dublin* growth, and we only hear of it now and then, when ſome occaſional traveller from that country is pleaſed to inform us, that "for your "true principles of pronunciation Ireland is the "place:—hut! hut! you don't *ſpake* Engliſh in "London *at all, at all.*"

That the heart-burnings occaſioned by party-diviſions threaten danger to the ſtate, I think is very obvious. The buſineſs of the theatres is almoſt

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moſt finiſhed, and, it is expected, that both houſes will be prorogued in a few days, when many of the members will go into the country, and moſt unqueſtionably excite a party-ſpirit, wherever they fix. We ſhall hear from one town, that the inhabitants are divided into *Marriſts* and *Scraſiſts*; from another, that the *Uſheriſts* have get the upper hand, and the favourers of *Raſtor* do not dare to ſhew their faces. What influence theſe diviſions may have upon the approaching election, I leave to the gentlemen in power to conſider, not doubting but they will thank me for this friendly intimation, and make a proper uſe of it.

From this fair and candid repreſentation of the preſent ſtate of parties among us, many uſeful reflections may be drawn, which, as they are extremely obvious, the reader's good ſenſe will undoubtedly ſuggeſt to him. I might here diſmiſs my ſubject in the words of *Horace*,

Verbum non amplius addam.

But I am unwilling to conclude without declaring my own principles. I have the ſatisfaction to ſay, that I am conſcious of being entirely free from party-prejudice. I am neither a *Garrickean* nor a *Barryiſt*, but between both, in an honeſt mean. I defy my greateſt enemies to prove, that I ever

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I ever gave a clap or hiſs, but according to the dictates of my conſcience: And, O my dear countrymen and countrywomen! there is nothing I ſo ardently deſire, as an union of all true friends to our theatrical entertainments, in order to rouze the directors of *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden* companies from their lethargy, and make them ſenſible, that though the public has a violent appetite for plays, and can feed on a *Romeo* and *Juliet* thirty or forty times in a ſeaſon, yet they would be glad of a litle variety. This ſurely they may modeſtly expect, as the heavy ſubſidies for the maintenance of theſe ſtates are raiſed entirely upon them. If we ſhould be happy enough to obtain this, next winter, I flatter myſelf, all diſcord will ſubſide: we ſhall admire the powers of a *Garrick*, and do juſtice to his inimitable performances in *Lear*, *Richard*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Ranger or Benedick*; without being any way inclined to yield to the tender emotions of *Caſtalio*, or backward to acknowledge the dignity and home-felt anguiſh of *Othello*. In ſhort, we ſhall then enter the theatre, without any other biaſs on our minds, than a diſpoſition to be pleaſed.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe.

Yeſterday evening, between the hours of ſeven and

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ſeven and eight, Mr. *Town* came to the *Board of Criticiſm*, in his uſual cloaths, and gave his aſſent to the following bills, *viz.*

An act for preventing clandeſtine amours behind the ſcenes;

An act for the better ſuppreſſing the *growth of poetry*, and for other purpoſes therein mentioned;

An act for limiting the number of orange-wenches in both playhouſes; and to ſeveral public and private bills.

After which Mr. *Town* made the following moſt gracious ſpeech;

My Friends and Critics,

It has always been a very ſenſible pleaſure to me, to ſee you aſſembled together, and I ſhall continue the exertion of my beſt abilities for your welfare. The management of the theatres has ever been my principal care, and I have now the ſatisfaction to inform you, that Mr. *Rich*'s negotiations with the *harlequin* of the *Italian* comedy in *Paris* (for which purpoſe he is gone thither) have been attended with the greateſt ſucceſs; and there is no reaſon to apprehend any danger from the machinations of *Garrick*, who is in a conſtant alliance with men of genius, and lives in hopes that the true ſpirit of dramatic poeſy may again revive in this nation.

Con-

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Gentlemen of the City,

I return you my thanks for your attendance here every *Sunday* evening; your making a circle about me, is a proof of that attachment which you have always manifeſted to me and my judgment.

My Friends and Critics,

The Summer Seaſon being now opened, I am unwilling to detain you any longer from your country ſeats, at *Iſlington*, *Hoxton*, *Marybone*, and other adjacent villages. You may reſt aſſured, there is nothing I ſo ardently wiſh, as to ſee you all the moſt cavilling critics in *Europe*. In the ſeveral places of your reſidence, do your endeavours to promote the true genuine ſpirit of *malevoliſm*, which cannot fail to render us the ſcourge of players, and the terror of managers.

After this, Mr. *Town* prorogued the critical ſeſſions to the 20th day of Sept. next; and the board of Criticiſm is accordingly prorogued.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XXXI.

Saturday, May 19, 1753.

Hic quos durus amor crudeli Tabe peredit,
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circum
Sylva tegit.

VIRG.

A LIVELY imagination is, if I may uſe Shakeſpear's expreſſion, *great Nature's ſecond courſe:* not content with having enjoyed the pleaſures ariſing from the beauty or the grandeur of objects immediately preſent to our ſenſes, this faculty of the ſoul, when the ſcenes, which we once beheld with rapture, have diſappeared and vaniſhed from our ſight, makes fond excurſions after them again, and entertains the mind with viſions, in ſome inſtances, ſuperior to the firſt impreſſion. Even in our ſleep the power of fancy frequently recalls the images of our waking contemplation, and from thence we very often receive livelier ſenſations than were produced by the operation of the real objects. It is true, that in theſe night-thoughts (if I may be ſo allowed to call our dreams) there are many fantaſtic circumſtances, which render them of a nature too wild and extravagant for

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our ſerious notice: and yet it is certain, that on theſe occaſions we are ſometimes preſented with ſomething like ſober ſyſtem, and amidſt the moſt frolickſome ſports of fancy we can often trace a regular ſeries of coherent ideas, a train of juſt reaſoning, and a real picture of life. As I take this to have been the caſe with me a few nights ſince, I ſhall make no apology for throwing upon paper the particulars of my dream.

I found myſelf on a ſudden near a large and intricate wood, which I had the curioſity to enter. A whimſical band of hope and fear, joy and grief, pleaſure and pain hovered in the air, and frequently ſettled all together upon the ſame perſon, who began immediately to talk of the tender anguiſh and the pleaſing agony that he felt mingling in his boſom. *Cupid* made violent work with his darts and flames. Nothing was to be heard but tinkling rills, falling fountains, and love-ſick ſighs, by which the aſpen leaves were perpetually kept in a ruſtling tremor. The god of Love had lying near him a prodigious quantity of arrows, all differently feathered, and tipt ſome with gold, others with lead, and many of them ſteeped in gall. The wounds inflicted by theſe various inſtruments were attended with very different effects, and

called

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called to my mind a beautifull paſſage in a poem written by Dr. *Parnall.*

And ev'ry dart can boaſt a kind,
Which ſuits each proper turn of mind,
From the tow'ring *Eagle's* plume
The *generous hearts* accept their doom.
Shot by the *Peacock's* painted eye
The vain and *airy lovers* die.
For *careful* dames and *frugal* men
The ſhafts are ſpeckled by the *Hen.*
The *Pyes* and *Parrots* deck the darts,
When *Prattling* wins the panting hearts.
When from the *voice* the paſſions ſpring,
The warbling *Finch* affords a wing:
Together, by the Sparrow ſtung,
Down fall the *wanton* and the *young*;
And fledg'd by *Geeſe* the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

It was not unpleaſant to obſerve the variety of impreſſions that were occaſioned in both ſexes by this ſtrange flight of arrows. Men I perceived in cloſe purſuit of blooming virgins, merely from the impulſe of vanity. I ſaw ſeveral nymphs running, with the utmoſt precipitation, from their lovers; though by their manner of looking back, and the ruſtling they made in the trees, there was room

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for conjecture that they did not desire entirely to escape.

Pleasing as the sensations of love were found by the multitude, I could observe that very unhappy effects were too often the consequence of this delightful passion. Numbers appeared with a mien that plainly spoke a dejection of spirits, and of these, several were driven to such extremes, that they laid violent hands on their own lives. As I travelled on, I saw several hanging on the bows of trees. The rivers, which watered the place, were swelled with tears above their banks, and generally ruffled with sighs. It was not uncommon to see the pale corpse of some unhappy fair-one floating down the stream; and when thrown on the banks by the current, we generally found in the pocket of the deceased beauty, a letter to the treacherous lover, whose perjuries or cruelty had occasioned the act of despair. What much surprized me, was, that the unreflecting gallant exulted in the mischief he had done, and assumed higher airs of confidence and self-approbation, whenever he approached a groupe of ladies; and still to heighten my surprize, the ladies seemed to admire the wretch, who triumphed in his villainy, and loved him the more, in proportion as they had cause to detest him.

From

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From this ſcene of diſtreſs I turned away as ſoon as poſſible. As I journeyed on, I was much pleaſed with the ſight of many a young couple, whoſe eyes were brightened into gladneſs, and who felt, as I was informed, a mutual paſſion for each other. They walked arm in arm along the flowery meads, interchanging glances of affection, and quickening their pace towards the TEMPLE OF HYMEN, which ſtood in the centre of the grove. To this ſpot all, who were deſirous of leading a life of happineſs, were directed to bend their courſe, in order there to be united in bonds of chaſte affection. I was ſorry to ſee that ſome of the ladies had not reſolution enough to perſevere in this path: whether it was owing to looſe deſires, or the treacherous ſolicitation of their lovers, or to both, I could not learn with certainty; but many of them tired on the way, and ſtept aſide to ſequeſtered bowers, from whence they came forth covered with confuſion, and yet, with frequent ſtruggles and violent efforts, ſummoning up a kind of falſe courage, with which they ſeemed to bid defiance to the ſneers and the contempt of the world. Of this band there were, however, a few who were conſcious of their error, and found means to be afterwards introduced into the TEMPLE; but they were purſued by an old hag, who delighted in ſcandal, and would never ſuffer thoſe

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who had once gone aſtray, by their ſubſequent conduct, however governed by the rules of prudence, to efface the remembrance of paſt misfortunes.

Among thoſe who went on undeviating towards the temple, I took notice of a number of ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty advancing forward with men declining in years, and yet endeavouring to put on an air of briſkneſs, in ſpite of the ſtone, the gout, and other diſorders, that had long been gathering. I aſked if it were poſſible that the young and handſome could be ſmitten with age and infirmity? But my doubts were ſoon cleared up: I obſerved that the ſprightly virgin never once attended to the perſon of her ſuperannuated lover, but at times caſt a glance at a ſtar or a ribbon, that he wore, and often viewed with a glow of pleaſure a ſkin of parchment, which a perſon in a black gown was peruſing with anxious care: the words MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT were viſible on the back of it. A lady, who had walked a long way with a young gentleman of promiſing expectations, and had given him the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of true affection, ſtopt ſhort in the veſtibule of the temple, upon hearing that the old folks objected to pin-money, and went off with another of whom ſhe knew but little, becauſe he was

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was willing to ſettle up to her wiſhes. An attorney made up immediately to the diſappointed lover, and after offering his beſt ſervices, aſſured him that an action upon promiſes would lie for breach of contract.

Concerning the iſſue of this offer, I had no curioſity, as I now ſaw a prodigious multitude crowding into the temple. From thence, after a ſhort ceremony, they were diſmiſſed in pairs, to commence the road for life. Three different paths were open to their choice: a guide ſtood at the entrance of each to receive them, and direct their future courſe. The firſt was a perſon of the greateſt mutability of temper, fond of every thing new, admiring with rapture upon the firſt impreſſion, but admiring nothing long; every day, and often twenty times a day, ſeeking freſh amuſements, and for ever adopting ſome whimſical mode of dreſs, remarkable in point of colour, ſhape, and other particulars. This perſonage promiſed to all an eternal round of pleaſure and variety; but I ſoon perceived that domeſtic happineſs was no part of the ſyſtem. Nothing was accounted pleaſure but what was faſhionable. The huſband ſpent his day in a ſtable, admiring his horſes, and weighing boys to ride them: the night he paſſed at a gaming table, to the ruin both of his health and fortune. The

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bride found herſelf neglected, and in her own defence had recourſe to faſhionable amuſements, from which nothing could be expected but ruin, miſery, and public loſs of honour. The GUIDE, who ſtood at the ſecond avenue, had eyes of a greeniſh caſt, and ſeemed to loathe the food, which he nevertheleſs eagerly ſwallowed. His name was JEALOUSY. The walks, through which he led his votaries, were full of thorns, craggy, dangerous, and ſteep. His advice diſturbed the peace of all, who liſtened to him. To generous ſentiment he was an utter ſtranger. In the heart, where gladneſs and affection revelled ſecure, aroſe miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, and conſtant uneaſineſs. He whiſpered to the huſband againſt the reputation of the wife: in the expreſſions that fell from her he thought, there was an ambiguity that required explanation; he aſked if in the roll of her eyes there was not ſome wanton meaning? He hinted that in company ſhe ſeemed to fix her regard upon another: and did not you obſerve, ſaid he, when you entered the room, the remains of a ſmile upon her countenance? As he talked, the diſtempered fancy ſtarted at ſcenes of its own creation; and I could not help repeating the fine lines, in which LUCRETIUS deſcribes the workings of Jealouſy.

Aut

Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit,
Quod Cupido infixum cordi viveſcit ut ignis;
Aut nimium jactare oculos, aliumve tueri
Quod putat, in vultuque videt Veſtigia riſus.

What appeared particularly remarkable in this part of the grove was, that though there were ſometimes circumſtances of a doubtful nature, yet the real footſteps of guilt could no where be diſcovered.

The GUIDE at the head of the third road, by an air of frankneſs, and a ſtrong expreſſion of ſenſibility and cordial affection, was known to be FRIENDSHIP. The number of thoſe who gave themſelves up to her direction, was but ſmall. They enjoyed, however, a pure and heart-felt tranquility. The fierce deſire and impatient wiſh, that formerly actuated their minds, having now ſubſided, a ſteady and uniform flame ſucceeded, not unlike the mild refreſhing air of a ſerene evening, after the heat and fervor of a ſummer's day. Glad ſuns roſe over their heads, and peacefull nights lulled them in each other's arms. A ſmiling race grew up around them, and the culture of the young and tender mind afforded the ſweeteſt employment.

Here I could not help exclaiming with the Poet,

O grant

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O grant me thus to live, and thus to die,
Who ſprung from kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.

The whole ſcene appeared ſo completely happy, that I began to feel ſome ſymptoms of envy, which ſo diſcompoſed my ſpirits, that I inſtantly awaked, and the ideal proſpect vaniſhed into air.

NUM-

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NUMBER XXXII.

Saturday, May 26, 1753.

Contemptu Famæ contemni Virtutes.

TACITUS.

THE ſentiment which is very beautifully expreſſed in the words of my motto, grew out of the converſation, at the laſt meeting of our club; to enforce it, Mr. *Gulliver*, who then occupied the chair, produced the following ſtricture of oriental hiſtory, which I ſhall recommend to the peruſal of my readers.

In the chronicles of the Sultans of the eaſt, it is recorded, that when *Othman* held the rank of Viſier under a prince of the *Saſſanian* race, and by his faithful councils added ſecurity, luſtre, and dignity to the throne, his ſon *Muſtapha* diſplay'd in his early bloom all the virtues which could endear him to the beſt of fathers, and render him amiable in the eyes of all beholders. *Achmet* the hermit, who had been called forth from his retreat, in order to attend the cultivation of his tender mind, had taken care to ſeaſon him with religion, and to inflame his young imagination with the deſire of a fair and honeſt fame. The

Sage

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Sage well knew that this propenſity would be a ſtrong ſecondary aid to the native beauty of virtue, and invigorate the exertion of it. Accordingly *Muſtapha* ſoon drew the eyes of all men upon him: his conduct was a conſtant ſeries of benevolent actions, and in his boſom glowed that intenſe heroic ardour, which ſoon after diſtinguiſhed him in the field of glorious danger. In a ſhort time he arrived at the higheſt degree of popularity. The Sultan heaped favours on him in what might be called a profuſion of liberality, had not his merit daily deſerved it. He was delegated with unlimited authority to command the armies of the Sultan, and from the confines of *Perſia* to the *Indian* ocean, he ſoon reduced every thing under ſubjection. Though he was yet green in years, each tongue was mute in his preſence, and before him every eye looked down with a kind of reverential awe: he loved the prince, who raiſed him to this ſtate of elevation, and by the gentleneſs of his manners he ſoftened that envy, which might otherwiſe ariſe againſt the luſtre of his glory.

While *Muſtapha* was reaping freſh laurels, and gratifying his inſatiable love of fame, his father at home met with a reverſe of fortune. *Othman* poſſeſſed all thoſe qualities, which ſhone forth in his ſon: but he vainly imagined, that in a corrupt, degenerate

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generate court, he could be great and good with impunity. The ſtorm now gathered in clouds around him, and the turbulent tempeſts of jealouſy, ambition, hatred, and revenge environed him with a whirlwind more dreadful than that which tears up whole continents of ſand in the deſarts of *Arabia*. The grand apartments in his houſe, which were formerly filled with a band of courtiers, were now empty and forlorn; he was diveſted of all his honours; his truſt was taken from him, and, after a ſeries of years ſpent in the ſervice of his prince, he was ſtripped of every thing but his paternal eſtate; whither he withdrew to ſhelter himſelf from an ungrateful world.

In this retirement, *Othman*, what were your thoughts, what were your ſenſations? The ſun uſhered in a day void of occupation, and the night a train of reſtleſs dreams. At length his conſtitution received ſuch ſevere ſtrokes from a conſtant ſucceſſion of corroſive cares, that he languiſhed under the preſſure, and his ſoul ſickened to deſperation. A gloomy viſionary light obſcured his eyes, and he beheld with joy the approaching ſunſet of his days. As he lay languiſhing on the bed of ſickneſs, he gave orders, that his ſon might be informed of his ſituation. *Muſtapha* immediately quitted his high command, flew to his dying father's

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ther's languid arms, and in a guſh of tears embraced his agonizing body. *Othman*, with what little ſtrength he had left, raiſed his head, and fixing his faded eye-balls on him, "My ſon, ſaid "he," hear my words: "You have beheld your "father in the ſunſhine of proſperity; you now "behold him in the laſt extreme of miſery. I am "fallen a prey to the intrigues of ill-deſigning "men; the angel of death now hovers over his "victim; then liſten to my laſt directions. Avoid "public honours; fly from courts, as from the "monſters of the deſart; be not miſled by a vain "love of fame and an unavailing popularity; virtue is its own reward; let your happineſs be "fixed in your own mind, independent of external "objects; deſpiſe the opinions of mankind, "which are always fluctuating and uncertain as "the *Caſpian*, when deformed with tempeſts. For "the remainder of your days have a contempt for "fame; it will only lead you into a ſeries of toils "for an ungrateful world. Steal through life imperceptibly, like the path of the arrow, which "leaves no trace behind it; let your moderation "ſhade you from envy; be virtuous and be "happy."

He could no more; his lot for eternity was caſt, and he expired. *Muſtapha* wept over the beſt of fa-

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ſathers; he treaſured up his precepts in the inmoſt receſſes of his ſoul, and inſtantly began to conform his conduct to the practice of them. His dignities and honours he reſigned forthwith, and in the ſullenneſs of his ſoul he locked himſelf up from the world. His houſe no longer reſounded with ſingers and with minſtrels; no longer did amber and aloes adminiſter their rich perfumes; the vaſes of agate, which in his father's time overflowed with all the delicious liquors of the eaſt, lay tumbled into an unregarded heap; and even the hand of charity, which was before ſtretched out at his gate, was now congealed and frozen. The many leſſons given him by his tutor were now totally forgotten; the ſeeds of virtue lay dormant in his breaſt, and his love of fame was entirely extinguiſhed, nay, the very thoughts of it were loathſome to him, inſomuch that, to leave no room for a ſuſpicion that he had the leaſt regard for popularity remaining, he would often ſay to himſelf, "That "the world may ſee how much I am above any "notices it may take of me, I muſt not be guilty "of a ſingle good action." By imperceptible degrees this turn of mind ſettled into a fixed inſenſibility: on the contempt of *fame* was grafted a contempt of *virtue*. *Muſtapha! Muſtapha!* you thundered at the head of armies; whole nations obeyed

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obeyed your voice; and now, how altered! relaxed and enfeebled you groan in anguiſh, reluctant to every finer impulſe of the ſoul, and callous to all the ſtimulating incentives to virtue!

The tidings of his ſituation reached the ears of *Achmet* in his hermitage. The venerable old man heard the ſtory with the deepeſt ſorrow; his heart was apalled within him, as if the hand of death had ſmote him. He ſat down in his haram, but there no angel whiſpered to his meditation; no inſpiration bore his thoughts aloft to the prime ſource of being; *Muſtapha*'s ſhame depreſſed the ſwellings of euthuſiaſm, and quite extinguiſhed the pious fervor of his ſoul. At length he aroſe, and taking his ſtaff in his hand, extinguiſhed the light which burned before him, and ſet out on a journey over the deſarts of *Arabia*. In a ſhort time he arrived at his pupil's habitation.

It was with difficulty he gained admiſſion; but the gates were no ſooner opened for him, than he went ſtreight to his young pupil's apartment. *Muſtapha* was reclined upon a ſofa, his looks ſullenly fixed on the ground, and his mind hardening into inſenſibility. *Achmet* eagerly preſented himſelf before him. His eyes were vivid and piercing: The winter of age had ſhed its ſnows upon his head,

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head, and the lively expreſſion of paſſions, which throbbed in mingled tumult about his heart, rendered him an alarming object to his pupil. At length *Achmet* faintly uttered "*Muſtapha!*" a guſh of tears choaked up the reſt. *Muſtapha* at this was covered with confuſion: he attempted to break from him. The palſied nerves of the venerable hermit felt a renovation of ſtrength from the glowing purpoſe of his ſoul, and laying faſt hold of his pupil, he exclaimed, "You ſhall not put me "from you; by me your genius now alarms you; "by me it means to rouze you from your lethargy, "and awaken the dying embers of that amiable "fire, which formerly kindled all your ſpirits, in "thoſe happier days, when my inſtructions were "refreſhing to your ears, as the morning dews to "the verdure, which cloaths the fields of *Da-*"*maſcus*. But now, how art thou fallen! each "finer principle of virtue is ſuppreſſed, and you "are even deaf to the voice of fame, that ſweeteſt "muſic to a virtuous ear. But to redeem thee at "once from the dreams of folly and over-weening "pride, in which thy ſoul is now ſluggiſhly im-"merſed, read there that myſtic truth, which one "of the Genii put into my hand, in an hour of "inſpiration, when my thoughts were ſwelled "with ſublime ideas of the diſpenſations of Him, "who is in the Heaven of Heavens, and whoſe

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" wonder-working hand launched forth the pla-
" nets into the illimitable void, and ſtill continu-
" eth by ſecret and indirect cauſes, to produce the
" harmony of the phyſical and moral world."

The heart of *Muſtapha* was alarmed, and he read as follows. " When VIRTUE was ſent down " from the third Heaven to reſtrain the irregular " paſſions of mankind, the dignity of her mien " and beauty of her aſpect were ſufficiently attrac-" tive to make her admired of all beholders. But " ſuch is the depravity of human nature, that theſe " allurements ſoon began to loſe of their influence, " and VIRTUE ſhortly finding herſelf neglected " and forlorn, returned to her celeſtial manſion, " in order to prefer her complaint againſt the ſons " of men. There ſhe remonſtrated, that blind " mankind was not only inſenſible to her perſonal " charms, but alſo deaf to the promiſe of rewards, " which were to be diſpenſed to her votaries in a " future ſtate of exiſtence. Though this was a " ſufficient provocation of wrath, yet ſuch was " the ſupreme benevolence, that VIRTUE was " again ſent down upon her miſſion; and the bet-" ter to ſtrengthen her intereſts, FAME was or-" dered to attend her, with an high commiſſion to " diſpenſe temporary retributions even on this " ſide of the grave. As ſoon as they reached the verge

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" verge of human nature, FAME blew aloft her
" ſilver trumpet, and an inſtantaneous glow was
" kindled in all hearts. Wherever VIRTUE was
" cheriſhed, FAME purſued her footſteps; and if
" court was any where made to FAME alone, ſhe
" was ſure to withold her favours, until the can-
" didates found means, by the recommendation of
" VIRTUE, to inſinuate themſelves into her good
" graces. By this amiable union, men were ex-
" cited to a ſeries of meritorious actions, either
" by an attachment to the allurements of VIRTUE,
" or from a deſire of obtaining the applauſe of
" FAME. But ſhort is the duration of all ſublu-
" nary things. FAME, in her turn, began to ſhare
" the ſame fate, that VIRTUE had met with before;
" the appetites of men were now well-nigh ſated,
" and the muſick of applauſe no longer ſounded
" grateful to the ear. It was obſervable, that
" wherever ſhe was ſlighted, VIRTUE was ſoon
" known to follow her, and it very rarely happened
" that ſhe remained with above one or two in an
" age without her attendant FAME. In proceſs of
" time matters were carried to ſuch an extremity,
" that this celeſtial pair were tired of their pilgri-
" mage, and wearied out at length they
" reſolved to offer up a joint petition to be
" recalled. They therefore flew to the throne
" of the Moſt High, and there humbly urged,

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" that it was in vain for them to ſojourn any lon-
" ger upon earth, as deluded mankind was now
" entirely ſeduced by the ſpurious ornaments of
" the monſter VICE, which had iſſued out of the
" regions of darkneſs, and ſet up in oppoſition to
" all that VIRTUE and FAIR FAME could inſpire.
" In this inſtance again the tender care of Heaven
" was eminently diſplayed, and theſe two radiant
" beings were a ſecond time commanded to return
" to earth, with directions, that, however depraved
" the appetites of men might be, they ſhould perſiſt
" in an unremitted courſe of endeavours for their
" ſervice. The more effectually to ſtrengthen their
" cauſe, a fiend called INFAMY was ordered to iſſue
" forth from the unhallowed cell of VICE, and to
" adhere cloſe to her, whatſoever way ſhe ſhould
" bend her courſe. It was likewiſe ordained that
" whoever ſhould betray a diſregard for VIRTUE
" and HONEST FAME ſhould be branded by IN-
" FAMY, and that all three ſhould thus continue
" to wander among mankind, until the angel of
" death ſhould walk forth by the command of the
" ALMIGHTY, and ſweep the whole race from the
" face of the earth, to receive that retribution of
" rewards and puniſhments, which may be due to
" their VIRTUE or their VICE."

Muſtapha now perceived the miſts of error clearing

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clearing away from before his underſtanding: he embraced *Achmet*, and poured out the effuſions of his gratitude for thus recalling him to the taſk of Virtue, whoſe ſtrength conſiſts in activity. He acknowledged that the tranſition is eaſy from a contempt of fame to an equal diſregard for the Virtues that deſerve it. The name of *Muſtapha* during the remainder of the chronicles of this reign makes a diſtinguiſhed figure, and it is ſaid that he cloſed a life of VIRTUE with honour and renown.

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NUMBER XXXIII.

Saturday, June 2, 1753.

Indulſit mundi communis conditor illis
Tantum animas, nobis animum quoque——

JUV.

IT occurred to me the other day, as I was ſitting in my ſtudy, that I had contracted a very heavy debt, on the ſcore of viſiting; and being willing to diſcharge the demands upon me as expeditiouſly as poſſible, I determined to dedicate an entire evening to the ſettlement of this account. I accordingly writ my name upon about fifteen pieces of card, and ſallied out upon this important buſineſs. At moſt of the places, where I called, I had no occaſion to alight, but diſcharged my obligation, by delivering to the footman at the door one of the tokens of modern friendſhip above mentioned. I had, however, the good fortune of finding ſome of my friends at home, who received me with prodigious affability; and after deſiring mine, and giving me their opinion of the important diſputes concerning *Elizabeth Canning*, and *Mary Squires*, diſmiſſed me with great politeneſs.

I was not a little fatigued with the ſucceſſive repetition

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petition of the ſame flimzy chit-chat in every company where I was admitted, and quite diſguſted with ſo trifling a manner of ſpending my time, I was juſt going to direct the coachman to drive home, when I recollected, that I had not ſeen my friend Mr. *Diſcount* of *Cateaton-ſtreet*, ſince the Lord Mayor's day.

This determined me to ſteer my courſe towards the city, and my good genius prevailed ſo far, that I found Mr. *Diſcount*, his lady and two daughters, at home; it being the day, upon which Mrs. *Diſcount* ſaw company.

As ſoon as I entered the room, my old acquaintance ſaluted me in a friendly manner, and aſſured me, that he was glad to ſee me; his lady, in an ironical compliment, delivered with a forced ſmile, gave me to underſtand, that ſhe was highly ſenſible of the honour I did her family, in condeſcending to come into the city; and the young ladies curteſied, and told me, with ſome appearance of reſentment, that they were extremely glad to find that Mr. *Ranger* had not entirely forgot his old friends.

This reception ſomewhat diſconcerted me; however, I endeavoured to acquit myſelf with the uſual compliments, ſuch as—*That I had the greateſt eſteem for Mr.* Diſcount's *family—That nobody re-*

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pected them more—But that affairs of buſineſs had engroſſed my time——That I ſeldom could command an hour to myſelf——But that I certainly ſhould not be ſo bad a viſitor for the future.——As ſoon as this preliminary point was ſettled, Mr. *Diſcount* ſeated me next himſelf, and turning about, aſked me, " How things went at our end of the town?"— " What, ſays he, ſhall we have a lottery, do you " think?" I was going to anſwer, that I really was not in the ſecret of thoſe ſchemes, when the eldeſt Miſs *Diſcount* interpoſed, and ſaid, " Lord! " papa, do you imagine, that Mr. *Ranger* trou- " bles himſelf about the things you talk of in your " City coffee-houſes? What are your money-af- " fairs to him? Have you been at a great many " plays laſt winter, Mr. *Ranger?* What do you " think of *Foote*'s farce? I ſaw it the firſt night; " I would not miſs the firſt night for any thing."

As I was meditating an anſwer, my worthy friend takes me by the hand, and exclaims " Hea- " vens! Mr. *Ranger*, what will this world come " to! the young people of this age, Sir, think of " nothing but diverſions. From morning to night, " my ears, Mr. *Ranger*, are dinned with *Garrick* " and *Barry*, and dogs and monkeys, and *Mother* " *Midnight*, and *Spoonatiſſimo*, and ſuch a jargon, " that one would imagine the order of things was " in-

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" inverted." Here the youngeſt Miſs *Diſcount* " ſeized the converſation: " Nay, now, papa, " ſays ſhe, becauſe you do not go to thoſe places " yourſelf, you would not have any body elſe go." " That's true *Betty*, replied mama: he is a ſtrange " man, to be ſure. Mr. *Diſcount* has no notion of " any thing genteel. Well, he muſt have his own " way."

Mr. *Diſcount*, without taking notice of theſe interruptions, reſumed his diſcourſe. " Why, Sir, " ſays he, this muſt portend ſomething. Cer- " tainly a judgment hangs over the nation: we " ſhall undoubtedly have another earthquake at " leaſt. You know, the laſt earthquake was oc- " caſioned by the immenſe number of places of " public entertainment; the biſhop ſaid ſo in his " letter: do you not remember it, Mr. *Ranger*?" Here a loud laugh made it unneceſſary for me to reply, and my well-meaning friend, intent upon his ſubject, continued to animadvert on the extravagance of the times: " Your uncle *Caleb*, added " he, Mr. *Ranger*, and I uſed frequently to talk " over theſe things together, and we have often " lamented the degeneracy of the times. We " foreſaw that it muſt end in the ruin of the na- " tion. Ay, we foreſaw it a long time ago. All " this luxury, which has been the bane of *Old Eng-*

" *land*,

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" *land*, has crept in among us ſince the year " twenty.—Ah! that year twenty, Mr. *Ranger* " was a fatal year; a fatal year indeed." Here Miſs *Diſcount* could contain no longer, but broke out with ſome warmth——" Lord, papa! you " are always bringing up that year twenty. How " many hundred years ago is it, ſince that year " twenty? It does not ſignify talking, while peo- " ple are in the world, they muſt do as other peo- " ple do, or they had better be out of the world; " and one muſt go to public places, or they will " have nothing to talk of. Is it not ſo, Mr. *Ran-* " *ger?* Come, now, I am ſure you are of my opi- " nion, an't you?"—As I was unwilling to diſo- blige either party in this diſpute, I replied to the lady in two lines of *Prior*.

Seldom your opinions err,
Your eyes are always in the right.

This topic had, I thought, been purſued rather too far, therefore I waved the converſation, and aſked the ladies, whether they had ſeen Mrs. *Brillant*, ſince her marriage? To this they all anſwered at once, O yes: whereupon I took the liberty to addreſs myſelf particularly to Mrs. *Diſcount*, and deſired to know, whether ſhe did not think her a very fine woman? " A fine woman, " Mr. *Ranger*, replied ſhe, how can you aſk me " ſuch

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" ſuch a queſtion? To be ſure, ſhe is a ſhowy wo-
" man, and ſuch a one as takes with the men;
" but you can't call her a fine woman ſurely.
" Then, ſhe wears her cap ſo horridly; and always
" overdreſſes herſelf. The gentlemen, I know,
" admire her, but I proteſt I cannot ſee for what."
" Madam, replied I, I muſt beg leave to be of a
" different opinion; in my eyes, Mrs. *Brillant* ap-
" pears a very amiable woman, and it gives me a
" great deal of pleaſure, that ſhe is ſo happily
" married." " O indeed, ſays Miſs *Diſcount*, I
" believe ſhe is very happy, for ſhe has a very
" handſome equipage, and a ſweet pair of ear-
" rings; and then ſhe ſees a vaſt deal of com-
" pany: there were ninety perſons at her laſt rout.
" She plays crown whiſt."

I could not forbear obſerving, that I was a little ſurprized, ſo diſcerning a young lady ſhould eſtimate Mrs. *Brillant*'s happineſs from the ſtake ſhe played for at whiſt, when to me it appeared, that ſhe poſſeſſed a more certain ſource of felicity, in the amiable qualities of her huſband. " O law!
" that's true, replied the ladies, they ſay her
" huſband too is a *pretty man*."

We were proceeding farther on this head, when a thundering rap was given at the door, and the ſervant ſignified, that Lady *Portſoken* was coming into the room. As I thought I had paid a viſit

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of a ſufficient length, I took advantage of the alarm given by this City Knight's lady, and withdrew unnoticed.

In my return home, I could not avoid reflecting on the capricious notions the female world entertain of happineſs.

To be dreſſed as well as others of the ſame rank; to be preſent at all public places, without conſidering the entertainment in any other light, than as the means of bringing company together; to viſit, and be viſited by every one, whom they think it of conſequence to ſalute at the playhouſe; to live (if it may be called living) in a perpetual courſe of card-playing; and, to ſum up the whole, to be married to a man of any age, figure or qualities whatſoever, capable and willing to ſupport all this, in the opinion of ninety-nine females in a hundred, conſtitutes a happy woman. I ſhould be perhaps cenſured as a pedant, if I offended the delicacy of my female readers, with obſerving, that they degrade the faculties of the human ſoul, by confining the exerciſe of them within ſuch a circle of trifles; but I hope I may be allowed leave to refer them to the *Spectator*, where they will learn from the elegant Mr. *Addiſon*, that the ſtrongeſt argument, which can be advanced for the immortality

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tality of the ſoul, is the continual progreſs of the mind in the acquiſition of knowledge.

Now, I would ſubmit it to the candor of my fair countrywomen, whether their conduct does not ſubvert the principles, upon which this polite philoſopher reaſons; and tend to eſtabliſh the *Mahometan* doctrine, that the ſouls of women are mortal. Should this *Turkiſh* tenet ever prevail among us, dreadful will be the conſequences. What a melancholy tranſition will it be, from the liberties at preſent indulged to *Britiſh* wives, to the confinement and horrors of a ſeraglio?

I could add much more on this ſubject, but I am aware, that my pretty readers are prepared with a concluſive anſwer to whatever can be advanced: *Well, you may ſay what you will, but people will do as they like for all that*; the force of which I readily acknowledge, and, as becomes me, lay down my pen.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XXXIV.

Saturday, June 9, 1753.

Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere regnis?
Urbem, quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt.———

VIRG.

I HAVE of late received a variety of letters, in which my correſpondents labour much to preſs me into the ſervice of my country; and though I have always diſclaimed politics, as a ſubject averſe from my inclinations, theſe gentlemen are for making a ſtateſman of me in my own deſpight. I muſt own, I am not willing to be thrown off my byaſs, but when the act of parliament in favour of the *Jews* engroſſes ſo much of our converſation, and has worked all our ſpirits into a ferment, it then becomes the duty of a public writer, to make his bow to the muſes, and devote one lucubration to the happineſs and welfare of his countrymen.

The *Engliſh* have naturally interwoven in their conſtitution a peculiar kind of national ſelf-love, which may not improperly be called the endemial paſſion of the country. The leaſt attempt to diſpenſe a favour to foreigners alarms their fears, and awakens that jealouſy which is natural to their very

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very frame. It is to this we owe the general diſcontent, which has broke out among all ranks of people upon the late occaſion; but that it is owing to a miſtaken prejudice, I believe, will be manifeſt to any man that does not ſee things with the jaundiced eye of party.

It has been ſaid that by this act we give the lie to the ſcripture, and fly in the face of a peremptory prophecy, which declares, that the *Jews* ſhould be without a fixed ſettlement in any part of the globe, a vagabond race upon the face of the earth. There was a time when this objection might be allowed to carry with it ſome degree of weight; nor can it be denied, that while Chriſtianity ſubſiſted in the kingdom, it would have been the groſſeſt abſurdity to introduce a bill of this nature.

But the Chriſtian diſpenſation, it muſt be allowed, has diſappeared from among us. I believe, in the memory of the oldeſt perſon now living no trace of it can be found; and this, in my opinion, affords a concluſive argument in favour of the naturalization act. Were it any way inconſiſtent with the religion now in faſhion, I perſuade myſelf, it would have met with oppoſition from a certain bench in the H—— of L——; but as nothing

nothing of this kind was offered, it is to be presumed, that Judaism perfectly coincides with our present establishment both in church and state. I would therefore recommend this doctrine to be preached from the pulpit, for the better quieting the minds of men; and if the right reverend persons, who superintend the conscience of the nation, would issue out pastoral letters for this purpose, the mistaken notions, which the common people have imbibed, would be soon effaced.

Prejudice, it is well known, has been often too strong for reason: in the present case it has taken root too deep, as will appear to the attentive reader from the following anecdote. About three weeks ago I had occasion to take a boat at *Whiteball* stairs, in order to go a little way down the river. We no sooner put off from shore, than I perceived the waterman to be a very sensible fellow, and particularly knowing in politics. I therefore gave him an opportunity of discovering his sentiments on the bill in question. He discussed it with great strength of lungs, and vehemence of observation, "D—mn the circumcised dogs, says "he, now they are naturalized, I suppose we shall "have them all turn watermen, and they will "have the business of the river to themselves."— This story (which is really a matter of fact) will shew

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ſhew what prejudices are entertained by the common people; and none but the dregs of mankind have helped to raiſe that clamour againſt the Iſraelites, which has rung throughout the nation for ſeveral weeks paſt. Neither the hereditary legiſlators of the kingdom, nor the repreſentatives of the people, have thought an ancient prophecy worthy of their regard. The populace, and the populace only, are in oppoſition: but wiſdom doth not always cry out in the ſtreets. For my part, I am perſuaded, that when things are conſidered diſpaſſionately, the act will bear a different aſpect in the eyes of all men of ſenſe. Who have been ſerved by it? Not the poor *Jews*, who are ſtill left under the ſeverity denounced againſt them; but the rich, who are by this ſtroke reſcued from the vengeance of Heaven. And this regard to the affluent, and contempt for the moneyleſs, I take to be perfectly conſiſtent with the genius of a trading nation. From this incident, a very uſeful moral may be enforced. Namely, that money cannot only influence ſublunary things, but alſo ſuperſede the decrees of providence. The act has given the nation in general a very great acceſſion of credit, reputation, honour, and riches. For my part I ſhould be glad to ſee a further ſtep taken, in order to render the work complete. I have not had time to digeſt my thoughts into a

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regular ſcheme: I ſhall therefore content myſelf with ſuggeſting a few hints, which may be improved at maturity.

Firſt, as it is apparent from what has been obſerved already, that the Chriſtian religion has no longer a footing in this country, it may not be improper to repeal the ſacramental teſt, and to ſubſtitute in its room the act of circumciſion; for which purpoſe proper circumciſers may be found in *Dukes-Place*, who may perform the operation upon all our placemen. A proper number may be choſen out of a certain venerable body, in the nature of a jury of matrons, to examine whether the perſon be qualified according to law.

Secondly, As the *Jews* are known to be poſſeſſed of over-grown riches, and as no lottery can be vigorouſly carried on without their concurrence, whenever Sir *John Barnard*, or any patriot inclinable to chriſtianity, ſhall deviſe a ſcheme to prevent impoſitions from ſtock jobbers, it will be adviſable to let nobody into the ſubſcription but the above-mentioned *Jews*, who certainly cannot grow too rich, as our regard for them will increaſe in proportion to their pelf.

Thirdly, I am of opinion, that it is prejudicial to this kingdom to exclude the ſaid *Jews* from employments

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ployments civil and military, becauſe, as they have no other country of their own, it is highly probable, that they will love *England*, (or *Judæa Nova*) with an exceſs of zeal. They may be contractors for the future to ſupply our army and navy with proviſions, and there cannot be a doubt but it will be perfectly agreeable to the taſte of our ſoldiers and mariners to be fed with beef cured by a *Jew* butcher. On board the fleet particularly, it will infallibly be pleaſing to have a meſs of beef with a label of ſtamped lead upon it, to convince the men that it has been duly cured. And further, inſtead of making men of merit knights of the bath, or promoting them to ſuch like honours, ſuppoſe they were to be diſtinguiſhed (*Secundum ordinem Melchizedec*;) by the order of *Melchizedec*. This ſeems to me in all reſpects a proper inſtitution, but I ſubmit it to better judgments.

Fourthly and *laſtly*, I humbly propoſe, that an army may be ſpeedily raiſed for the retaking of *Jeruſalem*, which happy event would enable our good friends and now countrymen the *Iſraelites*, to rebuild their temple; by which means they would entirely overturn the only obſtacle which now remains, towards diſſipating thoſe errors, which have miſguided people theſe ſeventeen hundred

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fifty three years paſt. And I hope, the bad ſucceſs of that great man, *Julian* the *Apoſtate*, who was defeated, by the interpoſition of Heaven, in an attempt of this kind, will be no diſcouragement.

For theſe reaſons (and no better I preſume can be given) the act in queſtion ought to be conſidered, like Magna Charta, as a fundamental law; with this addition, that to move for its repeal ought to be declared high treaſon.

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NUMBER XXXV.

Saturday, June 16, 1753.

——— *Hæc ego mecum*
Compreſſis agito Labris; ubi quid dâtur otî,
Illudo Chartis.

HOR.

A Series of pointed *thoughts on various ſubjects* has been occaſionally preſented to the public by ſeveral eminent writers. In *France* to this day, it continues to be the favourite mode of conveying an author's ſentiments. The duke *de Rochfoucault* ſucceeded ſo well upon this plan, that he is univerſally admired wherever wit and poignancy of matter are reliſhed. This ſcheme of writing indulges a free roving exerciſe of the mind, as Lord *Shaftſbury* expreſſes it; it ſets us free from the fatigue of purſuing a long and regular tract of well-concerted reaſoning. It appears, indeed, in looſe detached ſentences, and may therefore ſeem to the reader to carry with it no great difficulty in the execution. It is, however, in all reſpects as hard as any other vehicle of inſtruction: it raiſes a demand for cloſe ſenſe and a lively turn of expreſſion in almoſt every line. Hence it is, that the writer already mentioned has been ſo much celebrated by

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people of taſte, and hence it is, that *Pope* and *Swift* have thought proper to follow him in this path of ſatyr. An ingenious *French* author has publiſhed, within this ſhort time, an entire volume in this way, abounding in excellent reflections upon all occurrences in life, full of ſtrong ſenſe, and highly ſpirited in the diction. After having peruſed this author, my mind acquired ſuch a habit of thinking in this unconnected faſhion, that I could not ſettle my thoughts upon any one topic for the entertainment of my readers. Wherever I went, whether through the ſtreets upon ordinary buſineſs, or upon ſhort excurſions into the country to breathe freſh air *amidſt the villages and farms adjoined*, I found myſelf conſtantly talking ſentences. I have reſolved this day to commit them to paper, and I hope that this deſultory mode will be received with candour.

THOUGHTS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Periodical Writer, in order to procure himſelf a ſufficient number of readers, ſhould endeavour to render his works agreeable to the various palates which predominate among the ſeveral inhabitants of this metropolis: but though he ſhould ſeaſon his papers to the taſte in vogue, he ſhould not entirely give up his own judgment: as

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as *Cowley* has it, The world may ſo come in a man's way, that he may ſalute it, but he ſhould not go a whoring after it,

The ſevereſt critics upon writing are thoſe who know the leaſt of compoſition, which is ſome comfort to an author, who lives in an age of envy, malice, ill-nature, and detraction.

Dean *Swift* tells us, that when he was a young man, he believed that the reſt of the world reſembled himſelf in talking of nothing but the laſt new play: in this particular the author of this paper is perhaps too much like that great genius: the foibles of a great character are eaſily imitated.

When a ſet of bookſellers are concerned in a news-paper, a *Monthly Review*, or a *Magazine*, they take every oportunity in the ſaid productions of praiſing the works, in which they have a property themſelves, and of decrying every thing that may prevent an encreaſe of their own ſale. Writers who are ill-uſed by them in this ſhape, may always enjoy this comfort, that were theſe people to *poll* in *Parnaſſus*, their votes, upon a *ſcrutiny*, would be ſtruck off, as they are only *Copyholders*.

You may know what a gentleman thinks of you,

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by the behaviour of his ſervants, while they wait at table. Theſe people are always ſuch ſincere friends to their maſter, and have his honour and glory ſo much at heart, that they generally place their affections and reſentments upon the ſame object, unleſs their judgment is handſomely bribed at the ſtreet door.

On the contrary, you may know what the waiting maid thinks of you, by the reception you meet with from her miſtreſs; [illegible] ladies are directed in their [illegible] men by what Mrs. *Betty* is [illegible] toilet, and if ſhe declares, "C Ma'am, [illegible] "fine man! I loves to ſee him like any thing:" or, "Oh! the fright! I hate the ſight of him." You are ſure to find the conſequences of it at the firſt meeting.

As the world goes, there is generally more *art* to obtain ſucceſs, than *merit* to deſerve it.

Sounding periods and pompous expreſſions no more conſtitute a beautiful ſtile, than ſtrutting in *red heel* ſhoes, and *gold clock* ſtockings can make a graceful walk; both may ſerve to impoſe upon the injudicious, but thoſe who are acquainted with men and books, will always think eaſe a requiſite quality.

Diſ-

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Diſcretion has its bounds as well as all other virtues: it degenerates into a Vice, if, like *Aaron's* Serpent, it ſwallows up the reſt.

A MOTTO for the *JEWS*;

———*Nos alia ex aliis in Fata vocamur.*

When I reflect on the late *Marriage-act*, I cannot help crying out with the Poet;

Curſe on all Laws, but thoſe which Love has made.

It is well remarked by an able *French* Writer that a King who does not keep a Miſtreſs is highly eſtimable, provided he does not become a Bigot through too much Devotion.

Politicians have obſerved that *England* can never be undone but by a parliament: if that be true, what are the Addreſſes from Candidates to their Electors, but ſo many petitions to let them have a Hand in *Naturalization Acts*, *Jew Bills*, Taxes, and in ſhort the RUIN of their COUNTRY?

The ſureſt Way of amaſſing overgrown Riches, is by a due Government of our own Paſſions, or rather adminiſtering to the Gratification of the Paſſions of other People.

It is much more difficult to HEAR in Company, than to SPEAK; Every one is willing to do the latter, but few have Politeneſs enough to do the former, though it ſerves a double Purpoſe; it ſhews our Manners at the ſame Time that it improves the Underſtanding.

The

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The late Doctor *Swift* is not generally eſteemed as a Man; in this Point the World agrees with the *Dean* himſelf, who was always mortified to think himſelf of ſuch a Species.

Of all the Arguments in Favour of Vice, *defendit Numerus*, is the worſt; who would chuſe to travel in a dirty Road, becauſe it is crowded?

Every Age has a peculiar Characteriſtic to diſtinguiſh it: the laſt Century was remarkable for a comic Genius, which ſometimes run out into unwarrantable Luxuriancies, and a Breach of Manners; the preſent Times have acquired a politer Taſte, but cannot produce any work of Theatrical Humour. The former tranſgreſſed through an Exceſs of Vigour; the latter are decent, but they have that kind of Decency which ariſes from a Want of Power, rather than of Will. They ſhould take for their motto the deſcription of the *Eunuch* in *Terence*; *Amatores eſſe eos maximos, ſed nihil poteſſe.*

People of the ſame Profeſſion frequently ſpend their Time in envying each other; whereas if they were actuated by *Emulation*, and each would mind his own buſineſs, every Man would find his Account in it; as at a Gaming-Table, the Way is not to ſit fretting at the Cards you ſuppoſe your Adverſary may have, but to make the beſt of your own hand.

Some

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Some people's Diſcretion is the reverſe of charity; it covers a Multitude of Virtues, as the latter does a Multitude of Sins.

It was well ſaid by a Gentleman at a Coffee-houſe, that the laſt Scene of a modern Tragedy is like a Statuary's Yard; the Players are all fixed in Attitudes.

When once a Writer is known, his Enemies will rail at him, and his Friends will damn him with faint Praiſe, becauſe he has dared to take the Lead of them. He fares like one who meets with ſpeedy preferment in the army; the enemy will be ſure to fire at him, and his Brother Officers will hate him for being put over their Heads.

Religion, which ſhould make us live in Peace and Charity is the Source of our moſt violent Animoſities. No one is willing to let his neighbour worſhip the ſupreme Being according to his own Ideas, and his own Feelings, though every Man is reſolved to uſurp that Liberty himſelf.

Lord *Bolingbroke* wrote againſt the Chriſtian religion; Doctor *Hill* intends to write againſt Lord *Bolingbroke*. *Felices errore ſuo!*

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NUMBER XXXVI.

Saturday, June 23, 1753.

ACCUSATIO *crimen deſiderat, rem ut definiat, hominem ut notet, argumento probet, teſte confirmet.* MALEDICTIO *autem nihil habet propoſiti præter contumeliam.* TULLY.

THERE are not in Nature two things more eſſentially differing from each other than CALUMNY and legal ACCUSATION. The latter requires a fact, ſome actual commiſſion of a crime, a *corpus delicti*, as the CIVILIANS call it, that it may have a foundation upon which to build; that it may with preciſion ſet forth the ſpecific charge; that it may ſupport it by the deductions of fair argument, and bring it home to the man by the weight of evidence. This is the account given by the great Roman orator. The ſame inimitable writer tells us, that CALUMNY has no other object in view but the gratifications of a malevolent ſpirit, and the injury it may do to a worthy character.

It was the wiſdom of many ſtates in ancient times to give every private citizen the liberty of ſtanding forth a PUBLIC ACCUSER, and bringing to trial the moſt eminent of the community. Of this

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this inſtitution the principle was, that the boldneſs of aſpiring men might be awed, and ambition feel itſelf curbed by the reſtraints of law. But the very governments, that made this practice a part of their civil polity, looked with a jealous and ſevere eye upon the artifices of CALUMNY. It is of the utmoſt importance, ſays *Machiavel*, that in ſome part of every government there be veſted certain uncontroulable powers of ſubjecting to juſtice all offenders againſt the laws, however daring or exalted; and for this he aſſigns two excellent reaſons. The ill humours, which are always fermenting in populous cities, and which by being pent up, might gather to a dangerous diſeaſe, in a courſe of judicial proceeding find a ſafe vent, and work themſelves clear. He obſerves in the ſecond place, that if the conſtitution allowed no way to bridle the inſolence of overgrown power, men would have recourſe to violence, and in the tumult the innocent would be too often involved with the guilty.

To illuſtrate the firſt part of this remark, *Machiavel* cites the caſe of Coriolanus, who was in danger of being torn piece-meal as he came out of the ſenate-houſe, if the TRIBUNITIAN POWER had not interpoſed, and gratified the reſentment of the MOB by appointing a legal trial. To give weight

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weight to the latter reflection, he calls to mind an eminent citizen of *Florence*, who aimed at the ſupreme authority, and could only be oppoſed by riot and bloodſhed, the conſtitution of the ſtate not having reſerved the power of aſſerting itſelf by the juſt mode of legal enquiry. The ſame political maſter, who thus contends for ACCUSATION in due form of law, declares his abhorrence of CALUMNY, the bane and peſt of civil ſociety. I ſhall here tranſcribe a paſſage from the tranſlation of that author lately publiſhed. MANLIUS CAPITOLINUS *applied himſelf to the people, amongſt whom he ſcattered various aſperſions to the prejudice of* CAMILLUS, *in particular that certain ſums of ranſom money had not been appropriated to that uſe, but diſtributed among ſome few citizens; and that if it could be recovered out of their hands, the people might apply it either to leſſen the public taxes, or diſcharge their private debts. Theſe ſuggeſtions had ſuch an effect upon the people, that they began to form cabals, and to raiſe tumults in the city, till the Senators appointed a* DICTATOR *to enquire into the matter. This* MAGISTRATE *accordingly cited* MANLIUS *to appear, and called upon him to declare in whoſe hands the money was, becauſe the ſenators were as deſirous to be informed of that as the people. But* MANLIUS, *inſtead of anſwering directly to the queſtion,*

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tion, endeavoured to EVADE *it by ſaying, he had no occaſion to inform them of what they ſo well knew themſelves*; upon which the DICTATOR ſent him immediately to priſon.

Here then the genius of CALUMNY ſtands detected. It frames a groundleſs charge, and when called upon for proof of its allegations, it has none to offer; but putting on an air of contumacy, hopes thereby to effectuate its pernicious purpoſes. It was this which occaſioned ſo many cruel *oſtraciſms* from a light and giddy people againſt the worthieſt men at *Athens*. That unhappy republic, ſays the *hiſtorian of Florence*, was infeſted with one continued ſeries of ſlander againſt the managers of all her moſt important affairs, till by thoſe very means the ruin of the ſtate was accompliſhed.

Since I have entered ſo far into this ſubject, it may not be improper, in order to ſhew the pernicious vice I have been ſpeaking of in the true colours of its guilt, to produce the moſt remarkable inſtance of groundleſs accuſation, that ever was attempted by the inventive genius of CALUMNY. It is the maſterly hand of *Tacitus*, that has tranſmitted to us this matchleſs picture of fraud: I ſhall

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ſhall here endeavour, though with a rude hand, to copy ſo remarkable a piece.

JUNIUS BLESUS commanded three legions in *Pannonia*. Having received an account of the death of *Auguſtus*, and the ſucceſſion of *Tiberius*, he relaxed the rigour of military diſcipline, that the ſoldiery might diſcharge the double office of grief and joy upon ſo important an event. Idleneſs prevailed in the camp, and ſoon produced the uſual conſequences of vice and miſchief. Diſcontent ſpread amongſt the men; ſeditious diſcourſes were devoured with a greedy ear; and to exchange a life of labour and fatigue for indolence and luxury was the wiſh of all. They broke out into open ſedition: BLESUS oppoſed their fury; by entreaty, by commanding, by perſuaſion, by menacing, he endeavoured to appeaſe the tumult. He prevailed upon ſome, and others, as a juſt example, he puniſhed with ſtripes and impriſonment. But the mutiny ſtill continued: of thoſe who had been ordered into cuſtody, a great number endeavoured to ſhake off all authority; they reſiſted the officers, who were in the execution of their duty; they ſeized hold of the by-ſtanders; they implored relief from individuals by name; they poured out a torrent of invective againſt their

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their general; they left no topic untouched, that might raiſe compaſſion in the multitude, alarm their fears, excite reſentment, and all the violent and tumultuous paſſions. New lovers of commotion mingled in the fray: in particular, one VIBULENUS, a common ſoldier, mounting upon the ſhoulders of his comrades, applauded thoſe who were boldeſt in the riot, and harangued the incendiaries: "Who, ſaid he, will reſtore my "brother to life? Who will give him to this "fond embrace? Sent hither from the German "army upon important matters, he was laſt "night murdered by the aſſaſſins, whom BLESUS "arms for our deſtruction. Anſwer me, Bleſus, "where have you beſtowed the body? The "very enemy allows the rites of ſepulture. "When I have poured upon him a flood of tears, "and printed kiſſes on his mangled body, let "me too periſh, and let theſe my fellow-ſoldiers "bury in one grave two miſerable wretches, who "fell a ſacrifice to their zeal for the public good." This ſpeech he made ſtill more inflammatory by grief and bitter lamentation; he beat his breaſt; he tore his hair, and wounded his features in the moſt frantic manner. He proceeded with ſuch well-acted paſſion, that if it had not been immediately proved, that no murder was committed,

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and that the *fellow never had a brother*, the general would have found no protection from his innocence.

If the reader will pauſe a moment, he will, from this account, be penetrated with a thorough deteſtation of CALUMNY. It's dangerous nature is in this inſtance fully diſplayed, and VIBULENUS appears the great maſter of *political lying*. I do not recollect that any where in hiſtory his rival is to be found.

But it is not my intention to dwell upon the conſequences of POLITICAL CALUMNY: the moral turpitude of it is the more immediate buſineſs of this paper. To repreſs the miſchief, as it operates upon the ſtate, is the province of thoſe, who have undertaken the direction of our affairs. That a piece of falſe news believed for three days might be the ſalvation of a people, was the maxim of *Catherine de Medicis*; and by parity of reaſon the *runners of faction* conclude, that *falſe givings out* may be the deſtruction of a Miniſter. Upon this principle we ſee men daily bawling forth every ſpecies of calumny. I know a perſon who goes from coffee-houſe to coffee-houſe to aſſure us that the Britiſh empire is mouldering away. He will tell you with many winks and ſhrugs, that he

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he knows the perſons who have made their bargain with *France* for the ſale of our liberties. Upon theſe ſolemn occaſions he has recourſe, like VIBULENUS, to an impoſing pathetic; and I have often ſeen him rubbing his eye, till he chafed out a reluctant ſolitary tear for the good of his country. Were he called upon, like MANLIUS, whom I mentioned in a former part of this paper, to tell who has received money for the barter of our rights, he would only be able to anſwer, "*Why "do you aſk what you already know yourſelf?*"

Whether any further fences ſhould be by law eſtabliſhed to reſtrain this evil, I ſhall not preſume to ſay. When a ſet of drunkards from SAMOS, in a midnight riot, beſmeared the tribunal of the EPHORI at SPARTA, that grave republic paſſed a law, declaring it competent to the SAMIANS to be very dirty fellows. In imitation of this policy, our Miniſters ſeem willing to countenance the ſlanderers of the day. They have not, I believe, felt any bad conſequences from the ſpirit of defamation, which diſgraces the age; or, perhaps, they have LYARS of their own, who act as a counterpoiſon to the enemies of government. In a political view all this may be well; but in a moral light, the conſequences are pernicious. Vice

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is diffuſed; the public ſuffers; truth is ſacrificed, and virtue goes to ruin.

If the men, who are ſuffered with impunity to go on in the trade of falſehood and malevolence, were willing to confine their ſcandal to thoſe, who have riſen to eminence in the ſtate, I ſhould not have thrown theſe thoughts together. While great men are abuſed, they pay the tax, which in all ages has been exacted by envy from ſuperior merit. But immorality, when it is not timely checked, overthrows all bounds. The ſcribblers of the age think every thing lawful game. Pirvate families are attacked; their characters are blacken'd; their children are ſaid to have a wonderful reſemblance to men, whom their mothers never ſaw; and there does not paſs a day, but ſome newſpaper is moiſtened by the tears of modeſty and innocence.

——————— *Per honeſtas*
Ire minax impune Domos——

ſhould be the *motto*, as it is the practice of every man, who, without any character of his own, ſets himſelf up in the public prints as the CENSOR of his neighbours. But *Horace* tells us that the ſcribblers of this claſs were formerly cured by the cudgel,

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cudgel, and ſurely the ſame, or ſome other effectual remedy, ought ſpeedily to be applied to this dangerous and growing miſchief.

——— *Vertêre modum formidine fuſtis,*
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.

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NUMBER XXXVII.

Saturday, June 30, 1753.

——— *Ærugo & cura Peculi.*

HOR.

THERE is nothing more common than to hear it deciſively pronounced in converſation, that Mr. *Such-a-one* is a man of very good ſenſe; or, on the reverſe, that he has not common ſenſe; and yet, notwithſtanding the frequent application of this phraſe, there is not a term in the *Engliſh* language ſo little underſtood, or made uſe of in ſo many vague ſignifications. In the various lot of human life, moſt people derive their ſtock of ideas from the occupation, into which they have been acidentally thrown. From the conſtant and daily repetition of the ſame ideas, men are apt to form contracted habits of thinking. Their attention is confined to one ſet of objects: out of their beaten path they have no power of reflection, or, as Mr. *Locke* expreſſes it, they do not ſee beyond the ſmoke of their own chimney. The conſequence is, moſt things are determined by them, without a full conſideration of the ſubject,

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ject, according to their own imperfect ſurvey of men and manners. As a great writer obſerves, they ſee a little; preſume a great deal; and haſtily jump into the concluſion.

I have ſomewhere read of a people reſiding in a ſmall town, ſituate in the midſt of the *Alps*, with whom the principal conſtituent of beauty is a ſwelling prominence of fleſh in the throat, by them called a *Gother*. It is recorded of theſe people, that, when an *Engliſh* gentleman, remarkable for all the graces of manly beauty, was paſſing by on his travels to *Italy*, it was agreed unanimouſly, that he was of an elegant form, and would really be very handſome, if he had but a *Gother*. In like manner, we daily meet with as notable opinions relating to the intellects of our neighbours. I remember myſelf to have heard a perſon of excellent parts condemned for a blockhead, becauſe he never won an odd trick at whiſt: I have known another accounted a man of the beſt ſenſe in *England*, becauſe he was a great dab at the Multiplication Table, and had got over *Euclid's Pons Aſinorum*. A knack of rhyming hath given an air of importance to many a verſe-maker, and the acquirement of a fortune is a rule from which there can be no appeal. Some degree of luck in this way

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is ſufficient to dub any one, SENSIBLE, WITTY, POLITE, GOOD-NATURED, and what not? Riches being in this inſtance like tar-water, not only ſerving as an excellent alterative againſt all noxious particles in the conſtitution, but alſo conferring every good quality under the ſun. It is to this principle that we owe the EMINENT cheeſemonger, the EMINENT tallow-chandler, the EMINENT haberdaſher of ſmall-ware, the EMINENT needle-maker, the EMINENT pawnbroker, and a thouſand other degrees of EMINENCE, which it would be too tedious to enumerate at preſent.

There is a paſſage in the characters of the famous *La Bruyere*, which it may not be improper to cite on the preſent occaſion. " FAUSTE *eſt un* " *diſſolu, un prodigue, un libertin, un ingrat, un em-* " *porté, qu'* AURELE *ſon oncle n'a pu haïr ni deſheri-* " *ter.* FRONTIN, *neveu d'*AURELE, *après vingt an-* " *nées d'une probité connue, & d'une complaiſance a-* " *veugle pour ce vieillard, ne l'a pu flechir en ſa fa-* " *veur; & ne tire de ſa depouille qu'une legere pen-* " *ſion, que* FAUSTE *unique legataire lui doit payer.*" " *Fauſtus*, ſays the great writer juſt mentioned, is " diſſolute in his manners, profuſe in his ex- " pences, a libertine, a man of ingratitude, and " a ſlave to his paſſions; and yet his uncle *Aure-*

" *lius*

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" *lius* could never conceive a diſlike to him, nor " diſinherit him in his will. *Frontinus*, nephew " to *Aurelius*, has given proofs of his probity and " reſpectful attention to the old gentleman, du- " ring a ſeries of twenty years, and yet never " could impreſs upon his mind one ſentiment in " his favour. He now lives upon a ſcanty an- " nuity, which is paid him by *Fauſtus*, the ſole " legatee of *Aurelius*."

This extract may convince the reader, that fortune is but an erroneous rule, by which to judge of a character. Succeſs, whether good or bad, is not always the meaſure of a man's underſtanding. Were I to define a man of ſenſe, I ſhould call him a perſon of a clear apprehenſion and ſound judgment; talents, of which a ſmall degree of obſervation will convince us many are poſſeſſed, though they do not upon all occaſions avail themſelves of them; but, on the contrary, let them lie dormant in their minds, without calling them forth into action. The truth is, when men think, they make uſe of their reaſon; when they act, their paſſions drive them forward. Perſons of brilliant parts are apt, indeed, not to curb their paſſions, and therefore commit miſtakes in life, from which thoſe are exempt, who have not equal ſenſibility. The late Sir *Richard Steele*, I believe, may be allowed

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lowed to have enjoyed as ſtrong intellects as any Cit whatever, and yet in pecuniary matters his conduct was highly negligent. It is ſaid of this gentleman, that going one day into his chariot, with an intimate friend, whom he had invited to his country-houſe, as they paſſed through a lane of ſervants, who had drawn themſelves up in the hall, the humorous knight, looking over his ſhoulder at his acquaintance, pleaſantly repeated from *Horace*,

Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex.

" The King of *Cappadocia* is well provided with " ſervants, but wants money."

From this it will appear what degree of regard that genius had for yellow dirt, which, though a neceſſary of life, is certainly incapable of conferring one ſingle accompliſhment either to the head or heart, and is generally the acquiſition of the dulleſt of human race.

Certain it is, that to create a fortune in the ordinary paths of buſineſs, is ſo far from requiring wit, genius, learning, imagination, invention, or any liberal faculty, that every one of thoſe attributes has rather a tendency to keep the poſſeſſor of it ſtill the poorer, " as Heaven's bleſt beams

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beams turns vinegar more ſour." An eager love of pelf, a narrow attention to what is called the main chance, a ſpice of that clergyman's way of thinking, who delivered in his ſermon that "a ſhilling is a ſerious thing," and a cold, languid, unimpaſſioned temper, are the principal ingredients in the compoſition of the man of buſineſs; while perſons of quick underſtanding will always have lively ſenſations, which muſt, at times, hurry them into ſcenes of action aſtoniſhing to the ſober ſhop-keeper, or the ſedate book-keeper. It ſhould, however, be remembered, that the paſſions are the gales of life. To be diveſted of them, is ſo far from denoting a ſenſible mind, that it is a proof of lamentable dullneſs and ſtupidity. I ſhall conclude this paper with two ſhort characters drawn from real life.

Avarus was bound to a trade at fourteen years of age; he cleaned his maſter's ſhoes; lay under the counter; ſwept the ſhop; ſcraped the threſhhold, mounted on the leads to clean the gutter; went regularly to the Poſt-office with letters; was perfectly well verſed in the Rule of Three, and had the Merchant's Directory by heart. On *Sundays* he would take a ſober walk to *Iſlington*, *Newington*, or *Paddington*; and when a frolic ſeized him, he would, in the fulneſs of his ſoul, ſpend his

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his three-pence at *Jenny's Whim*. As he grew up, he became a downright *Stoic* in the government of his paſſions, to ſuch a degree, that he was thought at length totally to have extinguiſhed them all, except his darling love of money, which never ceaſed to influence his thoughts. In ſhort, *Avarus* has been ſo attentive to the main chance, that he is now flouriſhing and ſtarving with a large fortune; is determined to ſell his vote at the next election, and is likely in time to be made Sheriff of *London*.

Liberalis was bred at *Weſtminſter* ſchool, where he was always famous for a keen turn at an epigram. When removed to the Univerſity, he was thought to have carried with him a great knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*. At *Oxford* he enlarged his mind with uſeful ſtudies, and cultivated a juſt and elegant taſte for all polite literature. Being turned of one and twenty, he entered himſelf in the *Temple*, where he read the law with ſufficient application; but, in order to unbend his mind, he was frequently found dipping into *Shakeſpear*. It has been ſaid by his enemies, that he never would diveſt himſelf of an attachment to thoſe polite amuſements. I have ſomewhere ſeen it remarked, that a taſte in reading is apt to infuſe a correſpondent reliſh for morals and the beauty of honor and virtue.

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virtue. The obſervation is certainly true in the caſe of *Liberalis*. In conſequence of an elegant turn of mind, he could never prevail on himſelf to fall into any mean practices. By this conduct he ſoon found himſelf deſerted by his clients, and neglected by the attornies. He now remains unſought in his chambers, in the high road to poverty; in which ſituation, agreeably to the way of the world, we will leave him to himſelf, and lay down the pen.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-houſe, June 30.

The Loungers, who uſed to take up the fire-place in the middle of the room, are now removed to St. *James's Park*, where they baſk in the ſun during the greateſt part of the day. At night they drop in here, and we imagine that ſome important buſineſs will be laid before the Board of Criticiſm next ſeſſions; and though Mr. *Town*, like the young *Pretender*, does not let it tranſpire where he is at preſent, yet we aſſure ourſelves he is not idle, as a certain ſubaltern critic was, the other day, taken up in *Grub ſtreet*, for enliſting men into his ſervice.

The

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The Admirers of Orator Henley *are desired to take notice of the following Advertisement.*

Oratory-Right-Reason Chapel.

Prayer——Religion—Discourse — Devil upon Two Sticks—Author of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*,—a Thief,—a low Fellow,—a Footer—Small Beer's better than Water,—Backgammon an ecclesiastical Game—the roast Pork of old *England*—I am your only Champion—Coup de Grace unanswer'd —a Monarch and a Chimney-Sweeper—Wit in comparing them—Sing Tantarara *Jews* all—*Jenny* come tie my bonny Cravat—Huzza for the old Orator of *Claremarket*,—inexhaustible—invincible,—irresistible—half past Six—a clear Stage and no favour.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XXXVIII.

Saturday, July 7, 1753.

——— *Impium*
Lenite clamorem, ſodales,
Et cubito remanete preſſo.

HOR.

I Went a few evenings ago into a coffee-houſe, where I found my friend WILDAIR in a circle of his acquaintance. He was talking over the ſeveral occurrences, which he had that day met with in his rambles about town in purſuit of intelligence. As he has a peculiar felicity in dreſſing up a ſtory in its moſt ſtriking colours, without falling into a minute and tedious detail of frivolous circumſtances, he touched upon many incidents in a manner ſo diverting, that a general mirth diffuſed itſelf through the little audience that was gathered round him. My friend Wildair is of all the men I know the beſt turned for ſociety. With great parts, and greater ſpirits, he has never ſubſided into a ſerious way of thinking, but in a ſuperficial way glides over the various ſubjects, that occur in converſation. He frequently rallies a gentleman of our acquaintance,

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ance, and tells him frankly, "I know, *Jack*, that "you are a ſenſible fellow in the main, but as "you manage matters, your friends muſt ſtudy "hard to find it out. Take my word for it, the "world is very ſuperficial: what ſignifies a rich "man, if he never has money in his pocket? "You have no change about you for the ideas of "your friends: you muſt ſell out to give an an- "ſwer upon the moſt common occaſion: let me "adviſe you, carry ſome looſe ideas about you; "your ſtock will not diminiſh, and you will be- "come more ſociable, and of courſe more "agreeable."

This is my friend WILDAIR's way of thinking. He acquits himſelf ſo well upon this plan, that he is always in much requeſt with his acquaintance. Whenever they lay hold of him, a party of pleaſure is ſure to be propoſed, and he finds it difficult to elude their ſolicitations. This was the caſe the other night. As I was paying my debt at the bar, he came up to me, and in a whiſper deſired me to be one of the company. It was in vain to remind him that it was our club-night, and his turn to take the chair. The preſent party, he aſſured me, would afford higher entertainment, and furniſh hints for ſome future eſſay. My friend's eloquence prevailed. I yielded to his ſolicitations, and

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and muſt now ſay, that the manner of ſpending the evening has ſupplied me with materials, the like of which never came in my way before.

As I intend to lay before my readers a narrative of the ſeveral tranſactions that occurred, it may be proper, in imitation of the ſkilfull writer for the ſtage, to give a liſt of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, with ſome ſhort hints to unfold their characters. Of my own diſpoſition ſome account has been given in a former paper. Of my friend WILDAIR it is unneceſſary to ſay more. The reſt of the company conſiſted of, a MAN OF WIT; a MAN OF HUMOUR; a *d—ned* HONEST FELLOW; a perſon of grave taciturnity, who never ſpoke an unneceſſary word in his life; and a GENTLEMAN of the moſt poliſhed manners, elegant in his deportment, courtly in his addreſs, and in the article of cloaths gay and ſplendid. With this ſet I ſhifted the ſcene to the next tavern. As ſoon as we entered the houſe, the HONEST FELLOW alarmed the waiter with great vociferation. He clapped me on the ſhoulder, and told me, "Now you "ſhall have good wine—Here, waiter! What "are you up my boys? Shew us a room." This being done without delay, he ordered a brace of bottles: "Let it be of the right ſort, "do you hear? You know my taſte: Allen's

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" forty-five." Upon this he turned to me, and with an arch wink adviſed me, " Always look " ſharp at a tavern." The wine was ſoon brought.: " Now," ſays he, " let us be jolly: " d—n your muſty books: we now will drink " ſome healths, and ſome confuſions: come, lads, " let us ſit down." The company obeyed: As I was going to ſeat myſelf, the MAN OF HUMOUR, with infinite pleaſantry, removed my chair, and I had a terrible tumble. As I fell with violence, I could not entirely reliſh the joke, which gave infinite ſatisfaction to all but the ſilent gentleman, who did not utter a ſyllable. The MAN OF WIT ſaid it was a good thing, as good a thing as he had ever known. The merit of it, ſaid he, conſiſts in the ſurprize. " Immenſe, by Jove!" cried the HONEST FELLOW; " I told him to look ſharp." Here there was a loud laugh. He looks, ſays the WIT, like VULCAN tumbled down from the feaſt of the Gods. As ſoon as I roſe, my HUMOUROUS friend, with a dry compoſure of his features, denoting ſomething between jeſt and earneſt, begg'd my pardon, and officiouſly offered to adjuſt my wig. This he did in ſuch a facetious poſition, and ſuch a whimſical ſtare of the curls, that a new burſt of mirth ecchoed through the room. My face, it ſeems, was dirtied in the fall, and the wig, by a ſufficient quantity of powder, formed a ſtriking

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ſtriking contraſt. The WIT was of opinion that I looked like a roaſted truffle upon a napkin, and this was received as a very happy alluſion. The ſpirits of the company were now excited to a high ſtrain, while the author of my misfortunes enjoyed the whole in a ſober manner, Humour being ever grave and ſedate. WILDAIR by this time ſaw that I did not much approve of my company. He ſqueezed my hand, and repeated from VIRGIL, *Forſan et hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.*

To retreat in this juncture would have been impoſſible. Finding myſelf obliged to ſtay, I did all in my power to give conſtraint an air of freedom. The HONEST FELLOW ſhewed all his powers. The bottle went round at ſo briſk a rate, that the WIT compared it to a windmill in a ſtorm, obſerving at the ſame that he thought it a lucky ſimile; and the more ſo, as the two things were very remote, and only brought together by a fanciful relation. The faculty of judgment was by this time ſtaggered. For my own part, I fairly owned that I never could ſtand a hurry, and obſerved that my eyes were dancing in my head—"Like wildfire, ſays the WIT; "I can't help it when things ſtrike my fancy." By all that's *Burgundy*, cried the HONEST FELLOW, *Harris* is the beſt pimp in England—Here, waiter, call

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Harris [Enter *Harris*] *Harris*, my old boy, ſhew us ſome of your beauties.—" There's a fine girl, " pleaſe your honor, at a place I know;—nobody " has ſeen her but Lord Shallow——and there's " *Polly Dillon*, juſt arrived from Dublin—'Squire " Mac-Hazard brought her with him—ſhe has " great ſpirits, pleaſe your honour; moſt of the " *Iriſh wenches* have great ſpirits; but ſhe is not " to be found now"—That's like *Boniface*, ſays the WIT; a delicate loin of veal laſt Wedneſday!——ha! ha!——theſe things will come acroſs one.——In ſome time after a lady was uſhered into the room, not without ſome glances mutually exchanged between her and *Harris*.

The MAN OF HUMOUR and the WIT began to play her off, as they called it. The lady knew that her vocation obliged her to bear impertinence, and alſo called upon her for her ſhare. The WIT had a number of ſimilies unlike, till at laſt the nymph threw the ſallad in his face. This put him in mind of ſomething, and he tried to make a compariſon, but I forget with what ſucceſs. As it is a rule in writing not to enlarge too much upon any ſubject, but to leave ſomething to the imagination of the reader, I ſhall only add, that the lady, in the ſpace of half an hour, drank and ſung, and laughed and cried, and danced and ſat, and

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and talked and ſaid nothing with ſurprizing alacrity. In the quickneſs of this viciſſitude, an April-day and changeable ſilks were not forgot by the WIT. At length the HONEST FELLOW ſwore that ſhe ſpoiled good fellowſhip, and deſired her to take a guinea at the bar: after ſeveral *te-hes* and *titters*, the lady withdrew.

This matter being ſettled, we were ſuddenly ſurprized with the moſt enlivening melody, accompanied by a ſprightly voice. It ſeems one of the fair natives of *Savoy*, who are good-natured enough to undergo the fatigue of a long journey to make our public ſtreets harmonious, was placed in the yard, with directions to entertain us with her vocal and inſtrumental ſtrain. From this incident our ſpirits received new vigour: the MAN OF WIT bounced over the table, broke the bottles and glaſſes; ſwore it was like fairy-land, and, after giving me a rap on the back, threw his wig out of the window. The MAN OF HUMOUR expreſſed his approbation by a dry joke; the HONEST FELLOW puſhed about the Burgundy, and the gentleman of poliſhed manners, whom I mentioned in the beginning of this paper, ſmiled with the moſt winning complacence. This perſonage has hitherto made no figure in our SYMPOSIUM. The truth is, he drank nothing, aſſuring us that

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he was forced to be abſtemious for the ſake of his health. His heart, however, ſeemed to dilate in proportion as he ſaw the company become more and more intoxicated. With a ſmiling countenance and a ſparkling eye, he held out his hand clenched, and "Come, ſaid he, "odd or even for this little ſilver." Our ſpirits were now ready to flow into any channel, and gaming became the general amuſement. Cards were called for, but in a ſhort time cards were found not to decide the fate of the adventurers with ſufficient celerity. The remark was made by the POLITE MAN, and having the aſſent of all, he took out of his pocket a box and dice, which he ſaid he was ſo happy as to have with him by an accident, and he ſhould always think himſelf fortunate, as it enabled him to accommodate the company. He aſſured us that he did not underſtand the doctrine of chances, but he was willing to amuſe his friends.

The noiſe of the dice gave notice to the company in an adjacent room of what was going forward. Mr. *Mac Hazard* ſent in his compliments, and was admitted of the party. The POLITE GENTLEMAN was much aſtoniſhed at the run in his favour. Some dæmon, in his opinion, governed the dice, for in general he loſt every thing he played for, but now it ſeemed that ſome little reparation was to be

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be made to him for former loſſes. MAC HAZARD informed us that he was alſo a great ſufferer by play, but in games of chance there was ſomething to him very unaccountable. It ſeems he was in ſtrict intimacy with our elegant friend. They had ſeen each other play on ſundry occaſions, and they bore mutual teſtimony to the bad run which always purſued them. This night, however, they had the good fortune to be of the ſame mind upon every throw. In a couple of hours they made the whole company bankrupts. The MAN OF HUMOUR loſt all he had. The WIT was out of ſpirits: he ſaid he was like a bird without wings, or a herring without roe, and there was ſomething ſo ridiculous in his ſituation, that he was ſure there was a ſimile to be made, but he could not hit it off. The HONEST FELLOW played without any manner of diſcretion. His ready money was gone: when he came to ſettle accounts, he was obliged to apologize for a large arrear. Mr. MAC HAZARD, however, did not underſtand looſe accounts: it was not his way to let any man trifle with him. He drew his ſword, and planting his back againſt the door, declared, with violent imprecations, that no man ſhould quit the room till he was paid. Our diſtreſs was great, and would not have been eaſily removed, if

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the POLITE GENTLEMAN had not interfered in his placid manner to ſettle the difference. He believed that Mr. LOCUST, an attorney in Furnival's Inn, was in the houſe, and a bond for the money might be ſoon filled up. MAC HAZARD acquieſced: LOCUST was ſhewn into the room, and with a ready pen prepared the inſtrument, which was executed, and put an end to the controverſy. Whereupon the SILENT GENTLEMAN, who, as I obſerved already, never ſpoke an unneceſſary word in his life, came forward, and, to the ſurprize of all, deſired to be heard. He had been for ſome time, it ſeems, examining the dice: his curioſity went at laſt ſo far as to open them, when he found them both ſo artfully loaded, that he could not any longer deny himſelf the uſe of ſpeech. He laid the dice on the table, and added, looking round at the company, "I could have told you this two hours ago." LOCUST ſhook his head, muttering that it was a bad affair: he went out of the room, winking to MAC HAZARD, who thought proper to follow him. I heard the attorney ſay, as they went down ſtairs, "We ſhall "hear of this at law; our beſt way will be to "deny the whole, and prove an ALIBI: who is "to find witneſſes, you or I? I have an excel-"lent clerk; I call him BOX OF JEWELS: he ſhall "be at your ſervice." MAC HAZARD received the

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the offer with gratitude, adding emphatically, "My dear LOCUST, you are the beſt friend I "have in the world." The opportunity being now fair, I judged it right to make my eſcape. I ſhall only add, that I never before ſpent an evening in a manner that has given me ſo much to reflect upon. Of the gameſters I ſhall ſay nothing, becauſe nothing that I can ſay will induce them to leave off their trade. I leave them to the laws. The MAN of WIT, I ſuppoſe, has acquired his notions from Sir *Richard Blackmore*, who tells us that Wit conſiſts in regular and exalted ferments; or from Mr. *Dennis*, who defines it, a motion of furious joy and pride of ſoul upon the conception of a hint. I ſhall in ſome enſuing paper, give this gentleman my idea of the talent he profeſſes; and the MAN of HUMOUR will excuſe me, if I endeavour, upon ſome future occaſion, to explain the character, which he would be thought to poſſeſs.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XXXIX.

Saturday, July 14, 1753.

——— Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam.

VIRG.

Quatenus hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.

LUCRET.

AS I was looking over my regiſter book, the other morning, in order to ſelect proper articles of intelligence for the entertainment of my readers, a tall thin-viſaged man flung open my room-door, and with ſome earneſtneſs begged he might have half an hour's converſation with me. I could perceive a lively expreſſion of ſome important meaning in his countenance. I deſired him to ſit down, which he accordingly did, and, without further ceremony, entered into the matter. He informed me that he was born in the highlands of *Scotland*; that he had lived there almoſt all his life, and that he is bleſſed with the faculty of a ſecond ſight. By this power, he told me, he could ſee further into the ſeries of human contingencies, than is permitted to the reſt of man-

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mankind. He added, ſhaking his head, and his eyes rolling, as if his mind were then pregnant with foreknowledge, " Friend *Ranger*, it gives " me *muckle* trouble to ſee the *Engliſh* forehuing " their *neeſt*, and giving it up to the *cheeld of Iſ-* " *rael*. I can ſee the ruin of this land, whoſe " Kings formerly went to the *Cruiſade*. Here is " a paper of the news that will happen about an " hundred years hence. Publiſh it to the world: " open the eyes of mankind: forewarned, you " know, is to be forearmed. For me, Mr. *Ran-* " *ger*, I am going to ſpend the remainder of my " days in my own country, where no Jews will " come in ſearch of gold." Here he fetched a deep groan, and big round tears ran down his face. Recovering his ſpirits, he aſſured me that the eſtabliſhed religion will be ſhortly aboliſhed, and the direction of affairs veſted in the hands of a *Jewiſh Sanhedrim*. He pauſed for ſome time, with his eyes fixed on the ground, then, ſighing, roſe up and haſtily withdrew. I ſhall now lay before my readers the whole ſubſtance of his foreknowledge, which, to ſay the truth, is not a little alarming. The power of ſeeing things long before their actual exiſtence, or at the point of time when they happen, however diſtant the objects, or placed beyond the reach of the human eye, is what

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what is called a SECOND SIGHT. It is ſeeing with the MIND'S EYE. What it is that thus informs to the imagination, and preſents the occurrences of the world, whether then actually paſſing, or ſtill in the womb of time, in the diſtinct form and manner of the tranſaction, it is impoſſible to explain. The faculty is well known. If a friend is murdered in the remoteſt quarter of the globe, the SECOND-SIGHTED SEER, amidſt his hills of ſnow, beholds it in the inſtant; he ſees the bloody agents, their dreſs, their features, the rage in their countenance, and the laſt look of his expiring friend. Colours may paſs before his eye, and form the ſcene as if it were reality: or, it may be, that the whole is a viſion of the mind proceeding from ſome inward light: whatever be the cauſe, the fact is aſcertained beyond the poſſibility of a doubt. When things yet to come are thus anticipated, ſuch a wonderful inſtance of ſupernatural knowledge may amaze the incredulous, but hiſtory has often verified the prediction. *Shakeſpeare* has always appeared to me to deſcribe the operations of a SECOND SIGHT in the following paſſage of his *Macbeth*:

——— *Preſent feats*
Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whoſe murder yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that function

Is

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Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe, and nothing is,
But what is not.

My friend, the honeſt highlander, ſeemed to feel the like impreſſions, and to labour with enthuſiaſm. There was ſomething that *made his heart knock at his ribs againſt the uſe of nature.* I ſhall detain the reader no longer from a prediction big with aſtoniſhing events, and, in my opinion, full of ſeaſonable admonitions.

News for one hundred Years hence, in the HEBREW JOURNAL, *by Authority.*

Deal, 1853—Wind S. by E. Came down and ſailed through, the *Benjamin Salvadore*, *Shylock*, for the *Mediterranean*; the *Moſes Alvaringo*, *Cappadoce*, for the *Red Sea*; the *Abraham Da Coſta*, *Franco*, for *Aleppo*. Remains the *Two Brothers*.

Graveſend. Paſt by the *Aaron*, *Lopez*, from *Rotterdam*; the *Moſes*, *Mendez*, from *Norway*; the *Jonathan*, *Zimri*, from *Zurich-Zee*.

Since our laſt arrived a MAIL *from* JERUSALEM.

The middle arch of the Temple, which has been rebuilding for ſome time paſt, ſunk ten feet a few days ſince; and we hear, that there is now five and twenty tun weight laid upon it; the ſame advices add, that application will be made to the *Britiſh*

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Britiſh Miniſtry for a lottery for half a million, in order to promote a vigorous execution of this grand deſign, and Mr. *Jacob Zorobabel* is ſet out for *Great Britain*, or *Judæa Nova*, with proper inſtructions how to act in this affair.

By advices from *Holland* we learn, that after a ſmart engagement between our forces, under the command of General *Lumbroſo*, and the army of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, the former were obliged to make a precipitate retreat to *Bergen-op-zoom*, where they are determined to endure the laſt neceſſity of a ſiege, and to *eat pork*, rather than ſurrender.

LONDON.

Yeſterday morning Lord *Jacob de Paiba* ſet out for his ſeat at *Sion-houſe*, with a grand retinue, attended by ſeveral of the Nobility and Gentry. We hear that his Lordſhip intends continuing in the country to celebrate the Paſſover.

On *Wedneſday* laſt died at his Grace the Duke of *Hebron*'s, in *Berkſhire*, Sir *Nadab Iſſachar*, *Attorney-general*; he was eſteemed a ſound lawyer, and a friend to the *Sanhedrim*; he is to be ſucceeded in his office by *Moſes Da Coſta*, Eſq; of *Lincoln's Inn*.

On *Monday* laſt a diſpenſation paſſed the Great Seal, to enable *Abraham Levy* to hold a living in the

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the *Synagogue* of *Paul's*, together with the rectory of the *Rabbi* in the diocese of *Litchfield*.

Last week twenty-five children were publicly circumcised at the Lying-in-hospital in *Brownlow-street*.

The same day *John Hartwell*, a nonjuring clergyman, was whipped round *Dukes Place*, for speaking in disrespectful terms of the coming of the Messiah.

On *Tuesday* last was held a Court of Aldermen, when it was unanimously voted, that the name of Liveries, which was heretofore made use in the city of *London*, should be totally obliterated, and that the said Liveries, be called *Tribes* for the future.

We are also informed, that the statue of Sir *John Barnard*, father of this city in the year 1753, and a strenuous assertor of Christianity, is ordered to be taken down, and that of *Pontius Pilate* to be erected in its room.

Last night the bill for the naturalization of the Christians was thrown out of the *Sanhedrim* by a great majority.

Yesterday was launched at *Woolwich* the *Jerusalem* man of war, being the largest ship ever built in this country: it is said the Board of Admiralty have given the command of her to Rear Admiral SUASSO.

This

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This day was publiſhed the hundred h edition of a book entitled *Chriſtianity not founded on Argument*, to be had at the ſign of the *Talmud*, near the new Synagogue in the *Strand*.

This day at noon will ſtand in the pillory, purſuant to his ſentence, *William Orthodox*, bookſeller, for clandeſtinely vending a book, called *Remarks on the Converſion and Apoſtleſhip of St.* Paul, *in a Letter to* Gilbert Weſt, *Eſq*; and the ſaid book is ordered to be burnt by the common hangman.

Laſt week was brought up to *Newgate*, under a ſtrong guard, *George Briton*, the outlawed ſmuggler, who was taken on the coaſt of *Suſſex*, in the very fact of *running pork* into this kingdom, in defiance of the many penal laws to prohibit the ſame.

At two this morning died, at his houſe in *Groſvenor ſquare*, the right honourable the Earl of *Balaam*, Baron of *Zimri*, and Knight of the moſt noble Order of *Melchizedeck*. He ſucceeded his father in eſtate and title in the year 1821, went twice Lord Lieutenant to *Ireland*, was *Plenipotentiary* to the States of *Holland* during the late war againſt the Chriſtian league, called the *Jewiſade*, and has ſince ſerved as principal Secretary of State. He was married to Miſs *Bathſheba*, by whom he had iſſue, five children, Lord *Zimri*, now Earl of *Balaam*, being the only one living. His Lordſhip's

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ſhip's remains are to be interred in *Weſtminſter-abbey*, and we hear he has left an eſtate of one hundred thouſand pounds *per annum*.

On *Wedneſday* laſt ſeventeen malefactors were crucified at *Tyburn*, purſuant to their ſentence, among whom were *Bryan Macmanus* and *Thady O'Sullivan*, born of honeſt parents in the kingdom of *Ireland*, where they were unhappily educated in the errors of the Chriſtian religion, to which they were bigotted to the laſt, and choſe to lay down their lives, rather than be curtailed of the honour of their anceſtors by the act of Circumciſion.

Laſt *Friday* being the anniverſary of the Crucifixion, the ſame was obſerved throughout the kingdom with the greateſt demonſtrations of joy.

This Morning early the Hon. *Mendez Gidion*, Eſq; ſet out from his Houſe in *Arlington-ſtreet* for *Scarborough*, for the Recovery of his Health.

Mr. *Alvarez Cardoſſo*, Bookſeller, has obtained a Patent for the ſole Printing Mr. *Woolaſton's* excellent Diſcourſes againſt the Miracles of the *God of Paul*.

We can aſſure the Public, that the Report ſo induſtriouſly ſpread by the *Galileans*, of the Chriſtians riſing in *North-Wales*, is entirely without Foundation.

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On *Monday* laſt his Grace the Duke of *Samaria* took the Diverſion of Hunting in *Richmond-Park*.

Laſt *Sunday* an Order came from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, to the Managers of both Theatres, forbidding them under the ſevereſt Penalties, to exhibit a certain ſcandalous piece, highly injurious to our preſent Government, entitled the *Merchant of Venice*.

The ſame day Lord Viſcount *Salvadore* gave a grand entertainment at his houſe at *Tooting* in *Surry*, when the following Toaſts were drank; *our preſent happy Eſtabliſhment in Synagogue and State*; *—the Anti-Chriſtian Prelates*;—*the glorious and immortal Memory of the Two Brothers*; and ſeveral other public and private Toaſts.

It is confidently ſaid that 1600 *Philiſtines* will be taken into pay the next ſeſſions of the *Sanhedrim*, and that a bill will be paſſed to abrogate the preſent current Stile in this Kingdom, in Conformity to the *Jewiſh* Chronology.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Never was the *Leproſy* ſo predominant in this Kingdom as at preſent, which has induced Mr. *J. O.* a regular Phyſician, to ſtudy the ſame. He has now invented his excellent *Chymical Drops*, or *Balſam of Life*, one Bottle of which entirely eradicates the moſt inveterate *Leproſy*, as may be atteſted

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teſted by Thouſands who have experienced the ſame.

N. B. Aſk for Mr. *J. O*'s. Six Shilling Pot of ſcorbutic Electuary.

To the Gentlemen, Rabbi, and Freeholders of the County of Canaan.

Gentlemen,

Having had the Honour to be put in Nomination by a large Majority of *Gentlemen, Rabbi,* and *Freeholders,* to repreſent you in the *enſuing Sanhedrim,* I beg the Favour of your Votes and Intereſt, and am, *Gentlemen,*

Your devoted humble Servant,

LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

N. B. *I voted againſt the Bill for naturalizing Chriſtians.*

By Deſire.

At the THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury Lane,* on SUNDAY next, will be preſented a COMEDY called,

THE HUMOURS OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The part of Dr. TILLOTSON to be performed by RUBENS SHYLOCK;

Dr. *Atterbury, Moſes de Paiba*; Dr. *Sherlock, Moſes Aminadab*; Sir *Thomas Moore, Abraham Eſau*; Sir *Walter Raleigh, Joſephus Aaron*;

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The part of Sir JOHN BARNARD by JONATHAN TUBAL,

(Being the firſt time of his appearing in that character)

Dr. *South*, *Selim Levi*; Dr. *Clarke*, *Iſaac Dalmeida*;

And the part of St. CECILIA (with a ſong in character) to be performed by Miſs DEBORAH.

To which will be added a FARCE, called,

The Britiſh Conſtitution.

Places for the Boxes to be taken of *Jacob Mammon*, at the Stage-door; being the laſt time of the Company's performing till the *Paſſover*.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XL.

Saturday, July 21, 1753.

O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.

HOR.

IF I remember right, you ſome Time ſince recommended the Maxim of an old *Greek* Philoſopher, who lays it down as a Rule, that we ſhould not ſuffer any Thing in Life to take too ſtrong an Hold of our Imagination, becauſe that Power of the Mind is found to have a very conſiderable Influence upon all our Sentiments and all our actions. Certainly when the Reins are thrown looſe upon the Neck of ungoverned Fancy, we become inſtantly addicted to what is called in the common phraſe *Caſtle building*, than which there is not a more dangerous exerciſe of our intellectual faculties. It is a continual roving of our thoughts to ideal ſcenes of joy; Pleaſure is our purſuit, and when it does not appear within our reach, we catch at the ſhadow, inſtead of the ſubſtance; we ramble into a kind of Fools Paradiſe, and lounge away our hours in the imaginary gardens of a dreaming *Epicurus*, from whence it reſults that the ſinews of the underſtanding become relaxed; an enervating ſtillneſs ſpreads over all the powers

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of the ſoul, which lies diſſolved in luxury of its own creation; fond ſelf-love holds up to us a pleaſing picture, throws ſome joys into perſpective, flings what is diſagreeable into ſhades, and totally hides from us the thorny parts of the landſkip. Theſe perhaps may be accounted pleaſures, but they are in the main like the viſionary ideas excited by taking *laudanum*; at the ſame time that they adminiſter a flow of ſpirits, they invade our nerves, and render us entirely unfit for any ſphere of action.

An inſtance of this intoxicating power of *Caſtle-building* I have obſerved for ſome time paſt in Mrs. *Vainlove*. This lady has ſpent the greateſt part of her life in a waking dream. She can hardly be accounted one of this world. She has been, in general, quite abſtracted from ſociety, and has dwelt moſtly in the airy regions of fancy. Mrs. *Vainlove*, in the greener part of her life, was flattered into a notion of her own beauty, by which means ſhe became fond of power. Her eyes, ſhe thought gave her a *right divine* to be a pretty tyrant over the oppoſite ſex, and as the imagination never deals out bleſſings with a ſcanty hand, her ſway ſoon became in appearance as extenſive as her moſt deluſive hopes could deſire. But though ſhe led the whole race of man

in

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in captivity, ſhe at length condeſcended to let an ambitious lover aſpire to her bed. The conſequence of this condeſcenſion was, that in due courſe of time ſhe was the happy mother of a fair daughter, in whom ſhe ſaw her own features, but moulded with greater delicacy. Self-love inclined her to admire this flattering likeneſs of herſelf, and by the power of fancy ſhe beſtowed upon her every grace. Before Miſs could walk, in the mother's eye ſhe danced with all the elegance of *Auretti*. As ſoon as her tongue began to utter imperfect words; "Lord what a deal of wit the "child has! Dear couſin, a'nt you aſtoniſhed "at her? 'Pon honour I never taught her that." In proceſs of time Miſs *Vainlove* devoured up theſe expreſſions of admiration with a greedy ear, and began inſenſibly to believe every word perfectly true, till at length her imagination took the very ſame turn which had diſtorted the thoughts of her mother. A ſeries of years, inſtead of baniſhing the deceit, but ſerved to give a ſtronger tincture to her fancy.

When *Virgil*'s *Dido* is croſſed in love, and ſhe finds herſelf upon the point of being deſerted by the *Trojan* prince, her ready fancy ſeizes the occaſion to diſturb her with viſionary ſcenes of ſolitude, in which ſhe thinks herſelf abandoned and forlorn.

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——————— Semperque relinqui
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire Viam.———————

But with Miſs *Vainlove* the caſe is quite reverſed. Though it happens that her fate, at certain times, removes her from the dear ſociety of man; though the ſudden excreſcence of a pimple on her face or neck ſhould doom her a recluſe, until her ſkin regains its native alabaſter; tho' an untractable lock refuſe to join in amicable confederacy with the reſt of her head-dreſs, and determine her in a fit of peeviſhneſs to ſequeſter herſelf from the world, yet ſtill ſhe remains queen of the aſſembly, and has a circle of beaux about her. The ideal footman's rap ſounds tranſport to her ear, and ſhe is every inſtant receiving the homage of contending lovers, who have no exiſtence but in her own brain. Her mother confirms her in the deception, and through the force of habit, they are conſtantly amuſed with pictures of their own creation; like thoſe, who, Mr. *Locke* tells us in his Treatiſe on the *Conduct of the Underſtanding*, through ſome diſtemperature in their blood, or any other internal cauſe, ſee a variety of colours paſſing continually before them, and frequently perceive a group of human figures, ſoldiers

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diers and combatants, marching in proceſſion before the deluded eye of diſtempered fancy.

Miſs *Vainlove* has carried matters to ſuch an extreme, that ſhe really thinks herſelf the moſt celebrated toaſt in town. *Ryan* at the *King's Arms* is under infinite obligations to her for the plentiful libations of burgundy, which have been poured out to her beauty at his houſe; and almoſt all the taverns in the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter* have felt, in this way, the happy influence of her beauty.

Her footman has the beſt place in *England*, becauſe, as ſhe has taken into her head, he is in the conſtant receipt of bribes at all public places, to induce him to tell the name of his young miſtreſs, and the place of her abode. Madam *La Place* owes a great deal of her ſucceſs in buſineſs to Miſs *Vainlove*'s having the lead of all the faſhions, and directing the ladies of her acquaintance to her milliner, that they may ſet themſelves off with the ſame advantages of ornament.

Miſs *Vainlove*, without having one real lover, has conſtantly a large number of fancied ſlaves to her frowns and ſmiles. Hence it happens, that ſhe looks upon all the women as a ſet of creatures that

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that envy her, and the men ſhe conſiders as her votaries, fit for nothing but to grace her triumph. There is nothing more common with her than to be within a few days of being married to a man of large fortune, even when ſhe never exchanged a word with him. "Well, to be ſure, ſays ſhe, "it's ſurprizing how things are whiſpered about; "the common report is, that I am to be married "to Mr. *What-do-ye-call-him:* without doubt it "is in my power.—But—Lord the whole town "has it." It is in vain to aſſure her that the town does not trouble its head about her; her mother has told her ſhe does not meet ſo fine a woman any where, and ſo the opiate works. I met both theſe egregious characters at *Vauxhall* a few nights ſince, when they informed me, that the whole ſet of foreign Ambaſſadors were now in the young lady's train, and that a *French* nobleman, who is a man of conſequence and fortune in his own country, is abſolutely expiring for Miſs *Vainlove*. It happened, that after this I paid her ſeveral viſits, and never meeting any of her florid retinue, I took the liberty to mention that I never had the pleaſure of ſeeing her gay ſet of enamoratos; to this Mrs. *Vainlove* replied, that ſhe had given them their anſwer. "Whenever we give "them their anſwer, they never come again."

Thus

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Thus theſe two ladies never ſee any thing in its proper colour; they think their dreams realities, and, like mad people, are conſtantly reaſoning right from wrong principles. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, miniſter to a mind diſeaſed, as *Shakeſpear* phraſes it; let them know that they cannot ſubſiſt long upon ſuch airy pleaſures, as they imagine to themſelves, and convince them, that there is great truth in what is ſaid, perhaps too looſely, by the comic Poet.

There's nought but willing, waking Love, that can
Make bleſs'd the ripen'd maid, or finiſh'd man.

I am, Sir, your conſtant reader,

W. G.

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NUMBER XLI.

Saturday, July 28, 1753.

——— *Nec tu Divinam Æneida tenta,*
Sed longe ſequere, & Veſtigia ſemper adora.

STATIUS.

I Have lately peruſed with much pleaſure the ſeveral performances in Criticiſm, with which *Voltaire* has introduced into the world his poetical compoſitions. That excellent author has the modeſty to call moſt of theſe ſhort eſſays, by the name of, *Fugitive Pieces of Literature.* But the ſmalleſt productions of ſo elegant a writer have their value. The miniature of a great painter may be touched with as much warmth and ſpirit as his pieces of more enlarged deſign. Of the leſſer productions which have come from the pen of *Voltaire*, it may reaſonably be aſſumed, that they will be read with pleaſure, while there remains any taſte for a fine turn of ſenſe and beautifull compoſition. When I obſerve thus much, I would not have it imagined that I perceive any traces of infallibility about him. His remarks in general are drawn from Nature and *Ariſtotle.* On moſt occaſions, he delivers himſelf with a ſound judgment; but in my late review of his writings, I think

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I think I have met with ſome paſſages, which demand the animadverſion of a writer, who pretends to inſtruct or entertain his readers. In the diſcharge of this taſk, I think I cannot acquit myſelf in a better form, than that of a letter to the author. I ſhall endeavour to do it with that politeneſs, which is due to ſuch an extenſive genius, and I make no doubt but the *Engliſh reader* will concur with me, in the few obſervations, which I ſhall ſubmit to his peruſal.

To Monſieur VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

THE Republic of Letters has happily removed that aukward diſtance, and that extreme difficulty of acceſs, which pride and policy have eſtabliſhed in the ordinary commerce of life. Miniſters of ſtate are approached with difficulty: the ranks of ſociety throw inferior perſons too far from the great; and the man of buſineſs will not ſuffer encroachments upon that time, which he can employ in the purſuit of lucre. With men of letters the caſe is different. A free communication is always open; and while decency and good manners are preſerved, an eaſy intercourſe ſubſiſts between the higheſt and loweſt members of the literary world. Freedom of debate is the happy colliſion, which has ſtruck out ſo many new lights

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lights in every thing relating to the ſciences and the liberal arts. It has been obſerved that there is no book ſo mean, but ſome uſeful hint may poſſibly be derived from it. On this account it may be proper to wave all offers at an apology, for the liberty an unknown writer allows himſelf, in addreſſing a letter to ſo enlightened a genius. I ſhall only premiſe, on this occaſion, that I take the pen in hand with that reſpect to which you are certainly intitled by the ſuperiority of your parts; but as I have taken exceptions to ſome criticiſms, ſcattered up and down in your writings, I cannot ſuppreſs a very ſtrong inclination of making a few remarks upon them. For Truth you have always expreſſed an ardent paſſion, and Truth ſhall be the object in what I have now to offer.

I have obſerved, Sir, that you are diſpoſed, upon all occaſions, to cenſure the *Engliſh* ſtage with ſome degree of acrimony, whenever it comes in your way. SHAKESPEARE ſtands at the head of our dramatic writers; perhaps at the head of all, who have figured in that kind in every age and nation. With that great poet you have not heſitated to take unbounded liberty, in a manner, if I am not miſtaken, not conſiſtent with that manly ſenſe, which ſeems to be your characteriſtic, and in a ſtile, apparently deſtitute of your uſual delicacy.

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tacy. Should I ſay, that the boaſted *bienséance* of your country has deſerted you in ſome of theſe paſſages, I flatter myſelf that, upon a review of them, you will not totally diſavow it. The moſt ſtriking of the various judgments, which you have vented againſt our immortal bard, is found in the diſcourſe prefixed to your tragedy of *Semiramis*, and literally tranſlated into *Engliſh*, is as follows.

" I do not mean to juſtify the tragedy of *Ham-*
" *let* in every particular; it is in fact a barbarous
" piece, abounding with ſuch groſs abſurdities,
" that it would not be tolerated by the vulgar of
" *France* and *Italy*. The hero of the play runs
" mad in the ſecond act, and his miſtreſs meets
" with the ſame misfortune in the third. The
" Prince takes *Ophelia*'s father for a rat, and kills
" him: in deſpair, ſhe throws herſelf into a river.
" Her grave is dug on the ſtage: the grave-
" digger, with a ſkull in his hand, amuſes himſelf
" with a ſtring of miſerable jeſts, and the Prince
" anſwers them in language equally diſguſting.
" *Hamlet*, his mother, and father-in-law drink to-
" gether on the ſtage. They divert themſelves with
" bottle-ſongs, *(Chanſons à boire)* they quarrel,
" they fight, they kill. One would imagine this play
" the production of a drunken ſavage. And yet
" among theſe abſurdities, which render the *Eng-*
liſh

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" *liſh* drama abſolutely barbarous, there are ſome " ſtrokes in *Hamlet*, worthy of the moſt exalted " genius. This has always been matter of aſto- " niſhment to me; it looks as if Nature, in pure " ſport, diverted herſelf with mixing in *Shake-* " *ſpeare*'s head every thing ſublime and great, with " all that can be conceived low, mean and de- " teſtable."

It is thus the elegant and ſenſible *Voltaire* ſpeaks of *Shakeſpeare*. I would aſk yourſelf, Sir, is this criticiſm candid? Is it a fair analyſis, a true account of the tragedy in queſtion? We do not concern ourſelves in this country with what is agreeable to the taſte of the vulgar in *France* or *Italy*; we know that the *clinquant* of an opera, or a *comedie ballet*, is more acceptable to their refinement, than the ſterling bullion of an *Engliſh* performance; but we might expect from a writer of eminence a truer and more exact opinion. *Hamlet*, Sir, does not run mad; if he did, King *Lear* has proved what a beautiful diſtreſs might ariſe from it. *Hamlet* counterfeits madneſs, for his own private end. Nobody ever imagined that he thinks he is killing a rat, when he ſlays *Polonius*. If you will be pleaſed to recollect the paſſage, you will find that he takes him for his better, meaning the King, and the rat is only mentioned to ſave appearances.

Ophelia

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Ophelia does undoubtedly run mad: the deſolation of her mind ariſes from filial piety: her virtue and her misfortunes make her reſpectable. Give me leave to add, her diſtreſs is, perhaps, the moſt pathetic upon any ſtage. It is true, ſhe ſings in miſery, and that is not uſual in grave and ſerious tragedy; but it occurs in nature, and what *Shakeſpeare* ſaw in nature, he tranſplanted into his drama. He knew of no rules to reſtrain him, and if he did, he ſcorned the reſtraint. The beauty of *Ophelia*'s madneſs, Sir, conſiſts in this; it gives the actings of the mind; it ſhews the courſe of the ideas in a diſturbed imagination; and the poet, who can thus turn the heart inſide out, does more than pompous declamation ever attained. That *Ophelia*'s grave is dug on the ſtage cannot be denied; but that very indecorum produces a ſtring of beautiful reflections, and ſuch a vein of morality, as cannot be paralleled by the *Scene Francoiſe*. I cannot recollect that *Hamlet* ever ſhocked me with miſerable jeſts upon this occaſion; nor do I remember that any of the perſonages are ſuch honeſt bottle companions as to carouſe and ſing merry catches on the ſtage. Pray conſider, Sir, that our language, though no way inferior to the *French*, is not univerſally underſtood abroad.

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From your repreſentation, it may be inferred that our great poet is really the *drunken ſavage*, you have thought proper to call him. This would be derogating from the greateſt poet (*Milton* excepted) that the world has ſeen ſince the days of *Homer*, and, I believe you will grant, is dealing unfairly with a man, whom you cannot but reverence.

When you confeſs that he has many flights of the higheſt elevation, you make an approach towards juſtice; but I cannot help thinking that you are ſomewhat like a painter, who lays on juſt and proper colouring, and then inſtantly effaces it, when you add that you are aſtoniſhed at his ſublime excurſions of fancy. I ſhould have expected from your candour, that you would rather have ſaid, it is a pity that he, who ſoared to ſuch glorious heights, ſhould ever tire his eagle wing, and fall beneath himſelf. You may remember, that it is with this good temper *Longinus* talks of *Homer*; they are dreams, ſays he, but they are the dreams of *Homer*. He might have given the appellation of a *drunken ſavage:* he might have called *Homer*, an *old dotard*: he might have ſaid, in the fury of criticiſm, that ſome of his long ſtories are deteſtable; but a candid critic forgives the imbecilities of human nature, and paſſes ſentence like a mild and good-natured judge.

Cum

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Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti.
HOR.

In one of your letters concerning the *Engliſh* nation, you are pleaſed with a ſaying of the late Lord *Bolingbroke*, in relation to the Duke of *Marlborough*. "He was," replied that ingenious nobleman when his opinion was aſked, "ſo great a "man, that I have forgot his faults." Something like this might have been your judgment upon *Shakeſpeare*: and give me leave to add, it was more particularly incumbent upon you, to treat his memory with reſpect, becauſe, I apprehend, you owe very great obligations to him in many of your dramatic writings. We frequently perceive you lighting your torch at his fire; in your *Mahomet*, *Macbeth marſhals you the way that you are going*; in many other ſcenes we can catch your eye fixed upon our immortal bard; and in your *Semiramis* you have adventured to introduce a ghoſt, in imitation of the very play, which has occaſioned the ſeverity already cited. The ſucceſs you met with on that occaſion might ſerve to convince you of *Shakeſpeare's* inimitable merit. The *Parterre*, if I miſtake not, turned their backs to the ſtage, and blew their noſes; while the ghoſt on our theatre never fails to impreſs an awful ſtill-

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neſs on every mind. This, Sir, let me aſſure you, is not owing to the barbarity of our taſte, but to the amazing power of our poet's imagination, which could explore the undiſcovered regions of eternity, and recall the fleeting ſpirit, with a ſolemnity of ideas reſponſive to the occaſion.

With us iſlanders, *Shakeſpeare* is a kind of eſtabliſhed religion in poetry. His bays will always flouriſh with undiminiſhed verdure. When I ſay this, I am far from maintaining that he is not guilty of tranſgreſſions; but for his tranſgreſſions he recompences his auditors with beauties, which no art will ever equal. That the rules eſtabliſhed by *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* are, for the moſt part, agreeable to nature, I am ready to allow. Men of inferior genius may think it their intereſt, and, if they will, their DUTY, to conform to thoſe rules. They may, in that ſchool, learn the œconomy of a juſt and well arranged fable. But fable is but a ſecondary beauty; the exhibition of character, and the excitement of the paſſions, juſtly claiming the precedence. With the rules, which theoretical writers have drawn into a ſyſtem, *Shakeſpeare* appears not much acquainted. Of thoſe rules ſome are valuable, becauſe founded in NATURE; others are of poſitive inſtitution only, and like many

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many arbitrary acts of civil society, they cease in time to have the force of obligation. In dramatic poetry SHAKESPEARE may be considered as one of the GENTILES, but of those GENTILES, *who having not the* LAW, DO BY NATURE *the things contained in the Law; which shews the work of the Law within their hearts, and they are* A LAW *unto themselves.* This, Sir, was precisely the case of SHAKESPEARE. He had no written precepts, and he wanted none: the light of Nature was his guide. In some instances, he saw the beauty arising from the unity of his subject; in others, he chose to follow the chain of historical events, and he felt, as his auditors always feel, that the warmth, the spirit, and rapidity of his genius, could give even to wild variety all the graces of connection. He knew how to interest the affections, and that interest diffused through every piece, hurries the mind, in a stream of passion, to new matter, without a pause to mark the transition. It is in dramatic composition as in gardening; where nature does not afford spontaneous beauties, recourse must be had to the embellishments of slow endeavoring art; to the regularity of uniform vistas; the intricacy of elaborated mazes, and a studied insertion of evergreens: but when the country, of itself presents

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attractive ſcenes on every ſide; when the trees branch out with free expanſion, and the bold proſpect ſurprizes with the heath, the lawn, the hill, and valley, in wild variety, the littleneſs of tedious culture is unneceſſary, and trifling ornaments are unlooked for.

I ſhall conclude with a paſſage from your own works. "Do not bluſh, Sir, to repent of your "little inadvertencies: it is hard, but it is ami-"able to acknowledge our errors." *Ne rougiſſez point, Monſieur, de vous repentir de vos petites inadvertances. Il eſt dur, mais il eſt beau d'avouer ſes fautes.*

I am, Sir,

Your warm admirer, &c.

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NUMBER LXII.

Saturday, Aug. 4, 1753.

——— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis*
Auri ſacra fames?

VIRG.

THE deſire of acquiring money has in all ages actuated the heart of man, and in proportion as the ſtate, in which he lived, has grown up in refinement, this very extraordinary paſſion has gone on encreaſing, never more reſtleſs, than when it has the ſtrongeſt reaſon to be ſatisfied. Many of the affections, which we find interwoven with our nature, aſſume at different times ſurpriſing appearances, and are attended with effects inexplicable to thoſe, who have not ſtudied the frame and texture of the human mind. Love has been thought the moſt whimſical in its operations, and to appear in a greater variety of ſhapes, than any other emotion. In the tragic writers we ſee it in all its lights. It is diſintereſted, generous, and heroic; now ready to fall a ſacrifice for the beloved object; at other times tinged with gall, turning to hatred, and even reſolved to murder the perſon it adores. All theſe, and a thouſand other modes of this affection, are eaſily accounted

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for. But avarice ſeems to baffle all enquiry. If it has been truly ſaid that the paſſions are the greateſt *Jeſuits*, there is none that argues with ſo much ſophiſtry as the deſire of wealth; none that has ſo many diſguiſes, and none that ſo effectually deceives its votaries in the end.

If we view the love of money in its origin, it will appear at firſt both natural and reaſonable. For the convenience of ſociety an imaginary value was ſtamped upon gold and ſilver, which became, by general conſent, a proper exchange for the commodities of the earth. To deſire to have that, which would be ſure to purchaſe what each man wanted, was fair and juſt. But ſociety encreaſed; civilization grew refined, and commerce introduced new objects of regard. The art of building improved, and who could live contented in a rude, inelegant manſion? The *Chineſe* had leaves, which they dried upon plates of copper in the ſun, and who could break his faſt without that unwholeſome mixture?

——— *Totoque arceſſitur orbe*
Quo gens quæque perit.

Money at firſt ſerved as a conveniency, but ſoon adminiſtered to the luxuries of life. Artificial wants were created, and deſires were multiplied.

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plied. More money became neceſſary, not to anſwer the demands of nature, but the cravings of imagination. The gameſter ſoon learned to convey a thouſand head of cattle by proxy to the dice room; ſo many pieces of ore became the repreſentatives of an adequate number of trees, and things went on in this progreſſion, till at length a modern beau could carry as many ſparkling acres upon his little finger, as would have ſtrained a thouſand *Hectors* in the days of *Homer*. This laſt remark I am proud to have an opportunity of making, as the elegant ſpecies, juſt mentioned, have been for ſome time unjuſtly expoſed to the raillery of the epilogue to the *Diſtreſſed Mother*; whereas by this account the pretty fellows of theſe times have very viſibly a ſuperiority over the proweſs and vigour of the much-boaſted heroes of antiquity.

But to return: an ambition to amaſs riches is certainly very laudable, when it does not tranſgreſs the bounds which are preſcribed by reaſon to all our paſſions in the general. While it is conducted with a view to a competency, and the enjoyment of comfort and ſubſiſtence; while it operates with a propenſity to a man's friends, relations, and, as *Milton* has it, all the charities of father, ſon, and brother; while it is the ſource of generoſity, and an extenſive power of diſtributing benefits

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benefits to mankind, it is, without doubt, a juſt principle of action. Though ſelf-love is the pebble which ſtirs the lake, the circles, which it occaſions, will always be pleaſing and beautiful to the moral ſenſe.

But the misfortune is, this paſſion, in the general maſs of life, is never confined within due bounds. It is ſometimes connected with ambition, and takes its name: in other inſtances, it degenerates into ſordid meanneſs; and what is remarkable, very often counteracts itſelf, and fruſtrates its own wiſhes. When liſted under the banners of ambition, it is merely then a ſecondary paſſion, but dangerous to ſociety. He who wants inordinate power, thinks himſelf ſure of obtaining the object of his wiſh, if he can command that which all men covet. That he reaſons rightly, every day's experience too plainly proves. The valour of *Cæſar* was not alone ſufficient to overturn the conſtitution of his country: he had the means of bribery, and the liberty of *Rome* was then at market. The modern ſtateſman knows what money can do in the ſeaſon of a general election, and he alſo knows how to exert himſelf, when a vote is wanted to carry on a deſtructive war, or to patch up a diſadvantageous peace. The love of money is at once the ſource of thoſe deeds

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deeds which carry with them a ſplendid appearance, and thoſe alſo which are at firſt ſight mean and contemptible. It has made many a writer of eminence, and many ſcribblers in a garret; it has animated the general at the head of an army, and the clipper of coin in his twilight room; it has for ages thundered in the ſenate, wrangled at the bar, and lulled from the pulpit. To this it is owing that the merchant boldly traverſes the globe, truſting to all the dangers of the turbulent element, and that BUCKHORSE will receive as many ſtrokes of your cane as you pleaſe for ſixpence.

To conſider money as a means, is the true exerciſe of judgment. Many ſet out upon this principle; it is their maxim through life, and through life they are deceived by their own reaſoning. Their wiſhes and their ſchemes of ambition at firſt are few, and a certain ſum they conclude will anſwer every purpoſe; but that ſum attained, their views are now enlarged; they look from a higher eminence, and having formed new plans, an additional ſum will be the means of making them happy. They are like HANNIBAL's army going over the *Alps*; the firſt ſummit appeared the laſt ſtage of their toil, and when that was gained, another preſented itſelf, and the labour encreaſed.

Quoque

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Quoque magis ſubière jugo, atque evadere niſi
Erexere gradum, creſcit labor; ardua ſupra
Seſe aperit feſſis, & naſcitur altera moles.

SILIUS ITALICUS.

But of all the votaries of wealth none are ſo wretched as thoſe, who never conſider money as the means, but the true end of all their labours. They who only deem it a ſtep in their way, may be often miſtaken: they may find it, as Lord BACON ſays, the baggage of virtue, the *impedimenta*, by which the march is hindered: but of theſe, however, it is true, that, whatever may be their guilt in the amaſſing, or in the diffuſion of money, at leaſt they make uſe of it; while he, who purſues it as an end, never knows the enjoyment. He goes on with an unaccountable paſſion for that, which does not contribute to his happineſs, but, on the contrary, worries him with that conſtant craving, which neither poſſeſſion nor age can abate. In this conſiſts the unaccounable part of this inordinate deſire. The corroſions of avarice deſtroy all peace of mind. It has been ſaid of Envy that it keeps no ſabbath: *Feſtos dies non agit invidia:* it is the ſame with this extraordinary paſſion, which knows no reſt through life, and dies at laſt unpitied and ridiculous.

Among

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Among the arts often practiſed to acquire money, where real ability is deficient, that of impoſing upon the credulity of mankind is the moſt common. This metropolis has never wanted a ſufficient number of theſe projectors. The ſolemn phyſician, the ſpecious lawyer, the wordy critic, and the bombaſt poet, are found in all quarters of the town. But I have lately diſcovered a perſonage, who greatly excels them all in their own trade of deluſion and hypocriſy. The ſcheme of diſtributing hand-bills, importing, that in *Ivy-lane, Magpye-alley*, or any other quarter, LIVETH a regular phyſician, who has ſpent many years abroad, travelled all over *Meſopotamia*, and is returned home north about to practice his profeſſion for the benefit of his countrymen, is now entirely out of vogue. A new ſcheme, however, came into my hands the other day, as I was walking down *Ludgate-hill*. A tall meagre man, with great ſolemnity of aſpect, and ſtrong expreſſions of amazement in his countenance, preſented to me the following billet, which many of my readers can bear me witneſs is tranſcribed faithfully and exactly.

Mrs. SERMON

"Is removed from *Whitehorſe-yard, Eaſt Smith-*
"*field*, to the ſign of the *Blue Ball*, in *Naked-boy-*
court,

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" *court, Ludgate-hill*; you may turn in by the " *Salmon with a Drop inhis Mouth,* the ſecond " houſe in the court.

" Who reſolves all queſtions in Aſtrology, " whether by ſea or land. She likewiſe gives " *gratis* to poor people, a draught for the ſto- " mach, the powder for the tooth ach, and an " eye-water.

" N. B. *Cures the* Ague *at the ſecond cup* gratis."

I have heard that the preſent celebrated Dr. *Woodward* cures the rupture, for any perſon whatever, by wearing his own bandages, which indeed hath frequently been matter of aſtoniſhment to me in my hours of reflection; but I muſt declare, in favour of Mrs. *Sermon*, that I think ſhe performs greater wonders than any of them, and that her undertaking is more likely to do honour to our country, than that of any other ſchemiſt now in being. The circumſtance of her living in *Naked-boy court* is well inſerted to raiſe curioſity, and the convenience of turning in by the *Salmon with a Drop in his Mouth* will prove inviting, eſpecially as every one will be deſirous of ſeeing that curious animal. How ſhe contrives to anſwer queſtions in *aſtrology* is beyond my comprehenſion, but, if well performed, it muſt be highly uſeful to his Majeſty's ſubjects. She does it alſo by ſea

as

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as well as land, which is greatly advantageous to a trading nation; and then her ſpirit of benevolence, muſt tend to endear her to every generous and humane mind.

The *Draught for the Stomach*, the *Powder for the Tooth-ach*, and the *Eye-water*, given *gratis*, are ſtrong indications of a public ſpirit. Add to this that ſhe cures the ague at the ſecond cup for nothing; but what kind of cup it is, I cannot take upon me to ſay. Upon the whole I muſt declare that Mrs. *Sermon* is in my eye a very extraordinary perſonage; and were I to decide the precedence between her and all the empyrics, projectors, fuſtian poets, diſcoverers of the longitude, and others of the like deſcription, I ſhould not heſitate to pronounce Mrs. *Sermon* the moſt notable amongſt them all.

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NUMBER XLIII.

Saturday, Aug. 11, 1753.

Indum ſanguineo veluti violaverit oſtro
Si quis ebur; vel mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
Alba roſâ; tales Virgo dabat ore colores.

VIRG.

A Great deal of wit and raillery has been exerted by ſeveral polite writers againſt the predominant faſhion among the ladies, of ſetting off their charms with the addition of paint. Our great *Shakeſpeare* has put a very ſevere remark into the mouth of his *Hamlet* in the ſcene with *Opheſia*; *Heaven hath given ye one face, and ye make yourſelves another.* This thought has been twiſted and tortured into a thouſand different ſhapes by every little endeavourer at an epigram, and the cuſtom has been frequently cenſured as a folly imported from our neighbours the *French.* As the art of giving an artificial tincture to the ſkin, appears to me to admit of many favourable circumſtances, I ſhall employ this day's paper in vindication of my fair countrywomen.

It may ſeem at firſt a bold poſition, if I aſſert that painting is not an importation of foreing

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foreign refinement; but originally of *Engliſh* growth; and yet, that this is the real ſtate of the caſe, is ſufficiently known to the moſt ſuperficial dabbler in hiſtory. *Julius Cæſar*, in his account of the invaſion which he made upon our anceſtors, gives a deſcription of the *Aborigines* of this iſland. He tells us; that *the Britons in general paint their bodies with woad, which gives a blue tincture to their ſkin, and lends them a formidable aſpect in battle.* This, I think, may ſerve to obviate the imputation of imitating the *French* in this particular, which I take to be a point of ſome conſequence; as we cannot now be charged with the levity of having ſervily copied from others. We find that the ladies among the *Britiſh Picts* went entirely naked, and painted their bodies all over with the *woad* already mentioned. This muſt undoubtedly have afforded great ſcope for fancy. In thoſe days there muſt have been many eager rivalſhips among the fair ſex for pre-eminence in point of taſte for painting. For as the whole lovely body was ornamented with different figures and ſundry various repreſentations, according as imagination ſuggeſted, the variety of new faſhions muſt have been extremely entertaining. The ladies, no doubt, were ſtudious to adapt to each different part of the body that degree of colouring, and that form, which muſt have proved moſt becoming;

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coming; as the modern fair adjuſt a patch to make the contraſt ſtriking, and give ſtronger expreſſions to the adjacent features. I have now by me the whole hiſtory of a *Britiſh Pict Coquette*, found by a friend of mine among ſome antient manuſcripts, and ſent to me as a curioſity. The piece will ſhortly make its appearance in the works of the *Society of Antiquaries*, and will, I dare ſay, afford great pleaſure to all, who are fond of purſuing what they never can know with any degree of certainty. I ſhall only ſubmit, at preſent, an extract from the work, as the whole is too voluminous, and will be ſhortly publiſhed, with many curious notes, to bewilder the learned reader.

Caſſibelana was the lady's name. She lived in the capital of the *Trinobantes*, and was remarkable for a fine ſtature, and an head of hair of a ſurprizing length, flowing in wanting luxuriance down her back. She always had at her toilet ſome of the moſt excellent *woad* that could be any where procured, and was celebrated for her curious art in preparing it for the purpoſe of adorning her perſon. The *woad* being of itſelf of a blueiſh caſt, ſhe would ſometimes paint no part of her body, but where the veins appeared, and to them ſhe gave ſuch a delicate colouring, that the pure and

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and eloquent blood, ſeemed to ſhew itſelf through her tranſlucent ſkin. As ſoon as ſhe had eſtabliſhed this faſhion, and made the reſt of her ſex her imitators, ſhe would then ſuddenly change the mode, and embelliſh her whole body with various devices.

On the left ſide of her breaſt ſhe would draw a young *Cupid* aiming an arrow at her heart, and on the right a lover languiſhing in amorous indolence. Each leg repreſented an admirer kneeling at her feet, in the act of imploring her compaſſion, while ſhe, with all the complacence of ſelf-approving beauty, let fall her eyes with indifference and cold diſdain. On her back were repreſented the emblematical figures of a train of pages following in her way with all the officiouſneſs of careful attendance. On other parts of her perſon was repreſented to view, *Venus* in lovely attitude emerging from the ſea; the *Graces* were alſo to be ſeen walking hand in hand, their faces brightened with chearfulneſs and mutual love. In this manner ſhe would attend at public ſacrifices, where all eyes were often fixed on her alone. It is ſaid the venerable *Druid* could not avoid, even in the fervour of his devotion, to caſt a glance upon ſuch an attractive profuſion of charms.

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In this manner *Caſſibelana* captivated the hearts of all her male beholders. Her name was carved upon every oak in the country, and the banks of *Thames* re-echoed to the muſick of her name. It was univerſally agreed that ſhe was the beſt painter of her age; her colours were warm and glowing; her figures bold and ſtriking, and the natural motion of the different parts of her body made them appear as if animated with the functions of real life; an advantage which the moſt admired portraits of the moſt eminent painter ſince her days could never boaſt. In all public places ſhe entirely outſhone the reſt of her ſex. Envy and malice were of courſe buſy to detract from her merit, and parties aſſembled to talk ſcandal, even though tea was not then known in theſe parts of the world. *Caſſibelana* was every day pulled to pieces, according to the modern phraſe, and though it was allowed by her rivals that ſhe really had a very lively fancy in all her drawings, and an excellent deſign in her drapery, yet they could not ſee that ſhe was ſo fine a woman, though to be ſure ſhe had a pretty manner *in putting on her things*, for ſo they expreſſed the covering of *wood* which ſerved to conceal in ſome meaſure the natural ſuperficies of the ſkin. I am apt to believe that the tranſparent capuchin was imagined from a practice of this famous *Pict*, for I find that at times

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times ſhe would lay on the *woad* in ſuch a manner, that Mr. *Pope*'s line in his tranſlation of *Homer* may juſtly be applied to it;

Her beauty ſeems, and only ſeems to ſhade.

Upon the whole, *Caſſibelana* was leader of all the faſhions even in *Kent*, the inhabitants of which were the moſt poliſhed of all our iſlanders, and, as *Cæſar* tells us, differed but little from the manners of the *Gauls*, in like manner as our modern fine ladies boaſt at preſent an exact conformity to *French* manners.

From the foregoing account, which I have rendered as cloſe as poſſible from different parts of the manuſcript now in my poſſeſſion, it appears, that even in the days of the pureſt ſimplicity, painting was the univerſal practice. As it has the ſanction of remote antiquity, I am inclined to think it laudable in the amiable ſex at preſent. I am further pleaſed to ſee the faſhions of the ladies tending more rapidly to a greater ſimilitude to the cuſtoms of our anceſtors. It is manifeſt they are every day becoming more and more naked. It is obſervable that they who diſplay moſt of their lovely bodies, make the greateſt uſe of paint, which in my opinion is not put on from a motive of female vanity, but as a modeſt and

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decent covering to the ſkin. I muſt, by the way, take notice that there is one circumſtance, in which the modern practice of painting differs from antient ſimplicity. I do not find in the account of any hiſtorian, that the female *Britiſh Picts* applied the leaſt tincture of the *woad* to the natural complexion of their faces. For a bloom and a vivacity of colour, they truſted to exerciſe, freſh air, and wholeſome diet. But as the faſhionable vigils of gaming were unknown in thoſe days, it muſt be allowed that this is an improvement upon the manners of our progenitors. In thoſe rude times ſo elegant a diverſion could not be known. For this we are indebted to modern refinement, which has introduced improvements in manners, as well as in arts and ſciences.

I am living faſt to ſee the time when the ladies will be to all intents and purpoſes as naked as our anceſtors. When I conſider the rapid celerity with which faſhions advance, I am apt to think that period not very diſtant, the cloaths of the fair ſex being, of late years, much reduced both above and below, inſomuch that it is expected by many, that in a little time both ends will meet. We ſhall not then complain, that the importation of *French* hoops, and *French* faſhions of all ſorts, are a detriment to the nation; mercers and milliners will

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will be uſeleſs things, and the ladies will ſpend the hours of the toilet in drawing and painting, by which means I flatter myſelf that the *Britiſh* fair will be able to boaſt their *Guidos*, their *Titians*, and their *Raphaels*. To this end an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance is now drawing up a ſyſtem of directions to a female painter, which will ſerve to aid their invention, and give them a proper notion of deſign and colouring in all their faces, by which means it is to be hoped they will greatly excel all the boaſted maſters in every ſchool of painting.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

At a Court of Cenſorial Enquiry,

AN information being lodged in this Court of ſeveral perſons guilty of high crimes and miſdemeanors on *Sunday* in *St. James's Park*, warrants were iſſued out for bringing to juſtice the ſaid offenders. Accordingly *William Brazen*, ringleader of the ſaid delinquents, was indicted, for that he, at the place above-mentioned, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening, did with his accomplices ſurround *Maria* Counteſs of ——, a lady of the firſt faſhion and beauty, and and ſo moleſt her, that ſhe was obliged to quit the Park. The cauſe was opened by the *Attorney-general* of this Court, who ſet forth, that the li-

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berty of walking in the Park has been allowed, time out of mind, unto all the good people of this metropolis, and that, to hinder any one from the ſaid privilege, is an infringement of the liberties of the ſubject, more particularly ſo in the preſent caſe, as the exquiſite beauty of the lady thus treated would command reſpect among the *Hottentots:* he therefore hoped for a *verdict* againſt the priſoner.

Call Captain Spatterdaſh.

Capt. *Spatterdaſh ſworn.*—I was upon duty laſt *Sunday*, and as I was ſauntering along the Mall, I perceived the moſt amiable of her ſex encompaſſed by a crowd; the priſoner at the bar was the foremoſt among them, and the lady was obliged to take refuge in a chair.

Call Lady Lapdog.

Lady *Lapdog.*—I had my pretty little *Marquiſſa* with me, and I was afraid as how ſhe would have been *ſqueezed* to death by the mob, and I am ſure the priſoner at the bar was at the head of the riot.

Call Miſs Sleepy-Eye.

Miſs *Sleepy-Eye.*—The priſoner at the bar has often made love to me, but on the evening mentioned, he took no notice of me, but followed the lady, in conjunction with many others. For my part,

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part, I can't ſee what they follow her for, no more than other folks—to be ſure I an't ſo tall—but ſure a perſon may be handſome without being a ſtaring thing, and I believe the men are all mad for behaving ſo.

Priſoner's Defence.

I have not had time to prepare, otherwiſe I could call ſeveral perſons to my character. I own I could not reſiſt the attraction of ſo much beauty. *Guilty.*

Then the Judge paſſed Sentence.

You *William Brazen* are to go back to the place from whence you came; thence you are to be drawn on a ſledge to the place of execution, *viz.* *Roſamond's Pond* in St. *James's Park*, where you are to be ſouſed into the water, but not till you are dead, and you are to be ducked in this manner three ſeveral times, and afterwards to be toſſed dry in a blanket, and ſo the Lord have mercy on you. *Adjourned.*

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NUMBER XLIV.

Saturday, Aug. 10, 1753.

Nec verò illa parva vis naturæ eſt, rationiſque, quòd eorum ipſorum, quæ aſpectu ſentiuntur, nullum aliud animal pulchritudinem, venuſtatem, convenientiam partium ſentit. Quam ſimilitudinem natura ratioque ab oculis ad animum transferens, multò etiam magis pulchritudinem, conſtantiam, ordinem in conſiliis factiſque conſervandum putat.

CICERO *de officiis.*

At the laſt meeting of our club, Mr. *Plaſtic*, the *Shaftſburian* philoſopher, and chairman for the time being, deſired he might furniſh the eſſay of this day.

A Taſte for the arts is the higheſt embelliſhment and ultimate finiſhing of an accompliſhed mind; it gives an elegance to a man's way of thinking, throws a poliſh on his manners, and by inſenſible degrees refines the paſſions and affections of the ſoul. It may be added, that a fine taſte is the inlet of ſome of the moſt delicate pleaſures human life is ſuſceptible of, and may therefore properly be called, in the language of *Shaftsburian* philoſophy, *the internal ſenſe*. By means of this

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this faculty, we are acquainted with many elegant ſenſations, to which the generality of men ſeem entirely ſtrangers. This talent is not unlike the power of ſeeing, juſt conferred on one whoſe eye never could diſtinguiſh colours; it opens new traces of thinking, awakens pleaſing ideas, and diffuſes a complacence through the whole intellectual frame.

There is nothing more common than to ſee men, who, perceiving the advantages which this elegant turn gives to a choſen few, and obſerving that quickneſs and ſenſibility for which they are remarkable, affect upon all occaſions to be endowed with the ſame nice faculty of perception; but the misfortune is, they are abſolutely callous to each fine impreſſion, and the method they chuſe, to convince us of their delicacy, is by pretending, that nothing is refined enough for them Thus, while others diſtinguiſh themſelves by yielding to the impulſe of a paſſion artfully excited by a ſtrain of muſic, a poem, or a picture, theſe gentlemen would recommend themſelves upon the ſtrength of their having never been pleaſed at any rate. This procedure is for the moſt part to be obſerved in modern *critics* or the *malevoli*. A piece where every beauty of language and ſentiment is united, where in the ſtriking

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ing paſſages every line is impaſſioned, and ſwells with the emotion of the ſoul, like a glaſs in a furnace, informed by the breath infuſed into it, yet ſuch a piece by one of this claſs ſhall be received with cold diſdain; and a compoſition of *Arne's*, full of all the ſweetneſs of muſical expreſſion, ſhall to their affectedly fine organs ſound like the moſt jarring diſſonance. If a man in a club of gentlemen ſhould be perpetually diſpleaſed with every diſh, while the reſt of the members perceive no cauſe of complaint, I apprehend there would be a ſtrong preſumption, that his mouth was at thoſe ſeaſons greatly out of taſte. With equal propriety, whoever boaſts an over-refinement of underſtanding, ſhould be ſet down, without heſitation, as one whoſe mental organs are diſtempered. As matters are frequently managed, a fine taſte, inſtead of being a power of receiving elegant ſenſations, is an avenue only for uneaſineſs, diſcontent, and a conſtant diſlike of every thing around us. It would fare with this exquiſite degree of intellectual feeling, as with him, whoſe external ſenſes ſhould, out of the uſual courſe of things, be framed to receive acuter impreſſions than our employments in life will admit.

Say what the uſe were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?

Or,

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Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain.

POPE.

But Nature has not caſt us in ſo delicate a mould; our bodily and mental powers are fitted to adminiſter to our enjoyments, not contrived to be the cauſe of fretfulneſs, and a petulant peeviſhneſs, or to ſour the temper, and render us troubleſome and diſagreeable to ſociety.

To define a true taſte may be unneceſſary at preſent. It has often been done by abler pens; but, I believe, it will be judged pertinent to the ſubject in hand, to give the reader ſome deſcription of it. Mr. *Locke* obſerves, that many abſtract ideas are expreſſed by terms taken from the perceptions of our external ſexes, ſuch as to *imagine, comprehend, conceive, adhere,* which are all applied to modes of thinking. In like manner, the term now in queſtion is derived from the ſenſation of our palate, which we call taſte, and, on account of ſome ſimilitude in the operation, is applied to the intellectual faculty by men of imagination in all languages; the information given to the mind being in both caſes rapid and inſtantaneous, without waiting for the more cool and deliberate ſentence of reflection.

Hence

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Hence naturally ariſes a diſtinction between taſte and judgment; which are often uſed as ſynonimous expreſſions, but are notwithſtanding very different in themſelves. I believe many of my readers know people among their acquaintance, who, if you lay a picture before them, upon mature deliberation, and after comparing leiſurely the copy with their own ideas of nature, can pronounce the piece to be like, without manifeſting any particular reliſh or pleaſure. It is not ſo with the man of taſte. He enters at once into the ſpirit and ſtile of an author, ſees in an inſtant how he ſelects the circumſtances in a deſcription, enjoys the turn of his expreſſion, and his art in touching the paſſions. It is upon a review of what thus ſtrikes the mind, that the critics of all ages have been able to lay down rules for taſte; as theories of viſion are framed from an examination of the organs of ſight, and the manner in which external objects operate upon them. It is owing to the happineſs of a true taſte that a celebrated *French* wit has told us, that nothing can be elegant, which is not true, upon an obſervation that the mind turns with diſtaſte from that which contradicts its own ideas.

It is recorded of *Marcus Antoninus*, that he acknowledged it to the gods as a peculiar felicity, that

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that he had not cultivated his taſte for works of imagination, apprehending, as it ſeems, that ſuch amuſements would have detained him from objects of higher importance. For my part, I cannot help wondering that he did not rather thank Heaven for the elegant turn beſtowed upon him, as it is certain that, under due regulation, a juſt taſte is a conſtant ſource of the moſt refined gratifications.

With this talent, a man may retire into his cloſet, and there enjoy a more delicious repaſt, and better company, than can be met with in any modern aſſembly. *Homer* never denies himſelf to any acquaintance. *Virgil* is always eaſy of acceſs, whether you delight in ſublime deſcription, or the ſofter beauties of rural imagery. A man may take as much liberty with *Horace* as his intruding friend did in the *Via Sacra*, free from the ſame imputation of impertinence; and, without the expence of a *remiſe*, you may viſit *Boileau*, *La Fontaine*, *Voltaire*, and the politeſt of the *French* nation. Dr. *Swift* is always ready to ſhake your ſides with humour; you may converſe with *Pope* without hearing him complain of head-aches; and if you aſpire to the company of a Miniſter of State, you may retire with *Bolingbroke* into the cabinet, and learn from that eminent maſter the ſecret ſprings of policy, or receive a clue to guide

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you through the maze of hiſtory. In ſhort, to a mind well harmonized, all nature wears a pleaſing aſpect, and the tranſition is eaſy from a reliſh for external beauty, and the pleaſures ariſing from poetry, eloquence, and the arts of imitation, to a love for moral perfection, and the dignity of character.

This is the ſentiment of *Cicero* in the words of my motto. The ſame doctrine is enforced by the author of *The Pleaſures of Imagination*, in ſuch an exquiſite ſtrain of poetry, that I muſt beg leave to conclude with tranſcribing the paſſage.—Speaking of a man of taſte, he has the following lines.

---------- Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only; for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herſelf harmonious. Wont ſo long
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order; to exert
Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair-inſpir'd dilight; her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and ev'ry paſſion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.

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NUMBER XLV.

Saturday, Aug. 25, 1753.

Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere poſſit.

VIRG.

WHEN *Virgil's Æneas* and his friend *Achates* were entering the town, which *Dido* was raiſing, *Venus* diffuſed a cloud around her favourite ſon, in order to ſecure him from every human eye, and to protect him from the inconveniences to which he might be liable if ſeen by the inhabitants. This parental care proved very uſeful to the hero. We find that ſomething like it is practiſed by *Mother Dulneſs*, who never fails to manifeſt a tender concern for her choſen ſons: accordingly they are often enveloped in a cloud of obſcurity, which no ray of light can pierce, and are thereby enabled to proceed in their works of darkneſs, without lett or moleſtation. But though there is this ſimilitude in the fate of the favourites of the *cloud-compelling Queen of Dulneſs*, and the offspring of *Venus*, it is obſervable that there is a very wide difference in the conduct of both. The latter, we are told, admired, as he journied on, the induſtry

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and labour of the people, the plan of their town, and the nobleneſs of their ſtreets. He was highly pleaſed with the magnificence of the ſtructures, and the time he ſpent in ſurveying the pieces of painting in their temple, ſhewed he had a taſte for the fine arts. But the *Grub-ſtreet race* behold with envy the learned induſtry of genius. From their hidden place of obſcurity their malice is daily levelled at thoſe, who they know cannot detect them. Superior merit is the mark at which they take their envenomed aim. There is, however, this comfort remaining, that their arrows are too blunt to penetrate, and the miſt from whence they iſſue, ſerves greatly to retard their force. Their ſhafts fall to the ground, innocent of the wound they were intended to inflict.

To drop this long-ſpun allegory; the anonymous libeller is the peſt of ſociety. It is with pleaſure I have obſerved, that lampoons of late have fallen dead-born from the preſs, without procuring for their authors a ſingle dinner. I was the other day in a pamphlet-ſhop, when a writer of defamation came in to enquire after the ſucceſs of his production; "Sells middling, Sir," ſays the ſhop-boy, "we diſpoſed of three laſt week." I muſt own I felt no little pleaſure at the author's diſappointment. I look upon an itch of ſcandal

to

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to be the ſureſt ſign of a depraved and malevolent temper, and I am ſorry to find that it is not always the conſequence of hunger and thirſt. It aſcends higher, and flouriſhes in high life; attends the ladies at their toilets; gives a reliſh to their tea; a flavour to their liqueurs, and every ſummer takes a jant to *Tunbridge* and other watering places, as conſtantly as a gameſter or a citizen's wife.

At *Tunbridge* I happened to ſpend a week this ſeaſon. I was there a witneſs of the miſchief occaſioned by the polite ſonnetteers and epigrammatiſts, who chuſe to indulge their wit, or rather, their malice upon the amiable ſex. Both thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can, immediately upon their arrival in theſe regions, begin to meaſure out ſyllables; the vain poetaſter, while in the long-room the company ſip tea and ſcandal, envies not the fame of *Dryden*, *Pope*, or *Young*; his brow is adorned with a fancied laurel, and he enjoys the pangs he has excited in ſome lovely boſom. As duly as the morning appears, malignity flies abroad in the form of a *rebus*, a *madrigal*, a ſong, an epigram, or ſome ſuch ingenious compoſition. The general curioſity is inſtantly excited; all are impatient to peruſe the lying evidence of ſhame. " Do, Colonel, ſhew it me—Captain

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" *Flimſy*, can't you get me a ſight of it?—Lord,
" ma'am, an't it mighty pretty?—The creature
" deſerved it—What airs ſhe gave herſelf?—And
" ſuch a deal of talk, and ſo affected——Do you
" think her handſome?—Well, to be ſure ſhe
" wore a ſweet pair of ruffles yeſterday."

In this manner dull ſcandal is helped about. The more lovely and innocent the perſon whoſe happineſs is thus invaded, the more agreeable is the invective; the ſatyr ſharpens, and the wit refines. *Muſidora* has every grace of perſon, and every elegant embelliſhment of the mind: in her eye, to uſe the expreſſion of a fine poet, *Love ever wakes and keeps a veſtal fire:* her behaviour carries with it an equal degree of good-humour and politeneſs, flowing from ſenſe and a native ſweetneſs of temper. *Appius* is awkward in his perſon, and diſagreeable in his aſpect; his mind is ever on the fret. In a country dance, he is diſſatisfied with every thing around him. He quarrels with the muſick, and diſconcerts the whole company. With theſe diſagreeable features of body and mind, *Appius* applied to *Muſidora* to be his partner for the evening: ſhe declined the favour with great affability and good manners, having before experienced the foibles which have taken root in this gentleman's temper. *Appius* immediately took fire

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fire at the imagined affront: full of indignation, he retired home to his lodging; and though he never before attempted to tag a rhyme, commenced poet. The next day came out the anonymous ſtanza, which was afterwards found to be the production of *Appius*. The compoſition was declared very pretty by all the prudes and coquettes of the place. The *verſes* were in a little time in every body's hand. *Appius* enjoyed his fame. The general voice pronounced that he really had a very pretty turn for poetry. The effect which this treatment had on *Muſidora*'s mind, is not to be deſcribed; faded were the roſes which before were blended with the lilly, and that breaſt, which was deſigned for the ſeat of love, throbbed wild with uneaſy paſſions. To prevent any further vexation, her relations were obliged in a week's time to fly from a place, where innocence and honour are ſacrificed to a jeſt; where the men take a pleaſure in ſcandal, and where the fair join in combination againſt truth and virtue, and their own intereſt.

That people, who, from their education, ought to have imbibed other ſentiments, ſhould thus enter into a conſpiracy againſt their own happineſs, is ſurely little ſhort of infatuation. When their neighbour's houſe is on fire, all rejoice,

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though their own is not insured. *Congreve*'s Lady *Froth*, one would imagine, might long since have cured the itch of trifling in verse, and Lord *Froth*, by the same author, ought surely to have extinguished the race of foolish admirers.

If the ingenious poetasters, who buzz and flyblow during the summer season, would reflect on the consequence arising from their little talents, I persuade myself this Gothic piece of pleasantry would be banished from all polite places. I shall dismiss this paper, after recommending to the perusal of all *Tunbridge* sonnetteers the following lines of Mr. *Pope*.

Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear.

NUMBER

NUMBER XLVI.

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1753.

——————— *Gratiæ decentes*
Alterno terram quatiunt pede——

HOR.

A Celebrated *French* Critic has given it for a rule, that every author ſhould from time to time *ſacrifice to the Graces.* The meaning of the precept is, that the writer, who aims at elegance of compoſition, ſhould faſhion his mind to a certain urbanity, and refined way of thinking, which by habit will become a ſecond nature. *Ineſt facundis gratia dictis* is the phraſe by which an author of genius has ſignified a delicate choice of ſentiment and expreſſion. In the works of the antients it is this peculiar taſte, this courtly manner of embelliſhing good ſenſe, that has made their productions the admiration of ages; and thoſe have been accounted claſſic writers among the moderns, who have been moſt careful to form themſelves upon the *Greek* and *Roman* models.

Full of theſe reflections I retired to reſt a few nights ſince. In the hours of ſleep, my buſy imagination purſued the ſame track of contempla-

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tion, and preſented to me the following ſcene. I dreamt that an order was iſſued out from the high court of *Parnaſſus*, requiring the immediate attendance of all the inhabitants of the place at a SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES, according to an anniverſary inſtitution in honour of the day, on which *Apollo* ſlew the *Python*. For this purpoſe the three lovely ſiſters, interchanging in their way mutual glances of cordiality and affection, walked hand in hand to an elegant edifice raiſed by *Inigo Jones*. Each had in her hand Mr. *Hogarth's Analyſis of Beauty*. They placed themſelves on an eminent altar in ſuch amiable attitudes, as have not been equalled on any of our theatres, ſince the Manager of *Drury-lane* houſe withdrew a certain lady from the publick eye.

As ſoon as the *Goddeſſes* were thus prepared for the ſolemnity, *Apollo*, in all the pride of manly beauty, advanced to the altar, and paid his adoration. The Muſes followed in proceſſion, and, after proſtrating themſelves in a reſpectful manner, mixed together in a dance, and ſung hymns of praiſe in honour of the Graces. *Ducunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.* The whole poetic region was exhilerated at the ſound. The ſun ſhot forth new glory, and every thing, that before looked beautiful, ſeemed now to glow with additional charms.

This

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This part of the ceremony being concluded, a trumpet ſounded three times, as a ſignal for men of genius to make their approach. The *Greeks* were the firſt that came forward. In this band the moſt remarkable were *Homer*, *Xenophon*, *Thucydides*, *Plato*, *Sophocles*, and *Longinus*. *Ariſtotle* ſent word that he was engaged in a *ſyllogiſm*, and could not attend. *Socrates*, who, we are told, called dancing a ſacrifice to the Graces, immediately began a movement before the altar, while *Plato* eyed him with a ſtedfaſt look. *Longinus*, having acquitted himſelf in the due forms of veneration, fixed his attention upon *Homer*.

Lucretius was leader of the next diviſion: he thanked the *Graces* for having ſcattered ſo many flowers amidſt the thorns, which ſhoot up in his part of *Parnaſſus*. *Terence*, who was an *elegant Obſerver of Forms*, ſeemed to receive great delight from the view of ſo much beauty. He preferred his prayer with the utmoſt purity of diction.

The poſture in which *Tully* placed himſelf, recalled to my mind the deſcription of him in the *Temple of Fame*.

Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand,
In act to ſpeak, and graceful wav'd his hand.

He

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He declared, in a flowing ſtile, that " by ſurveying the ſymmetry and proportions of outward objects, the mind makes an eaſy tranſition to the fitneſs, the order, and regularity of its own inward frame. From the habit of attending to external decorum, the ſoul of man contracts a correſponding elegance, and the ſame beauty of order in its own operations. We then are careful, we are ſolicitous neither to think unhandſomely, nor to do any thing unbecoming. In this conſiſts that *honeſtum*, that *grace* of *character*, which alone is truly laudable. We reach in ſome ſort that idea of virtue, which, if viſible to the eye, would never fail, as *Plato* obſerves, to excite both love and admiration."

Virgil came forward with a modeſt mien, and great regularity in his motion. He deſired to paſs all his time with the *Graces* and the *Muſes*; and bowing reſpectfully, thanked the *Graces* for that elegant ſimplicity, the *Molle atque facetum*, which they had conferred upon him. He then retired to a laureat ſhade, where he almoſt hid himſelf in illuſtrious eaſe. *Statius*, *Lucan*, and *Silius Italicus*, endeavoured to walk in the ſame path after him. Sometimes they even aimed at his footſteps, but an aukward ſtrut in their gait rendered it impracticable. The Goddeſſes told *Ovid*, that

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that they were ſorry they could not follow him into exile. At the approach of *Horace*, *Venus*, and all the laughing loves, ſmiled with peculiar pleaſure. *Tibullus* was received with every token of affection. Before he withdrew, he begged leave to introduce a friend, whoſe name was *Hammond*: his requeſt was granted, and accordingly Mr. *Hammond* had the honour of kiſſing their hands. His imitation of *Tibullus* was well received.

After this a pauſe enſued in the rites, occaſioned by the delay of ſeveral *Monks* and *Fathers*, to whom a ſummons had been ſent commanding their attendance. They were all in a cluſter at the foot of *Parnaſſus*, and at length returned for anſwer, that they did not chuſe to worſhip falſe deities. After ſuch a declaration, it was with ſurprize I beheld a certain *Biſhop* lay aſide his mitre, and venerate the Pagan goddeſſes.

Upon enquiring his name, I found this perſonage to be the celebrated *Vida*. He was followed by *Eraſmus*, who fairly owned, that in his youthfull days he did not reliſh the ſtile of *Cicero*, but thanked the *Graces* for that improved taſte, with which, in his old age, he read that ſublime moraliſt, and always roſe from his works a better man. In the train of *Eraſmus*, I ſaw *Tillotſon*, *Atterbury*, the modeſt *Foſter*, and ſeveral others.

Fam-

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Fammianus Strada advanced, with his Hiſtory in his pocket, and his *Proluſions* in his hand. He was followed by *Bohours*, *Rollin*, and ſeveral *Jeſuits*, who were at length joined by *Boileau* and *La Fontaine*. The former had a degree of ſeverity mixed in his ſmiles; the latter was all quickneſs, vivacity and wit. In imitation of *Tibullus*, they begged leave to preſent their friends, and accordingly, *Garth*, *Prior*, and *Gay* were introduced.

Shakeſpear and *Milton* came down from the higheſt eminence in *Parnaſſus*. While they were performing their duty, I obſerved they both raiſed their heads to look at a part of the Heavens, where there was a diſtant thunder. *Dryden* had not money to procure a ſufficient quantity of *frankincenſe*, but the Graces accepted the intention for the deed, convinced by ſeveral touches in his works that no one had a finer ſenſe of beauty. Mr. *Pope* advanced with his eyes fixed upon *Homer*, who was then in company with *Virgil*: his look was thoughtful, but bright: he delivered himſelf in the moſt harmonious numbers. *Addiſon* followed cloſe at his heels, and he acquitted himſelf in his peculiar manner of giving good ſenſe all the embelliſhments of eaſe and artful negligence. He obſerved how much good-humour added to the beauty of the *Graces*, and was pleaſed to ſee them

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them without any faſhionable edifice of hair on their heads, and free from the enormous circle of the hoop.

By this time a general whiſper began to run through all the ranks, owing (as I ſoon perceived) to the appearance of Dr. *Swift*. He approached with *Cadenus* and *Vaneſſa* in his hand, as an offering to the Graces. As he drew nearer, he *ſucked in his cheeks*, and the Goddeſſes turned to each other with a ſmile. Upon his making an apology for ſome ſtrokes in his works, they aſſured him that they could overlook thoſe ſingularities, on account of his other admirable qualities; adding with a ſmile, that what was formerly granted to *Virgil* ſhould be alſo allowed to him, namely, *To toſs about his dung with an air of gracefulneſs*.

Lord *Shaftſbury* was ready to yield all due veneration to three Goddeſſes, who had already warmed his fancy with the brighteſt ideas. This noble writer was ſucceeded by *Bolingbroke*, who approached the altar with reſpect, but ſeemed an enemy to all forms of worſhip. He avowed at the ſame time, that he was readier to pay adoration to thoſe bright exiſtences, than to the *God* of *Moſes*, or the *God* of *Paul*, on which topics he harangued with a roll of periods, in which, though he

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he did not advance the ſtrict truth, he deſerved at leaſt to be called, in the words of a witty Satyriſt, a *polite Apoſtate from God's Grace to Wit.*

His Lordſhip withdrew, and I then perceived ſome certain modern periodical writers entering the temple. The firſt and principal of theſe occaſioned by his appearance ſome confuſion. His mien was large, and his movement irregular. His brow was clouded, but whether with thought, or a ſullen gloom, was not immediately ſeen. *Horace* deſired the company to ſuſpend their judgment: I heard him ſay,

——— *Rideri poſſit, eo quod*
Ruſticius tonſo toga deſluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret. At eſt bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quiſquam. At tibi amicus; at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore. ———

The ſuffrage of ſo able a judge had due weight, and it was ſoon found that *grace* and *energy* are not incompatible.

Emboldened by the example of my brother writers, methought, I approached the altar, but was told by *Euphroſyne*, that I advanced with rather too great an air of negligence. The Goddeſs adviſed me to avoid the appearance of thoughtleſſneſs,

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leſſneſs, while I endeavoured to be eaſy and graceful. I was ſo ſtung with this reproach, that my repoſe was inſtantly diſturbed. When awake, I pleaſed myſelf with the reflection that the whole was but a dream.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XLVII.

Saturday, Sept. 8, 1753.

Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;
Quid minuat curas; quid te tibi reddat amicum;
Quid pure tranquillet.——

HOR.

IT is on all hands acknowledged that Happineſs is the ultimate end of human actions. The principles inciting to this purſuit are felt in every breaſt. The inſtincts of our nature operate to this great purpoſe, and Reaſon was given to approve, to correct, and to govern our conduct. But it may be aſked, do thoſe inſtincts always prompt us to what is juſt and fit? Does reaſon, without intermiſſion, perform her office, and faithfully diſcharge the truſt committed to her care? When we ſurvey the maſs of life, and behold numbers warping their faculties from their true direction, it may be fairly anſwered, that, by ſome ſtrange perverſity, man too often counteracts his own natural powers; as if to lead a weary life were the end of his exiſtence. To correct this vicious diſpoſition has exhauſted the logick of moraliſts, and the ridicule of poets. The author of my motto ſends his friend to the ſchools of philoſophy, to learn

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learn how to paſs his days in mild enjoyment; how to ſoften and diminiſh the cares of life; by what means he may ſecure the peace of his own breaſt, and live in harmony with himſelf; and in ſhort, the way to obtain that pure tranquility, without which life is no better than a burden. But philoſophy deals too much in the abſtract: its precepts are, live according to nature; follow reaſon; be virtuous, and be happy. All this is true; but under large and comprehenſive maxims, many ſubdiviſions, and inferior points of conduct, are too often loſt, The chief head of the moral doctrine may impreſs a ſenſe of duty, but from the generality of the precept, the mind does not often deſcend to ſubordinate branches, becauſe their conſequence does not always appear.

When we are adviſed to live according to reaſon, to follow nature, and to be virtuous in order to be happy; how many conſider, that to maintain a conſtant chearfullneſs, and to preſerve the even tenour of a contented ſpirit, is a precept included in the general doctrine? A chearful temper is mentioned by TULLY in what he calls the *Leniores Virtutes*, the milder virtues. Content produces chearfullneſs: it reconciles the man to himſelf, and to thoſe with whom he converſes. It is, in *Shakeſpeare*'s language, "The chief nou-

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" riſher in life's feaſt." When giddy mirth, and the ſallies of riot have ſubſided, chearfullneſs ſtill maintains an uninterrupted courſe; and if it never riſes to extraordinary heights, it has at leaſt this advantage, that it never ebbs too low. The former is like an artificial fountain, that through unnatural channels plays its water into the air, and for a ſhort time amuſes the fancy: but the latter is a pure and gentle ſtream, that ſprings from ſecret ſources, and flows in one even courſe, clear, refreſhing, adorned with flowers on its banks and where it meets with pebbles, delighting by the muſick of its murmur.

If good humour is attended by theſe advantages, diſcontent draws after it all the oppoſite inconveniencies. The mind, like the hemiſphere, muſt be ſometimes overcaſt. Perpetual ſunſhine is not to be expected in the breaſt, no more than in the ſky over our heads: but chearfullneſs can gild the clouds, that overſhadow us, with fancied ſtains of light, and change them to a beautifull appearance. Diſcontent, on the contrary, adds horror to the gloom, and often raiſes it by its own vapours. With a perſon of this diſpoſition, every thing is wrong: he lives in a ſtate of hoſtility with himſelf, and of courſe with his neighbours. Finding no peace at home, he is little ſolicitous about

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about the diſturbance he gives to others. His whole time is ſpent in waging war with trifles. By finding fault, he thinks he ſhews his ſuperior ſenſe: but if every thing round him is out of tune, why ſhould he add to the general diſcord the internal diſorder of his own mind? Few things are worth fretting about, and none are mended by it: yet the diſcontented man is ever in a ferment, and he wiſhes to throw others into the ſame ſituation. A ſuicide in regard to his own happineſs, he acts with the ſame malignity to others. It is a maxim of *Rochefaucault*, that if we were free from faults ourſelves, we ſhould not take ſo much pleaſure in obſerving thoſe of our neighbours; and this, perhaps, may account for much of that peeviſh arrogance, which too frequently diſturbs ſociety. The talent of cavil upon every little occaſion grows by indulgence into a ſettled habit, and all the *uſes of this world ſeem weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable.* The diſcontented man acts through life as if he were appointed *Cenſor General*, and he thinks it the duty of a Cenſor to be always out of humour, for ever troubled with irritable nerves. He knows that a Judge may condemn, but forgets that he ſhould not abuſe. He is a critic on life, without reflecting that he ought to ſhew his qualification, as well by a reliſh for what is right, as by diſguſt at what is wrong. He

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ſnarls at all without diſtinction, and were his repreſentation true, he may be ſure of this, that nothing is more harſh and diſſonant than himſelf.

In the character of the diſcontented man there is, perhaps, a circumſtance, that conduces much to the growth of his ill-humour. He is by profeſſion a ſatiriſt, and being determined to ſpeak his mind with blunt freedom, his remarks will ſometimes have an air of novelty. The oddity of his conception tends to provoke laughter, and the caprice of a perſon determined never to be at peace with himſelf, nor with any thing about him, affords no ſmall entertainment to thoſe, who like to watch thoſe ſudden ſallies, that diſcloſe the features of character. As the *French* expreſs it, He gives the comedy to the company, never aware of the ridicule that falls upon himſelf. When he ſnarls, it is ſaid to be his way, and under that indulgence he preſcribes for a right to ſhock you with ill manners. He perceives that people agree to endure him, and he ſubmits to live on ſufferance. To enjoy nothing, is a ſign either of diſtempered ſenſation, or a diſordered mind, and yet the diſcontented man is willing to be a valetudinarian of the worſt ſort, one who has created his own infirmity, and ought to be confined in ſome infirmary, till a proper regimen has ſo far brought him

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him to his ſenſes, as to make him conſent to be well.

THEOPHRASTUS, who lived to ninety-five, and at that age publiſhed his remarks on men and manners, has given a draught of the character I have been deſcribing, which I ſhall here tranſcribe from the tranſlation of Mr. *Budgell*. "A *diſcontented temper*, ſays the great ethic writer, *is a frame of mind, which ſets a man upon complaining without reaſon*. When one of his neighbours, who makes an entertainment, ſends his ſervant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice, *What*, ſays he, *your maſter did not think me good enough to dine with him?* He complains of his miſtreſs at the very time that ſhe is careſſing him; and when ſhe redoubles her kiſſes and endearments, *I wiſh*, ſays he, *all this came from your heart*. In a dry ſeaſon, he grumbles for want of rain; and when a ſhower falls, he mutters to himſelf, *Why could not this have come ſooner?* If he happens to find a purſe, he takes it up, and, *Had it been a pot of gold*, ſays he, *it would have been worth ſtooping for*. He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a ſlave, and after he has paid his money for him, *I am ſure*, ſays he, *thou art good for nothing, or I ſhould not have had thee ſo cheap*. When a meſſenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his

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wife is brought to bed of a ſon, he anſwers, *That is as much as to ſay, friend, that I am poorer by half to-day than I was yeſterday.* Though he has gained a cauſe with full coſts and damages, he complains that his counſel did not inſiſt upon the moſt material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raiſe a voluntary contribution for him, and deſire him to be merry, *How is that poſſible,* ſays he, *when I am to pay every one of you his own again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?*"

I have no doubt but the reader will perceive the natural touches of this character. For the ſake of a perſon, whom I lately met, I wiſh I could boaſt the ſame truth of deſign, and ſtrength of colouring; but though I have no hopes of being able to rival ſo fine a moral painter, I ſhall beg leave to cloſe this paper with the portrait of a perſon who has taken much pains to ſour his temper, and has ſucceeded to make himſelf miſerable.

Mr. *Sullen,* with an affluent fortune, ſeems to live for ever in adverſity. When he wakes in a morning, after a good night's repoſe, *Damn it,* ſays he, *what made me overſleep myſelf?* He rings his bell; but the ſervant has not wings, and of courſe does not fly: Mr. *Sullen* is tempted to throw ſomething at the ſcoundrel's head. The ſervan

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ſervant now beſtirs himſelf with alacrity: *Sirrah! raſcal!* cries Sullen, *are you mad? are you drunk in a morning?* He then ſeats himſelf to breakfaſt, and finds his tea to be vile traſh: the Directors of the India Company ſhould be ſhot dead, like ſo many thieves; they have monopolized the trade, and never import a grain of real tea. And thoſe CREOLS too! a plague go with them; they ſend us nothing but *moloſſes* for ſugar. He was invited the other day to a turtle-feaſt at a villa not far from town. Every thing was ſerved with elegance. *Pſhaw!* exclaims Sullen, *this is nothing but mock turtle; and the ſcoundrell of a cook!* I would ſhoot ſuch a fellow. No *Cordon-bleu* here. The people of this country never eat: call it mutton or beef, that's enough for them. This is green fat too, is it? I had as ſoon eat ſo much green horn. Here, you ſcoundrel, give me a glaſs of that punch: punch do you call it? Gin, or ſome of the traſh that tall *Iriſh fellow* calls *whiſkee*. Let me try your rheniſh: rheniſh! ſour cyder. Who is that ſhe-thing at the upper end of the table? The talleſt women I ever ſaw for nothing! And that man near her? He is a *ſenator*, I think. This is counted a pretty country ſeat too! I had as ſoon take a lodging in Thames-ſtreet.

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In this manner Mr. *Sullen* torments himſelf and diffuſes round him a portion of that uneaſineſs, which corrodes his own breaſt. He once paſſed a week in the country, where I happened to be of the party. He grumbled, during the whole time, like the great maſtiff in the court-yard, and the ſervant, after his departure, found in his bed-room the following memorandum, with an ounce of *Spaniſh* ſnuff in it.

Came down in a poſt-chaiſe with the 'Squire; a damned uneaſy one. The fellow has no notion of a crane-neck.—Horſes only fit for a dray. Weather infernal; vile ſituation; inconvenient houſe, &c.

Slept very ill, owing to the badneſs of the bed. Never like to lie out of my own bed. My friend's wife damned ugly in a morning: a froſty face devil: the fellow married her for her money.

Mutton warm with life ſerved up at dinner: mutton ſhould be always kept a week. Allum in the bread; gave me the heart-burn: not a drop of real wine in the houſe.

Took a walk upon the lawns; graſs all wet; got an infernal cold; weather curſed bleak; *Engliſh* atmoſphere. Don't like Miſs *Favonia*'s breath: believe I was cheated at cards.

Curate

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Curate of the parish dined with us; the fellow as dull as an *acrostick:* a strange thing of a wife with him.

N. B. Believe the tall fellow will lie with her.

Sick in my stomach all the morning; owing to their hard food.

Memorandum, to go away without taking leave of the family, or giving any thing to those scoundrels the servants.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XLVIII.

Saturday, Sept. 15, 1753.

Echionis tabula te ſtupidum detinet, aut ſignum aliquod Polycleti. Intuentem te, admirantem, clamores tollentem cum video, ſervum te eſſe ineptiarum omnium judico. CICERO.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

IT is not without reaſon that you have declared war againſt the race of falſe critics, and their various arts of impoſition. It is the intereſt of ſociety that ſpecious appearances ſhould be laid open to the world. In morals, in ſcience, and the polite arts, we abound every where with pretenders: in every branch numbers aſpire to be in appearance, what they are not in reality: none, however, is ſo conſpicuous as the dictator in matters of taſte. To judge of works of wit or learning, is the reſult of much reading, and perhaps more thinking: but reading and thinking are of ſlow progreſs, by no means anſwerable to the impatience of the forward genius, who wants the fame of literature, without the acquiſition. He, who takes upon him to decide in a peremptory tone upon the beauties or imperfections of ſtile,

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ſtile, concludes that he has taken the ſhorteſt road to pre-eminence, and that all, who hear him dogmatize, will give him credit for that fund of knowledge, which is ſuppoſed to be the precedent qualification: Of the rules for fine writing, or ſuch of them at leaſt as are not entirely arbitrary, there is ſcarce one which may not be accounted for upon principles of ſound philoſophy, and reaſons drawn from the conſtitution of the human mind. The critic's law, which is not thus eſtabliſhed, ceaſes to be a law; it is a rule of caprice, of dictatorial arrogance, of mere faſhion, and no more. TULLY has truly ſaid, *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat:* the force of this remark is ſeen in nothing more than in the various rules, which have been from time to time advanced by thoſe, who have aſſumed to be the legiſlators of taſte. The fables of chivalry have had their day, but the fable of *Homer* has regained its luſtre. To ſeperate the whims of opinion from the judgments of truth and nature, is not the ambition of the modern critic. Tell him that ſuch a rule is the law of *Ariſtotle*, this of *Horace*, that of *Longinus*, and a fourth delivered by *Quintilian*, he is ſatisfied; he can now talk with an air of authority, and about the true intent and ſpirit of the law he is little ſolicitous. From the rule to aſcend to the reaſon, is a taſk of difficulty.

Our

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Our critic has heard that *Addiſon* conſiders the *Paradiſe Loſt* under the ſeveral heads of fable, character, ſentiment, and diction; and *Addiſon* ſays, this is *Ariſtotle*'s method. Hence the words *fable, character, ſentiment,* and *diction,* reſound at every coffee-houſe table: of the ſeveral requiſites that form the eſſential beauties of each, who hears a ſyllable? Character is like the mineral mentioned by experimental philoſophers, whoſe properties are not at all unfolded even after a long and painfull ſtudy. The town-critic is keen enough to mark the leading paſſion; but of its various modes, and how it blends itſelf with the other affections, he takes no notice. *Let us conſider,* ſays Doctor Watts, *the two colours of* YELLOW *and* BLUE: *if they are mingled together in any conſiderable proportion, they make a* GREEN: *now there may be infinite differences and proportions in the mixture of* BLUE *and* YELLOW; *and yet we have only theſe three words,* YELLOW, BLUE, *and* GREEN, *to ſignify all of them.* In regard to the paſſions, our ſelf-appointed judge is in the ſame predicament. *Richard the Third* and *Macbeth* are repreſented as perſons of courage; but it is a courage in each blended with different qualities. To thoſe modifications, or ſhades of the ſame temper, no regard is paid, and yet deciſions are pronounced with confidence; and they who know nothing of the ſecret

ſprings

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ſprings of action, preſume to talk of CHARACTER. The ſentiments they tell us are good, if common place topicks are ſtrung together; but whether they reſult from the inward temper, or are produced by the occaſion, is a point of little moment. Of the *diction* we are ſure to hear, and poetry, we are told, is the language of the gods. That language is ſuppoſed to be attained, if, by the uſe of obſolete terms, the piece ſeems cruſted over with the ruſt of time, and the poet writes as if he lived two hundred years ago. Forced metaphors, harſh conſtruction, and a ſwell of thought and verſification, are deemed the way to ſecure a reading in the cloſet; but it is not remembered, that *Shakeſpeare* gained that immortal honour by writing, in all his beautiful paſſages at leaſt, the language of the preſent moment.

With theſe critics, who deal in words only, it is not my intention to enter the liſts: I leave them to that ridicule, with which you have purſued them. But *jam nova progenies*; a new race has ſtarted up, and to point out the artifice by which they hope to ſucceed, is the deſign of this letter. The profeſſor in this modern kind comes forward with a glow of rapture and admiration. In the wide circle of the arts nothing has eſcaped him. Painting is his favourite amuſement: he has no pictures, yet is as familiar as an auctioneer with

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with all the capital pieces in *Europe*. He has travelled little, and obſerved leſs, yet he harangues upon all the different ſchools, and has the *conſuetudo oculi*. *He talks of pictures that he never ſaw, and fancies raptures that he never knew.* Shew him a beautiful paſſage: he treats it as a portrait, or a landſkip: perhaps he ſees that the author had his eye upon *Homer* or *Virgil*: what a *Paſtici!* the ſtile, the invention, the colouring of the great maſter! what grace of attitude! what tender ſhades, what maſſes of light! how elegant the caſting of the drapery! and what a flowing line! He, who ſees all this beauty, muſt alſo ſhew his penetration by the diſcovery of a blemiſh: there is, ſays he, a kind of grey tint, that differs from that ſweet union of colours, and that vigour of pencil, ſo juſtly admired in the great original. In this manner he gives oracular opinions, and, like an oracle, conveys no information.

Poetry and Painting have been called ſiſter arts: they both profeſs imitation, but they differ in their means, and from the objects, which they repreſent, though many of them lie in common, there ariſes a further diſtinction. What is in the power of language to deſcribe, cannot always be expreſſed by paint. The external appearances of nature are ſubject to the pencil as well as the pen: but the mind cannot be painted. It is true that

ſettle

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ſettled habits of thinking give by degrees their own peculiar caſt to the features, and the paſſions have their ſignatures in the countenance. Of theſe impreſſions the ſkillfull painter can avail himſelf: the outward and viſible effects he can ſeize, and there his art is at a ſtand. He can exhibit a virgin, in the bloom of youth and beauty, decaying by ſome inward ſtroke of affliction; and he may repreſent her ſmiling in diſtreſs. With the ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of pain, he can mingle a faint gleam of content. But the poet can go further; he can ſay,

——— *She never told her love,*
But let concealment like a worm i' th' bud
Feed on her damaſk cheek.

That happy alluſion, in which conſiſts the charm of the deſcription, cannot be ſuggeſted by the artifice of colours. Again:

——— *She pin'd in thought,*
And ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling on grief.

This is alſo too ſubtle for the pencil. We may, as has been ſaid already, ſee an elegant and intereſting form, pining in thought, while a ſickly dawn of ſatisfaction ſoftens the countenance; but the perſonifications of *grief and patience on a monument* will not preſent themſelves when we behold

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hold the picture; and yet it is by that happy aſſociation of ideas that *Shakeſpeare* completes the beauty of the paſſage. A *connoiſſeur* may tell us that this imagery is not excelled by the ſweet touch of *Guido*, or the divine warmth of *Titian:* he may talk of *deſign*, and the *clear-obſcure*; of *contour*, and *expreſſion*; of *grouping*, *keeping*, and the like; but he will be all the time talking of another art, and, while he raves about colouring, will go but a very ſhort way towards explaining the ſecret cauſe of that delight, which the reader feels from the deſcription.

The beauty of poetry is often found to conſiſt in that inſight, which the author gives us into the very ſoul of the perſon that ſpeaks: we ſee what paſſes in the mind; we behold the natural diſorder in which the ideas preſent themſelves in the conflict of the paſſions; the ſentiments chaſe one another, interrupting the courſe of thought, and claſhing in ſuch a manner, that all within is anarchy and confuſion. This quick ſucceſſion the painter cannot give: he muſt catch a ſingle moment, and the immediate operation upon the features is all he can expreſs. The effect of our mixed emotions may be ſeized in the inſtant:

——————— *Æſtuat ingens*
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque inſania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conſcia virtus.

Com-

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Combinations of this kind may be traced upon canvaſs; but when the ſentiments ſucceed one another with rapidity, and the paſſions ſhift with vehemence, the emotions, however quick, are ſtill ſucceſſive, and therefore elude the powers of that art, which is confined to a ſingle point of time. I ſhall ſelect a paſſage from *Pope*'s ODYSSEY, which will ſerve to place this matter in the cleareſt light. ULYSSES reſiſts the magic powers of *Circe*. She is ſtruck with aſtoniſhment. The poet redoubles the ſtrokes of paſſion, and in a beautiful climax gives the workings, the ſtarts, and ſhiftings of her mind.

Struck with unuſual fear, ſhe trembling cries;
She faints, ſhe falls, ſhe lifts her weeping eyes.
What art thou? ſay! from whence, from whom you came?
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Or art thou he? the man to come, foretold
By Hermes *pow'rful with the wand of gold?*
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round?
The man for Wiſdom's various arts renown'd?
Ulyſſes? O thy threat'ning fury ceaſe,
Sheath thy bright ſword, and join our hands in peace.

It is the conflict, the tumult, the eddies of paſſion, that give that exquiſite finiſhing to the poet's deſcription. Let a painter take for his ſubject a

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cow traverſing the meadows in queſt of her young one, which has been ſacrificed at the altar: can he, by any magic of colours, give the beautifull circumſtances which we find in the deſcription of *Statius?*

Ac veluti primo fraudatum lacte juvencum,
CUI TENERÆ VIRES, ET SOLUS AB UBERE SANGUIS,
Ceu fera, ceu duras avexit paſtor ad aras,
Nunc VALLEM *ſpoliata parens, nunc* FLUMINA QUESTU,
Nunc ARMENTA *movet,* VACUOSQUE INTERROGAT AGROS:
TUM PIGET IRE DOMUM, *mœſtoque* NOVISSIMA *campo*
Exit, et oppoſitas IMPASTA AVERTITUR *herbas.*

From all this, the inference is plain: the critic, who warms his fancy with a paſſage finely written, and then talks of the ſweetneſs of colours, the inexpreſſible tint, the outline, and the airs of the head, amuſes himſelf with words, and compares two things, that have their own diſtinct and peculiar principles. But I have expatiated upon this ſubject more at large than I intended. In my next I ſhall ſend you a ſpecimen of *Virtuoſo Criticiſm*, which will, perhaps, ſerve better than this preliminary diſſertation, to explode a mode of writing, unknown to LONGINUS, and others, who, like him, have developed the beauties of compoſition, upon the true principles of nature and good ſenſe.

Z.

NUMBER

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NUMBER XLIX.

Saturday, Sept. 22, 1753.

Nonne igitur ſunt iſta feſtiva? ſunt: nam nos quoque oculos eruditos habemus. Sed obſcero te, ita venuſta habeantur iſta, non ut vincula virorum ſint, ſed ut delectamenta puerorum.

CICERO.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

I Promiſed in my laſt to ſend you a ſpecimen of what I there called VIRTUOSO-CRITICISM: I ſhall now endeavour to perform my engagement. I have ever been an enemy to ſpecious pretences. He who ſets up as a critic, undertakes to inſtruct. To this end he ſhould have ſome digeſted knowledge. Let him ſhew me that he has treaſured in his mind clear and diſtinct ideas, and that he is able to cloathe thoſe ideas in proper language. In the didactic form of writing preciſion is the firſt requiſite. I love to ſee a man dare to keep cloſe to his ſubject. If he only talks *about it and about it*, he is not fit to teach. When I ſee ſuch a perſon, in the fervor of his imagination, wander into matters foreign to his purpoſe, or but ſlightly connected with it, I ſuſpect immediately, that, in-

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ſtead of informing me, he only means a diſplay of himſelf. As *La Bruyere* obſerves, if he wants to tell me that it is a fine day, why does not he ſay ſo? If he admires a landſkip, why cry out "*There is a* CLAUDE LORRAIN?" Of all the vices of converſation, none wearies ſo much as oſtentation. When *La Fontaine* was aſked to what he owed that charming perſpicuity that adorns his ſtile, his anſwer was plain: *Monſieur, j'ai taché de m'entendre:* I endeavoured to underſtand myſelf. The rule is ſhort and excellent. But I now haſten to the deſign of this letter. I take for my text the following copy of verſes, and the commentary, with the help of a little rambling from the purpoſe, ſhall be a *tritical eſſay* in the true ſtile of modern VIRTUOSOSHIP.

To a Lady who preſented to the Author a pair of ruffles of her own working.

I.

That which her pearly fingers wrought,
Obedient to her various thought,
Shall henceforth, with a flowery band,
Encircle round each captive hand;
The tyrant of the Perſian throne,
For chains like theſe would quit his crown.

II.

Though form'd to ſhade, they kindle fire,
And while they burn, remain entire;

The

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The hand ſoon feels a ſecret glow,
Attracted to thoſe hills of ſnow;
There play ſecure in lambent flame,
And riſe, like Scævola's, to fame.

III.

O Chloe, if thoſe chains I wear,
Soft emblems of thy empire are;
How mild ſhall be thy gentle reign!
How ſweet the lover's pleaſing pain!
Content to be to beauty true,
And bound to love no nymph but you.

Concerning the author of this little poem nothing has tranſpired. He ſeems, like *Apelles*, to lie concealed behind his own *Venus:* and though candor obliges me to acknowledge that the portrait of the *Grecian* artiſt was more glowing, more ſoft, and animated than any figure finiſhed by *Titian*, or *Franceſco Albano*, yet in the verſes before us there is a ſweet union of melting colours, and many touches truly *Correggieſque*. Of *Franceſco Albano* it is but juſtice to ſay that he had an exquiſite taſte of the lovely, and was particularly graceful in the carnations of a ſanguine tint, which he gave to his female forms. In the *Venus* of *Apelles* the contour of the ſlipper had not the true juſtneſs of deſign: but *nullum ſine veniâ placuit ingenium*, as *Seneca* has excellently obſerved.

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He is, perhaps, himſelf an inſtance of the truth of the propoſition. We are told, however, by *Pliny*, that there was in the colouring of *Apelles* a certain *Venuſtas*, which the *Greeks* called *Gracæ*: in this ſecret charm that artiſt exceeded all his contemporaries. And indeed we cannot wonder, when we learn that *Apelles lumen & umbras cuſtodivit, atque ut eminerent e tabulis picturæ, maxime curavit.* In his pieces there was nothing gaudy, nothing overcharged. The lovers of anecdote will not be diſpleaſed if I inform them, that *Apelles* once told a young painter, who decorated his portrait with jewels and embroidery, "*Well, young man, if you could not make her handſome, you have made her rich.*" But to return to our author: how exquiſite are the *pearly fingers!* We ſee a native whiteneſs, and the blue tinge of the veins. May I be permitted to ſay that *pearly-fingers* is ſuperior to the *roſy-fingered* morn, the ροδοδακτηλος νος of *Homer?* But, indeed, in landſkip painting *Homer* was without a rival. Walking in his gallery we are ſometimes preſented with ſcenes as wild and romantic as thoſe of *Salvator Roſa.* In the ſingle portraits of *Homer* the attitudes are always juſt; but I hope I ſhall not offend the admirers of that great father of poets, if I give it as my opinion, that the beſt ſingle portrait in the world, is that of the *Carthuſian*, of which

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which it was ſaid by an excellent judge, "*Il parlera ſans ſa regle*" This tranſcends the panegyrick of *Pliny*, who records it of an ancient artiſt, that he painted *pæne cum voce*. For this ſupreme degree of perfection, it muſt be acknowledged, the moderns are indebted to the ſtudy of the *antique*; and, perhaps, of all the remains of Greece, the ſtatue of *Niobe* may juſtly claim the preference, as the epigram, which it occaſioned, may be called *merum ſal*, the neateſt performance in the Greek *Anthologia*. I hope I ſhall be pardoned if I here give the Latin tranſlation, as I am inclined to think it ſuperior to the original. The ſtatue of *Niobe* is ſuppoſed to ſpeak the following lines:

Vivam olim in lapidem verterunt Numina; ſed me
Vivam Praxiteles reddidit ex lapide.

In our author's deſcription of the lady at work the *antique* is viſible. We ſee, moreover, a new creation ſtarting up, *obedient to her various thought*. There is a beauty of the ſame kind in *Cowley*, upon a paper written in lemon juice, and held before the fire:

Here buds an L, *and there a* B;
Here ſprouts a V, *and there a* T;
And all the flouriſhing letters ſtand in rows.

How artfully does the poet tell us what the lady

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has been working? We ſee the flowers *bud and ſprout* upon the cambrick or muſlin. The tranſient view of a garden, which is here opened to us, is worth all the *ſpacious walks and water-works of* RAPIN. Were I to give my opinion, I ſhould, however, ſay it is to be lamented, that the poet has not enlarged the proſpect. This would be in the manner of the ancients, who, if they once got a garment or a cup in their hands, are ever ſure to entertain us with a deſcription of the embroidery or the ſculpture. VIRGIL and OVID have numerous beauties of this kind. In the former there is a paſſage, that always charmed me. As I write in a roving way, I ſhall beg leave to detain the reader for a moment. In the fifth *Æneid*, a robe is given to the victor in the ſhip-race; not without a deſcription of the ornaments interwoven in the piece. *Mount Ida* is repreſented, and a ſtag-chace is part of the decoration: *Ganymede* is in full purſuit, *Acer, anhelanti ſimilis:* he is pounced by an eagle, and carried aloft in the air. The old men lift up their hands in amazement, and by a bold figure we are made to hear the barking of the dogs: *Sævitque canum latratus ad auras.* A poet of inferior genius would have ſaid, *the dogs ſeemed to bark.* STATIUS, who meant to rival the *Æneid*, has fallen into this error: he deſcribes the ſculptured figures round a goblet, and among

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among them *Meduſa* frightened by the winged horſe:

> --------- *Illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora*
> Pæne *movet, vivoque etiam palleſcit in auro.*

How much the paſſage is injured by the frigid caution of one ſaving word, will be perceived by every reader of taſte. Had the ruffles been more fully deſcribed, I am far from thinking that our poet would have been in this point liable to cenſure; on the contrary, I will venture to ſay that a more beautiful bed of flowers was never given by *Cornelius Kick*. The tyrant of the Perſian throne preſents a terrible and gigantic figure, worthy the hand of *Paul Brill*, or *Giacinto Brandi*.

It may be objected that theſe elegant verſes were written upon a trifling occaſion: but *ineſt ſua gratia parvis*. *Catullus* had his ſparrow: our *Cowley* abounds with theſe miniature-pieces; and *Waller* is never ſo happy as when writing to one lady, *who could ſleep*, to another, *who could not*; to a third, *who walked through a crowd*; and a fourth, *who cut trees in paper*. I hope for indulgence if I take the liberty to ſay, that of all theſe little efforts of genius, that which was written upon a lady, who p-ſſed at the tragedy of *Cato*, ſeems to me the moſt natural, as, indeed, the occaſion is the moſt probable. The remarkable ſayings of emi-

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nent men, when they unfold the inward character, have always appeared to me the moſt valuable part of hiſtory. For this reaſon I make no doubt but the reader will be glad to learn that *Malherbe*, the great improver of French verſification, upon ſeeing a copy of verſes to the King, objected to the title, AU ROY, as not ſufficiently full, and then added, "*Pour ſa chaiſe perce.*" I do not introduce French expreſſions as an embelliſhment of my ſtile, but becauſe they give the idea with energy and preciſion.

In the ſecond ſtanza, where the ruffles are deſcribed burning, yet *remaining entire*, what a beautiful idea have we of the *aſbeſtos?* But the oppoſition between *glow* and *ſnow*, I am afraid, is an imitation of *Pope:*

He trembles, he glows
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows.

There is afterwards ſomething like an antitheſis in *pleaſing pain*; but it ſhould be remembered that Mr. *Addiſon* calls this ſeeming repugnance between the *abſtract* and the *concrete term* by the name of *thwarting ideas*, like the *darkneſs viſible* of MILTON, or the *chiaro-obſcuro* of a well-wrought picture. The alluſion to *Mutius Scævola* holding his hand in the fire before *King Pyrrhus*, is highly artfull, and calls up in the mind of a ſcholar that very

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very happy line of *Martial*; *Si non erraſſet, fecerat illa minus.* When a whole ſet of ideas is thus blown up at once, we have the conſummation of fine writing.

If there is a degree of glitter in ſome parts of this poliſhed gem, it is atoned for by the elegant ſimplicity of the concluſion. Simplicity does not exclude elegance: for this we have the authority of the excellent QUINTILIAN: *Nam et ipſa illa* ἀφέλεια *ſimplex & inaffectata habet quemdam purum, qualis etiam in fœminis amatur, ornatum.* I forgot to mention the conciſe energy with which our author paſſes over the circumſtance of a tyrant quitting his throne. *More is meant than meets the ear*, as Milton has it. Sylla, Charles the fifth, and others occur to the imagination. This is the *Salluſtianum* ſo much admired by Quintilian: *Nam de Carthagine tacere ſatius puto, quam parum dicere.* It is like the picture of *Apelles*, in which we ſee *Antigonus* in profile, *ut amiſſi oculi deformitas lateret.* I will venture to add, that if the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia* by *Timanthes*, in which, the various degrees of grief being exhauſted, the father veils his face, were now extant, it would not be found to excell this beautifull pair of ruffles. To leave ſomething to the imagination is a beauty in poetry, as well as painting: *Plus intelligitur, quam pingitur.*

Ovid

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Ovid knew all the graces of ſtile, and in the point now in queſtion ſtands without a rival:

---------- *Laudat digitoſque, manuſque,*
Bracchiaque, et nudos mediâ plus parte lacertos:
SIQUA LATENT, MELIORA PUTAT.

Neither the picture of *Apelles,* nor that of *Timanthes* has any thing like that exquiſite *going off* into ſhade; nor is there any thing equal to it in all the works of PIETRO MONTANINI.

Z.

NUMBER

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NUMBER L.

Saturday, Sept. 29, 1753.

Impreſſit memorem dente labris Notam.
---------- Oſcula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte ſui Nectaris imbuit.

HOR.

THE following letter came to hand juſt as my printer's devil was at my door, to call for ſome copy. Upon peruſal, it appeared to carry with it a vein of pleaſantry, not improper for my fair readers. If it may ſerve for one half hour to baniſh from their company a certain concomitant of the tea-equipage, called SCANDAL, I ſhall think this day's paper ſubſervient to a moral uſe.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

THE *Exerciſe of the Fan* was propoſed in the days of the *Spectator*, as a ſtudy highly neceſſary to the ladies of *Great Britain*. The ſcheme, offered to their conſideration, included all the requiſite niceties in the management of that pretty verſatile machine. Directions of this nature were, without doubt, highly conducive to that proper

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proper diſplay of female charms, which all men of taſte wiſh to encourage. The exerciſe of the fan gives the ladies ſomething to do, and we are ſure that they are innocently employed. The employment, it may be ſaid, is frivolous; but as the men have taken to themſelves the whole ſphere of buſineſs, the amiable ſex may at leaſt be allowed the merit of ſhining in the trifles, which are left to them. There is, however, a more important ſyſtem of rules, which I beg leave, through the channel of your paper, to convey to the notice of my beautiful countrywomen. The ſyſtem of rules which I here intend, is the *Exerciſe of the Lips:* after mature conſideration, I think the whole ſecret may be comprized under the following precepts.

Moiſten your Lips,
Bite your Lips,
Open your Lips,
Cloſe your Lips,
Pout your Lips,
Reſt your Lips.

The mouth is a leading feature in every handſome countenance: it is the ſeat of the graces, where the winning loves and each amiable ſmile have planted their allurements. When the *French* talk of a pleaſing countenance and ſweetneſs of expreſſion, the *bouche gracieuſe* is the chief object. There cannot

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cannot, therefore, be too much care employed by the ladies to adjuſt this part of the lovely face. Ovid tells us of an admirer of beauty,

> -------- ------ *Videt oſcula, quæ non*
> *Eſt vidiſſe ſatis.*

He does not ſay that he ſaw lips, but by a beautifull *metonymy* he expreſſes them by their principal power of pleaſing. The lover, he ſays, *ſaw kiſſes, which it is not enough to ſee.* A pair of well-diſciplined lips is of the higheſt moment; and for that reaſon I have no doubt but my fair readers will henceforth make it their ſtudy to put their mouth in order, obedient to the rules above eſtabliſhed, and capable with quickneſs and eaſe to perform every branch of this delectable exerciſe.

With regard to the firſt word of command; a due degree of moiſture gives a ſparkling luſtre to the natural vermillion of the ſkin, like roſes freſh beſprinkled with the morning dew. It contributes likewiſe to hinder them from appearing rough, as is generally the caſe with old maids; the leaſt ſuſpicion of which the ladies ſeem willing to avoid, by the preſent taſte of extending the ſhape beyond its juſt proportion, by a faſhienable enormity of the ſtays.

Biting

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Biting the Lips is attended with more difficulty than the former rule: it is more complicated in its nature, and includes the operation of the paſſions. There are always many topics in converſation, upon which this practice, if well managed, has a very expreſſive ſignificance. When, for inſtance, diſagreeable thoughts obtrude, it ſerves to excite new ideas in the fancy: it prevents the unſeaſonable eruption of a conſcious laugh, when the libertine wit of *Congreve* or *Vanburgh*, provokes a betraying ſimper; not to mention that it helps to heighten the natural redneſs of the lip, and raiſes a degree of anxiety in the men, leſt the delicacy of the ſkin ſhould ſuffer from too violent a preſſure.

I do not doubt but it may ſeem perfectly eaſy to open the lips, but this alſo I take to be a matter of no ſmall difficulty. Very few, it is obſervable, open their lips to any purpoſe; beſides it ſhould never be done with precipitance, but always gradually and by degrees. Should there happen to be drawn up within an elegant row of beautiful white teeth, it will be ſure to add greatly to the natural bloom, by exhibiting an agreeable contraſt; like ivory ſtained with a juſt arrangement of crimſon colours. On this head it may not be improper to caution my pretty readers againſt

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againſt an indolent cuſtom of relaxing into a yawn, which diſtends the mouth beyond its proper ſize, and generally occaſions the witty ſaying, "*Thank you for not ſwallowing me.*"

Before the lips are cloſed, it may be proper to confer upon them a new refreſhment of moiſture. To enliven the colour, if they were to undergo the operation of biting, I ſhould not think it amiſs. Shutting the lips, I have often remarked, is extremely becoming in moſt ladies, and, I think, cannot be too much practiſed by old maids, wives, and indeed the generality of women. In cloſing them, however, there are different degrees of preſſure to be obſerved, becauſe in this alſo the paſſions are concerned. When they gently touch each other, it gives a variety to the air of the face, by giving it an unuſual degree of length; but in this, all who have naturally a long viſage, are to be particularly cautious. When ſomewhat compreſſed, the dimples in the cheek are diſplayed to advantage, and the whole face is enlivened with a pleaſing ſerenity. If ſqueezed cloſe together, they convey a beautiful penſiveneſs into the look, which is ſeldom acquired to any degree of perfection by the generality of the ſex. The perſon, however, who once arrives at ſkill in this part of the practice, will be miſtreſs of an elegant kind of

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dumb eloquence, which the critics have obſerved, is often a great beauty in poetry. I know a gentleman who can read the thoughts of any lady whatever by obſerving the adjuſtment of her lips. He tells me, he has obſerved a pair of lips ſpeak, without any motion, for an hour together, and he has a liſt of lips, which, he ſays, are abſolute prudes; others that are rakes; ſome that are amorous; ſome that are ſwelled with pride; and from a long courſe of enquiry he finds that they have more electricity than any other ſubſtance in nature.

But theſe remarks belong more immediately to the following head of *Pouting the Lips*, which is more difficult than any rule advanced as yet. In doing this, it will be found expedient to moiſten and bite them firſt, that, when prominent, the under-lip may look as if pregnant with delight. The paſſions of ſcorn, indignation, contempt, and the whole family of pride, are finely marked by this poſition. I have ſeen a pouting lip look down upon a rival beauty during an entire tragedy, and I know another, that without uttering a word, can tell a man, that he is a fool, a coxcomb, or a pretty fellow, as the caſe may happen. I muſt obſerve, that this practice becomes handſome faces only: to ſuch it gives an air of elevation,

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tion, or a pretty ſullenneſs, which throws a kind of amiable ſeverity over the whole countenance. Ugly women ſeldom have this art in any perfection.

The laſt rule is to *Reſt your Lips*; and is the moſt neglected of any, though highly eſſential in this beautiful language. Young girls can never be brought to pay the leaſt attention to this precept: but were they ſenſible, that when the features are left to diſplay their own native graces without art, their charms are irreſiſtible, I am convinced this word of direction would be better obſerved. The rule is more extenſive than any of the former, becauſe it is proper for all ladies in general, whereas the former ſhould never be practiſed but by ſuch of the fair, as are bleſſed with a blooming complexion and a delicacy of features.

The bounds of your paper will not permit me to expatiate further: I ſhall therefore, at maturity, publiſh by ſubſcription an entire book, called the *Oeconomy of the Lips*; in which I ſhall explain at large the doctrine here delivered, and I ſhall adapt each article to the make of the countenance; the whole to be concluded with *an Eſſay on the Paſſions of the Female Lips*. And to the honour of this part of the face, I ſhall prove, that in theſe

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days of *Atheiſm*, all religion is centered in the lips. The few prayers, that are ſaid at preſent, there is too much reaſon to think, proceed from the lips only. I could add that the lips are the ſeat of patriotiſm; at leaſt, I am ſure it is ſo in both houſes of parliament. I do not know a lord or a commoner, whoſe love of his country is more than *lip-deep*. A miniſter of ſtate, however warm his profeſſions, is your friend *ore tenus*, and no more. As to thoſe, who kiſs the book in our courts of law, it were to be wiſhed that conſcience would now and then fly in their faces. But I have wandered unawares into a digreſſion: my concern is with the ladies only.

The ſong in the *Beggar's Opera*, "*Lip to lip while we're young, then our lip to the glaſs*," ſhall be duly conſidered, and I may hereafter take an opportunity to give directions for the management of the eyes.

I am, Sir, your conſtant reader,

JOHN LIPSALVE.

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NUMBER LI.

Saturday, Oct. 6, 1753.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus.

JUV.

IN a former paper I entertained the public with a ſcene from a dramatic piece entitled the TEMPLE OF LAVERNA, which was ſo favourably received, that I am inclined to think the readers of the *Gray's-Inn Journal* will not be diſpleaſed to ſee a ſequel to that performance.

SCENE II.

A number of JEWS *circumciſed and uncircumciſed form a cluſter in the middle of the Temple: the following confuſed ſounds are heard.*

Tickets; tickets; lottery tickets! come, who buys 300 for all this month? I ſell 100 for next *Monday* at 15*s.* 6*d.*—What do you ſay, *Adam?*

Adam. I'll give you 15*s.* for 100 next *Monday.*

Tubal. No, maſter *Adam*, I have my eye-teeth as well as you or any man in the houſe. Do you think I don't know what is doing? Although Mr. *Slyboots* lies by, I can ſmoke his agents.

Moſes Noiſy. I tell you what, I want 500 for *Wedneſday* morning to complete my commiſſion, and, in a word, I'll give 14*s.* 6*d.*

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All. Hoot him, hoot him, mind *Noiſy*, mind *Moſes*.

Enter a Country Gentleman, *in boots, with his* Friend.

Country Gent. Is it here?

Friend. Yes, Sir.

Country Gent. Woons, what a place this is?

Friend. Come, Sir, you had better ſit down, and make your obſervations upon this ſcene, of which you were ſo very deſirous to be a ſpectator.

As ſoon as they are ſeated, the waiter comes up and demands ſixpence each

Country Gent. Sixpence, mon! for what? To ſee theſe monſters, I ſuppoſe.

Waiter. Sir, it is uſual; every gentleman pays ſixpence, who ſits down.

Country Gent. Nay, friend, I ſhan't diſpute it with you: it is not the firſt tax you have raiſed upon me.

Friend. A word in your ear: you had better not ſpeak in that manner; ſee how they ſtare.

Country Gent. Let'n ſtare, what care I? I expect no place; and, woons! I think a mon, who pays half his eſtate in taxes, ſhould at leaſt be allowed to ſpeak his mind.

Friend. Not quite ſo loud; you don't mind as to yourſelf; but they all know me, and I would not willingly draw upon me their ill will.

Country

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Country Gent. Well, well, well, to oblige you: but which is the mon, who does what he pleaſes with the great mon at the other end of the town? Woons I cannot remember his name: we drink conſuſion to him very often in the country. He is richer than a *German* prince, they ſay.

Friend. *Caiphas* you mean?

Country Gent. Ay, ay, *Caiphas* is the mon. Which is he, pray?

Friend. He is not come yet, but it is probable you will ſee him preſently.

Here the Jobbers grow very clamorous, crying in harſh diſſonant tones, Tickets; India bonds; Reſcounters; Conſolidate.

Country Gent. As I am an *Engliſhman* this is a perfect *Babel.* *Reſcounters! conſolidate!* woons, theſe fellows have certainly made a compact with the devil, and theſe are the words by which they call him to their aſſiſtance.

Friend. No, Sir, no: thoſe are the names o the different ſtocks.

Country Gent. Bleſs me, friend *Worthy,* it is a melancholy thing that our poor country ſhould be drained of her wealth and power, by ſuch infernal leeches. Ah! many a time and oft have my lord *Turncoat* and I talked over theſe things in the country. We have ſat together, and drank *The true intereſt of Great Britain,* and *Old England without taxes,* untill we have been both ready to cry.

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But no mon is to be depended upon, I ſee: he is gone off, and as deep, I warrant, in the mire, as any of them.

Friend. I believe you never ſaw ſo many *Jews* together before.

Country Gent. No, never to be ſure: but we ſhall ſoon have them ſwarm in all parts of the kingdom, now they are naturalized. Woons! if they come among us, I know what; let them take care of themſelves, I ſay; their betters have been properly treated there, I can tell them. Let them look to it: but prithee, friend *Worthy*, is the report we have in the country true? Why, they ſay, mon, there will ſhortly be laid a fine upon any one, who is convicted of going to church. Woons! if this ſhould be the caſe, notwithſtanding the love I have for *Old England*, I am determined to ſell my acres, and retire to ſome *Chriſtian Proteſtant* country. I would not become a *Jew*, no, not to be a miniſter of ſtate.

Friend. Huſh! who comes here?

Enter Lord Bowſprit *and* Mr. Servile.

L. Bow. *(looking at his watch)* No, he, is not come yet; it is not quite twelve.

Servile. Pray, my Lord, how long have you been acquainted with *Caiphas?*

L. Bow.

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L. Bow. Ever ſince the year forty-ſix. I leave a ſum of money in his hands, which he jobbs for me, and furniſhes me with an account at the year's end. I would have you do the ſame.

Servile. I ſhould like it very well, my Lord; but it does not ſuit me to lodge a large ſum with him.

L. Bow. If that be your only objection, he can act for you in another ſhape: he can buy and ſell ſtock, for your account, without money. This we call *Bulls and Bears.*

Servile. Yes, but, my Lord, I think there is an act of parliament againſt that, is not there?

L. Bow. Yes, there is ſomething of that kind; Sir *John Barnard's act* they call it; Sir *John* you know is a particular ſort of man, and conſults the intereſt of the public: but thoſe chimerical projects of his do not coincide with the preſent ſyſtem by any means. He is a very ſingular ſort of man, what they call a patriot: indeed he has been always the ſame.

Servile. I wonder what he gets by that: I was myſelf a patriot for two ſeſſions, but I found there was nothing to be got by it, and ſo I entered a volunteer under the oppoſite banner.

Enter Caiphas, *(upon which a general ſilence enſues)*

Caiphas. Has any body enquired for me?—— Hah, my Lord! Yours!

L. Bow.

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L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas*, I am your moſt obedient humble ſervant. Give me leave, Sir, to introduce this gentleman to your acquaintance, he is a particular friend of mine, Mr. *Servile.*

Caiphas. I am glad to know any friend of your Lordſhip's. Has this gentleman any inclination to do any thing in our way? You need but let me know.

Servile. Under your direction, Mr. *Caiphas*, I ſhould like to jobb a little.

Caiphas. Enough: call upon me to-morrow morning. I'll put you in the way.

Servile. I ſhall be for ever obliged to you, Mr. *Caiphas.*

Caiphas. Say no more. You are my Lord *Bowſprit's* friend, that's enough.

Friend to the Country Gent. Well, Sir, what think you of the renowned *Caiphas?* that is the wonderful perſonage whom you have heard ſo much talk of.

Country Gent. I proteſt I cannot conceal my aſtoniſhment. Why, I expected to ſee a giant, mon! Woons! is it poſſible that *Old England* ſhould be bamboozled thus?

L. Bow. Mr. *Caiphas*, I am glad to hear that you begin to be pretty quiet in the city now. The clamour againſt your people ſubſides, I am told: you need not be under any apprehenſion, it will die away entirely in a little time, I dare ſay.

Caiphas,

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Caiphas. I do not care much, my Lord, whether it dies away, or not. They talk of repealing the act: let them do as they like: money is the religion of this country: if I can put together enough of it, I don't care a pinch of ſnuff for any ſect, or any party whatever.

Several Jew-brokers ſhew great ſurprize at overhearing this; upon which Caiphas *turns about, puts out his tongue, and winks at them.*

L. Bow. Nay, I think you would be right in that, Mr. *Caiphas*; for why ſhould a man of your ſenſe lie under any diſadvantage for punctilios or form? We have done all we could to ſerve you: we are not ſo tenacious of religion, but we can admit yours among us; and money certainly is a very good religion. That is the maxim of a wiſe man.

Caiphas. Well, well, we wilk talk more of this another time. Will you dine with me at the *King's Arms?* I am obliged to go now to the *South-Sea-houſe*, but I have ordered an excellent *ham* for dinner, and if you and your friend will dine with me, *Quin* is to be of the party, and I promiſe you a jolly day.

L. Bow. Ham, Mr. *Caiphas!* come, come, that is a good ſign: I find you are coming over to us: you will ſoon be as good a *Chriſtian* as any of us.

Caiphas. Nay, my Lord, thoſe things I laugh at.

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at. I tell you what; it is clear to me that *Moſes* never was in *Weſtphalia*, or he would not have prohibited pork, ha, ha, ha!

L. Bow. Ha, ha, ha!

Servile. Ha, ha, ha!

Caiphas. Well, my Lord, your ſervant; Mr. *Servile*, yours. (*Exit* Caiphas.

L. Bow. Now that you know him, *Servile*, be ſure you cultivate your acquaintance with him: you will find it your intereſt.

Servile. I underſtand you: I ſhall be at his houſe to-mrrow morning by eight o'clock. But we have no further buſineſs here, let us go.

L. Bow. With all my heart.

(*Exeunt* L. Bowſprit *and* Servile.

Country Gent. Woons! this place has ſtruck ſuch a damp upon my ſpirits, that I ſhall not be myſelf, until I get into company again with a ſet of honeſt fellows, and drink *The Old Conſtitution* in a pint bumper.

Friend. Come, if you grow melancholy, we muſt quite theſe gentry.

Country Gent. Woons! I wiſh I could blow them all up, and then I ſhould have a clear eſtate; let me give them one hearty curſe, and then we will go.

Friend. No, no, no, let us leave them quietly.

Forces the Country Gentleman *out, upon which the ſcenes cloſes.*

NUMBER

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NUMBER LII.

Saturday, Oct. 13, 1753.

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.

VIRG.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

AMIDST all the frolic excurſions of fancy, to which you have occaſionally given vent in your *Saturday*'s compoſitions, I have obſerved that there is not one of them that has not a degree of tendency to the inſtruction, as well as entertainment of your readers. On this account, I hope you will not refuſe a place to a letter, which may, perhaps, appear whimſical, but will be found to be bottomed in truth. I mean to ſhew the futility of a maxim, which has gained credit with moſt people, though extremely ill-grounded, as, I think, I can fairly evince, from an experimental knowledge of mankind.

You undoubtedly recollect that *Ovid* has in one of his Elegies the following lines.

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris.

Now,

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Now, Sir, it is ſo far from being true, that a man is ſurrounded with friends in proſperity, and left deſtitute under misfortune, that I will undertake to prove the very reverſe. In doing this I flatter myſelf I ſhall ſerve the purpoſes of virtue, and vindicate the dignity of human nature.

You muſt know, that I came to this town, a few years ſince, with intent to read the law, having juſt fortune enough to ſupport me in my ſtudies, until I might fix myſelf in a tolerable road of buſineſs. For this purpoſe I lodged in one of the inns of court. The œconomy, which I was obliged to obſerve, rendering it impoſſible for me to go much into company, I ſoon found out that I led a very gloomy ſort of life. I therefore ſhifted the ſcene, and though, in a ſhort time, I found means to run out my little fortune, I cannot ſay that I was relinquiſhed by the world on this account. It is true that ſome of my acquaintance totally deſerted me; but I found numbers more earneſtly attached than they would otherwiſe have been. I remember the laſt word my aunt in the country ſaid to me: "*Bob, wherever you go, be ſure to make "friends for yourſelf.*" To this advice I have conformed with great ſucceſs, as will appear from the ſequel.

The friendſhips of the world are, in general, leagues

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leagues in debauchery and intemperance; made in the drawing of a cork, and often ended in the ſame manner. *Out of ſight out of mind* is certainly true with regard to the generality of connections, but the impreſſions I have made upon the minds of my friends are not ſo eaſily effaced. On the contrary, when it happens that I am ſeldom ſeen by them, they are known to be in great ſolicitude, and the diſcourſe they uſually have with each other is, "Have you ſeen our old friend lately? "I can't think what is become of him? I hope "he is not gone out of town: I am very uneaſy "about him. I wiſh to God he would ſee and "ſettle his affairs: he's a very careleſs young fel- "low. A great deal too wild: throws away his "money like dirt. I have called upon him "morning after morning, but all to no purpoſe. "I'd give a bottle of wine I could meet with "him: I'd rather that than my dinner. I never "longed ſo much to ſee any body."

Theſe are the general expreſſions of anxiety which my friends throw out on my account. Some of them are not content to reſt here; words coſt nothing; they carry the thing to ſuch a length as to employ a couple of fellows, who are daily in all quarters of the town hunting and pry-

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ing about for me. As there are few inſtances of ſuch earneſt friendſhip in the world, I am ſenſible what I have ſaid may have a romantic appearance. You may think, Sir, that I am entertaining you all this time with a novel; but every word is literally true; and what may perhaps raiſe your idea ſtill higher, is this: not one of all theſe people has ever got a ſhilling by me; and I verily believe few of them ever will. Having ſaid thus much in praiſe of theſe my well-wiſhers, it will naturally be deſired of me, to inform the world who and what they are, who are in ſuch concern about a ſtranger. Not to keep you any longer in ſuſpence, I will now tell you, that I have experienced all this generoſity from my CREDITORS.

By this it will appear that the pleaſure of being in debt, though very common in life, is very little underſtood by the generality of thoſe, who addict themſelves to this gratification. The art in all theſe caſes is to refine upon the occurrences and diſappointments, to which our ſtate is liable. For my part, the pleaſure juſt mentioned, is one of the moſt valuable enjoyments of my life. My morning *levee* is as great as any nobleman's; whereas, in the days, when I could ſay I was in poſſeſſion of a competence, I never had any viſitor whatever, except

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except a laundreſs to make my bed in the *Temple*. But now the caſe is altered; there is a conſtant crowd of attendants about my doors. To thoſe, who are admitted, I have the pleaſure of making as many promiſes as a miniſter of ſtate, and a lofty pride in keeping them much after the ſame faſhion. Upon theſe occaſions it will now and then happen, that they who beſt know how to make their court, and have the art of taking a pliant hour, ſometimes prevail upon me to appoint a day for the completion of their wiſhes. As things of conſequence cannot be done in a violent hurry, the day agreed upon is generally very diſtant; may be from ſix to nine or twelve months. For this purpoſe a bond is generally executed; and to make the ſecurity better; I am ſometimes induced to enſure my life. In doing this you will be aſtoniſhed to hear that I have little or no trouble. By the deſire of an attorney I walk to *Lloyd*'s coffee-houſe, and there ſit down under the clock to be looked at by the underwriters. The anxiety with which thoſe gentlemen behold an entire ſtranger, is a mark of their benevolence. Upon theſe occaſions I have made many a genteel acquaintance: Colonel *Phtiſick*, who comes with pectoral lozenges to prevent a fit of coughing, is my intimate friend. I could mention numbers from the St. *James's* end of the town. When the buſineſs of

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enſuring my life is finiſhed, the friendſhip one meets with from thoſe, who ſigned the policy, is really wonderfull. In their private rambles on a *Saturday* evening in and about *Covent-garden*, I often meet them, and they expreſs themſelves with great kindneſs. "My dear Sir, do take a little "care of yourſelf: it goes to my very heart to "hear you cough ſo hard. Be adviſed by me, "and put a ſtocking about your neck to-night, "and take ſomething to ſweat you a little and "eaſe your cheſt. You ſhould not drink ſo "much: conſider, it impairs both conſtitution "and purſe. You know it's for your good I "ſpeak. You'd be a great loſs to your friends: "take up a little, fleſh and blood can't hold it "always."

Thus, Mr. *Ranger*, am I beloved, and that for no other reaſon, but my addreſs in making friends for myſelf. I am ſo cloſely watched by theſe generous creatures, that it is totally out of my power to take any wrong ſtep, that might be detrimental to my affairs. Of this I had a convincing proof about a year ago, when the interpoſition of my taylor hindered me from committing a very inconſiderate action. I was going with a friend to take a trip to *Paris*, by which I expedition I muſt certainly have been drained of all my ready

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ready money; but the vigilance of my friend contrived to have me ſtopped as I was juſt ſtepping into the poſt-chaiſe, and I was thence conducted to a houſe of great hoſpitality in *Gray's-Inn-lane*, for the ſum of three hundred pounds. Here I remained till my paſſion for travel was perfectly cooled. When I was at length reſtored to my liberty, my abovementioned friends took particular care not to leave me a ſingle ſhilling, for fear I ſhould have the ſame unhappy inclination a ſecond time.

While I thus enjoy the aſſiduity and benevolence of ſuch a number, who are kind enough to intereſt themſelves in my affairs, I muſt own there is a ſpecies of creditors, who are an exception to the general rule; for though all thoſe of whom I have hitherto been ſpeaking, are upon every occaſion highly pleaſed to meet me, this laſt deteſt the very ſight of me. As I am not conſcious that I have ever done any thing to incur their diſpleaſure to ſo great a degree, their averſion ſhocks me the more. I have taken pains to ſoften them by politeneſs, but all in vain. Whenever I do not pay them what is due to them, I endeavour to put them off with the handſomeſt apology in my power; but it ſeems I have run too far in arrear, and they are not by any means to be ſatisfied. As I ſhould

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I ſhould be glad that you would give them a word of advice, I will hint to you that the perſonages, whom I mean, are no other than GENTLEMEN'S SERVANTS. The cry among them all is, What can a poor ſerving-man do, if he is robbed of his juſt vails by ſuch ſcoundrels? They are very unwilling to let me run further in their debt. I can hardly get any thing out of their hands. If I call for beer at table, they are ſure not to hear me, till their maſter orders them to ſerve the gentleman; then I receive the leavings of the tankard juſt out of the hands of the moſt capacious ſwallow in the company. In ſhort, the peeviſhneſs of theſe my creditors is a great diſcount upon my happineſs. I muſt confeſs there is no kind of pleaſure in being in debt to them. However, I muſt endeavour to bear this inconvenience, and if you will be pleaſed to inſert this letter in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, I ſhall be proud to get into your books. To be in debt to Mr. *Ranger*, is the ambition of, Sir,

Your faithful humble ſervant,

Robert Dunſcope.

End of the Fifth Volume.

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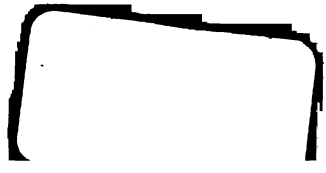

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